



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!



No 32 OCT-
NOV.

The

KILROYS

10¢

America's Funniest Family!

WHAT DO WE
DO **NOW**,
NATCH?

HOLD
EVERYTHING TILL
I TURN THE
PAGE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Announcing **SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING DIFFERENT!**

..A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

9½ FUNNY FILMS ...THE
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons...now, for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies **RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!**

FUNNY FILMS features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars ... a laugh a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics... **WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**

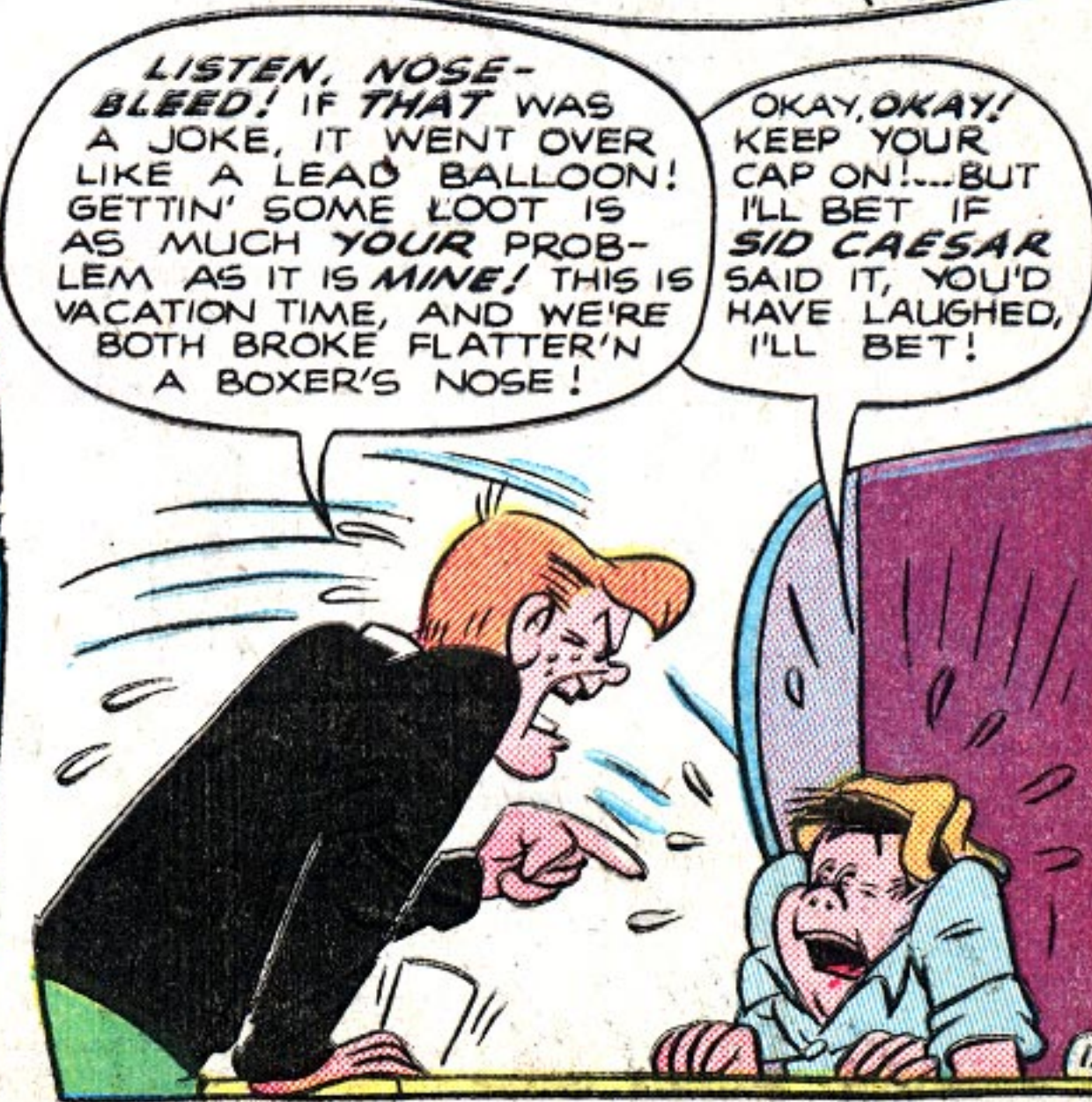
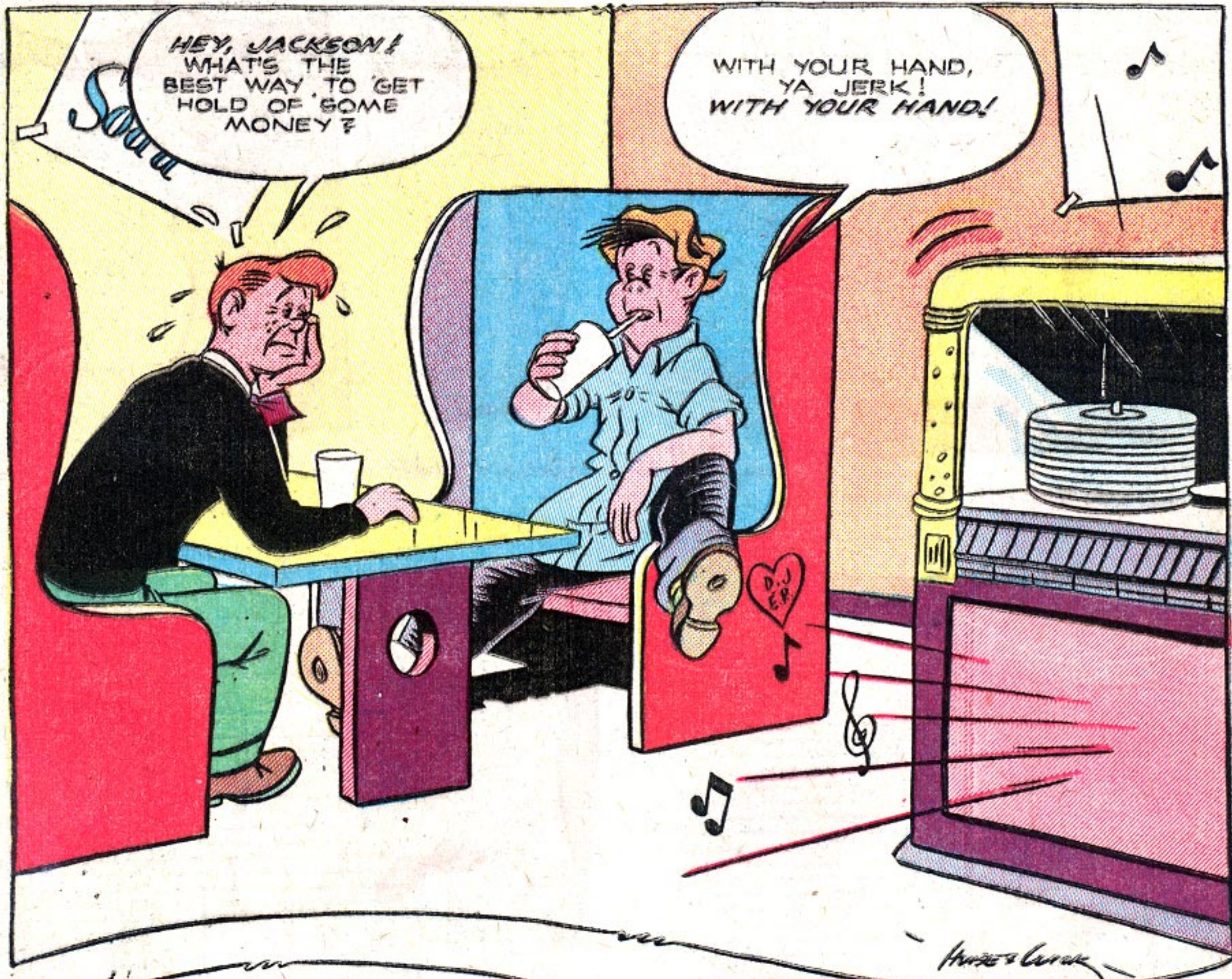


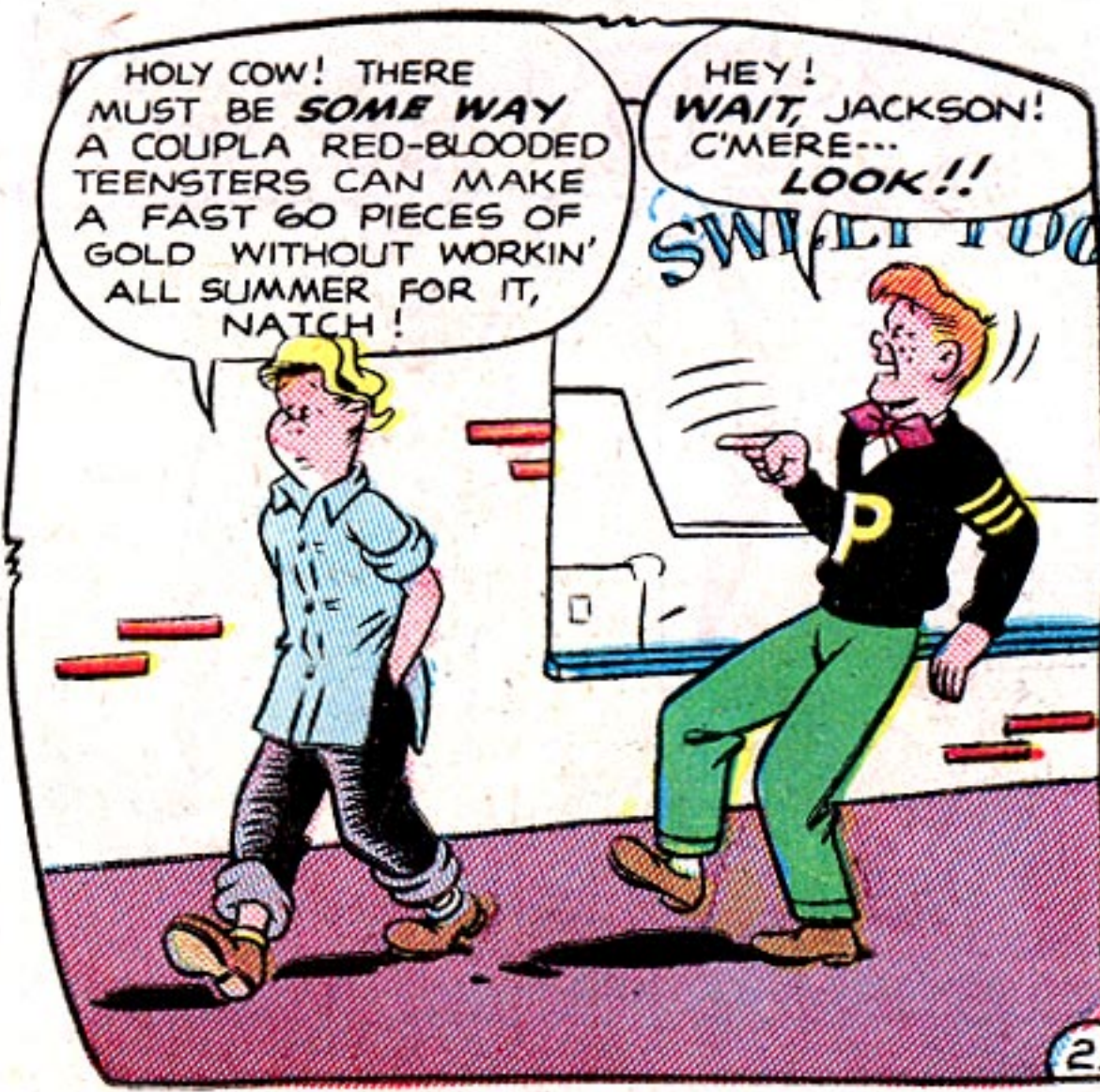
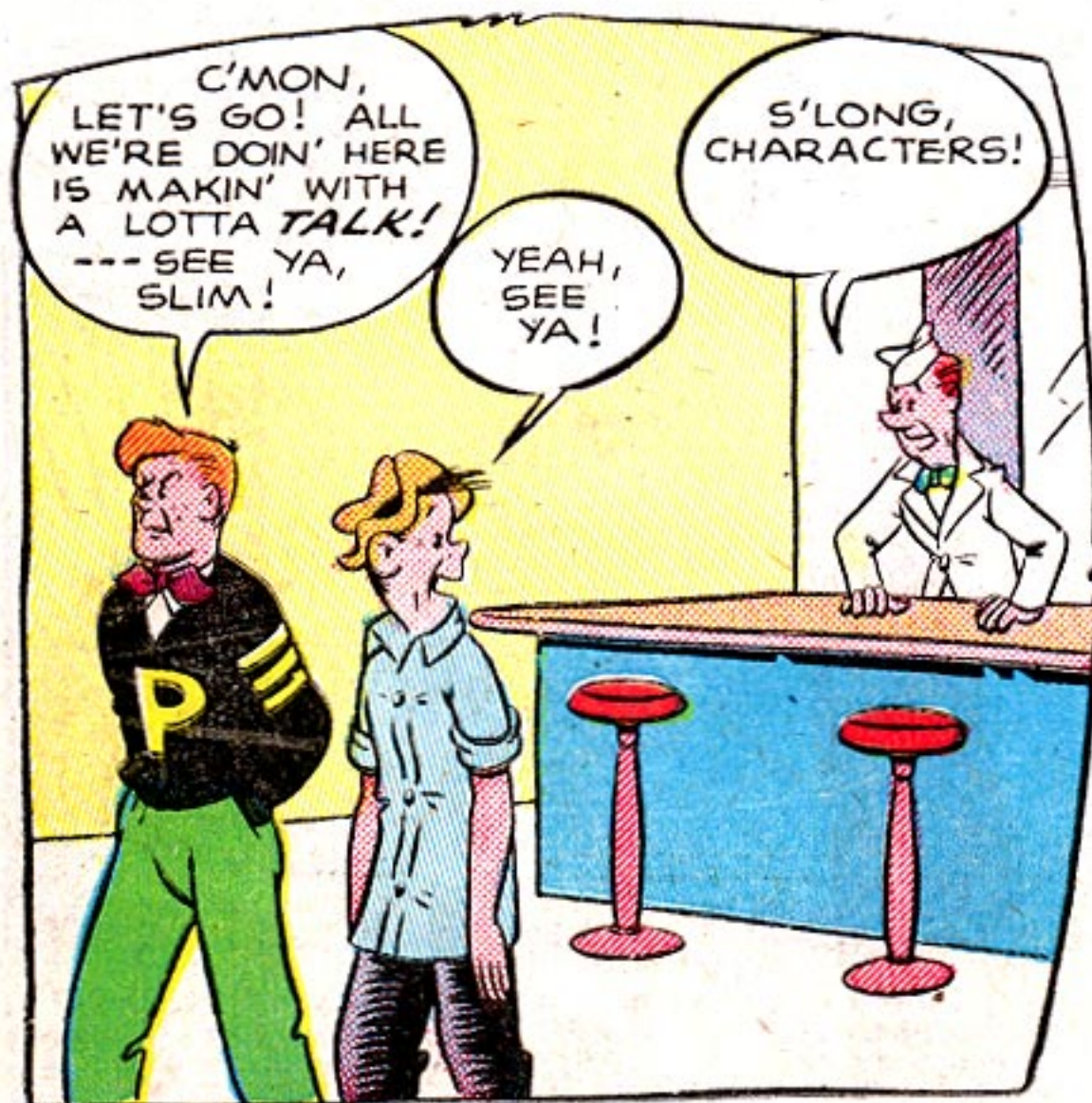
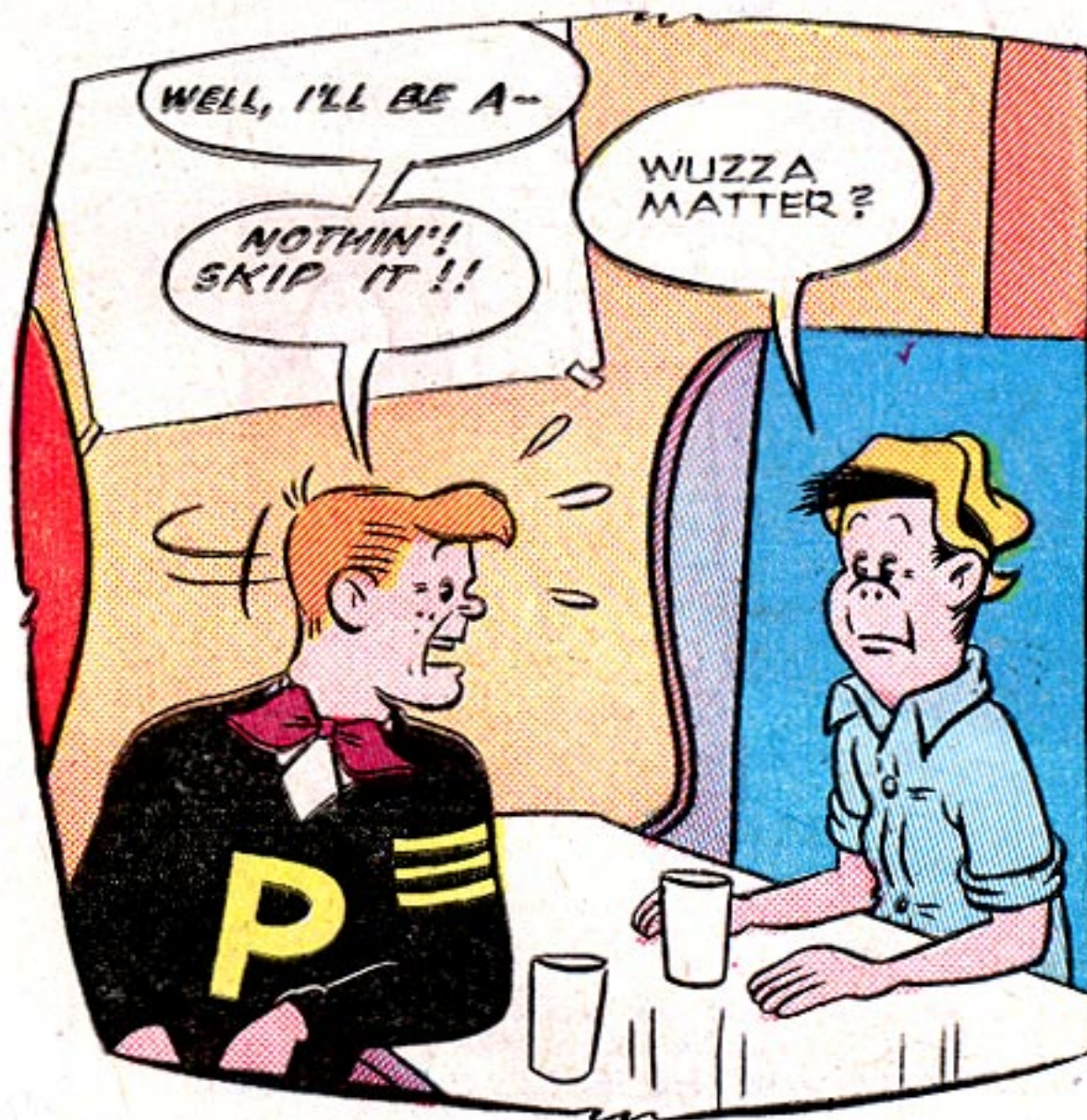
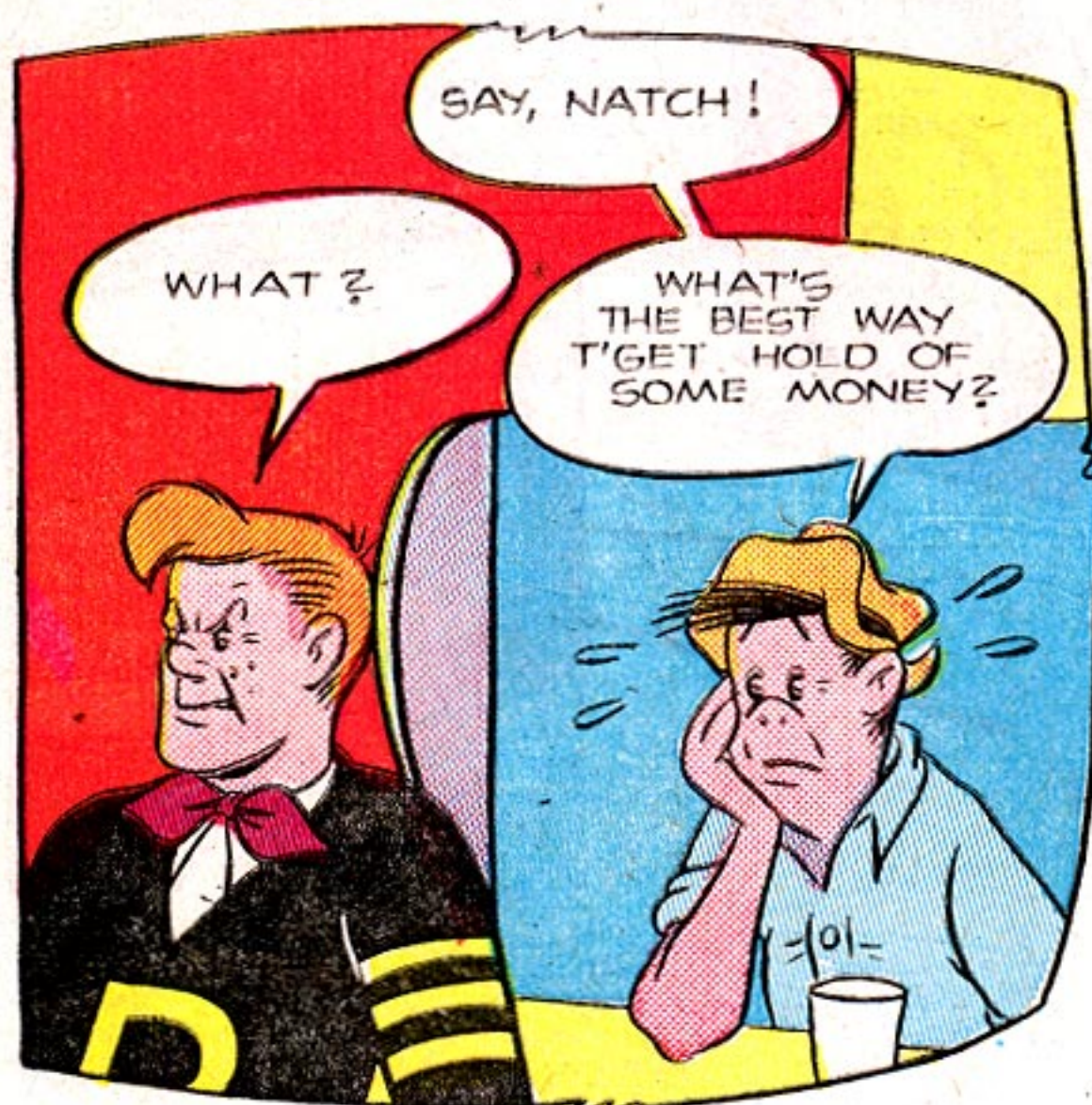
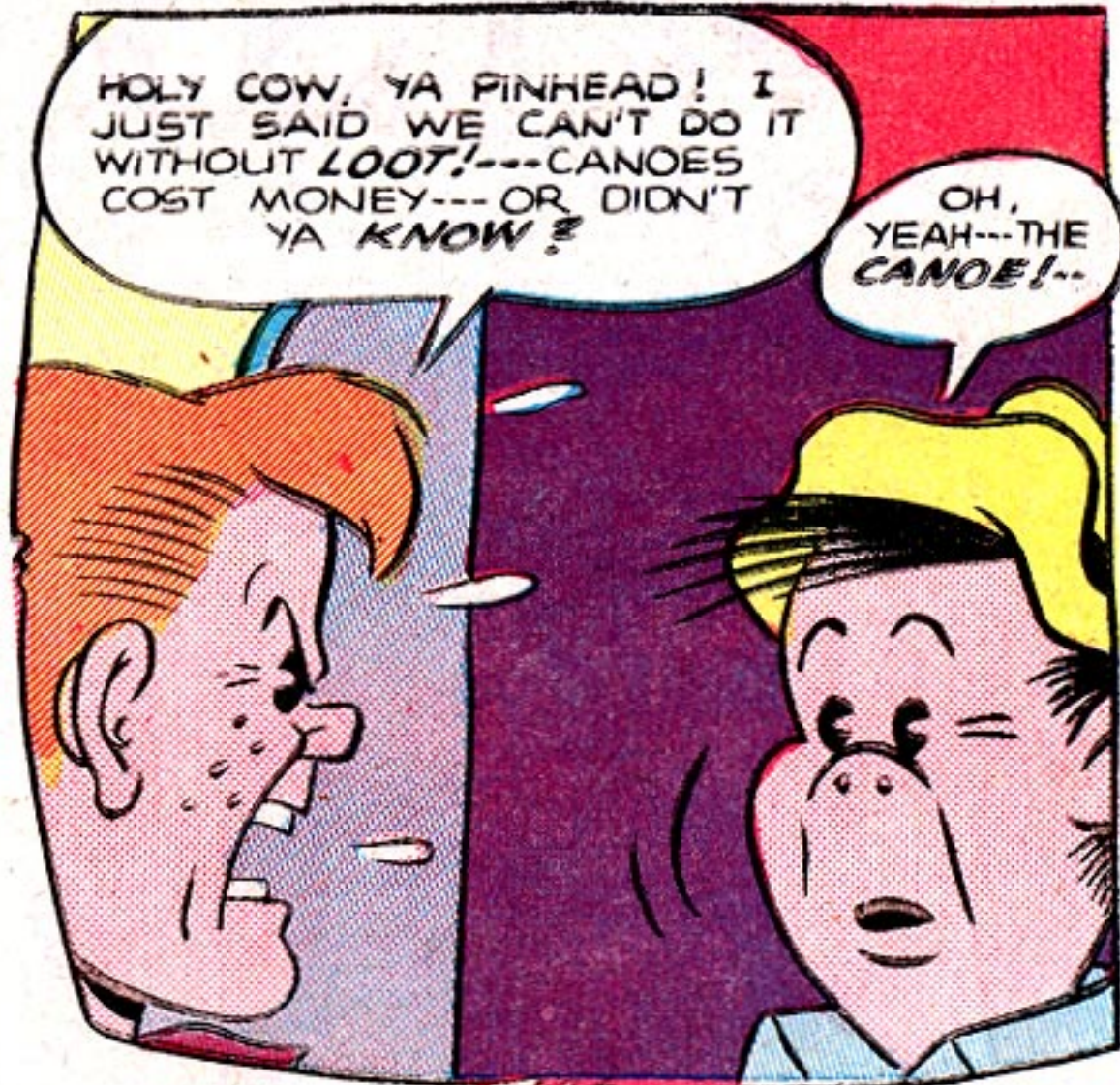
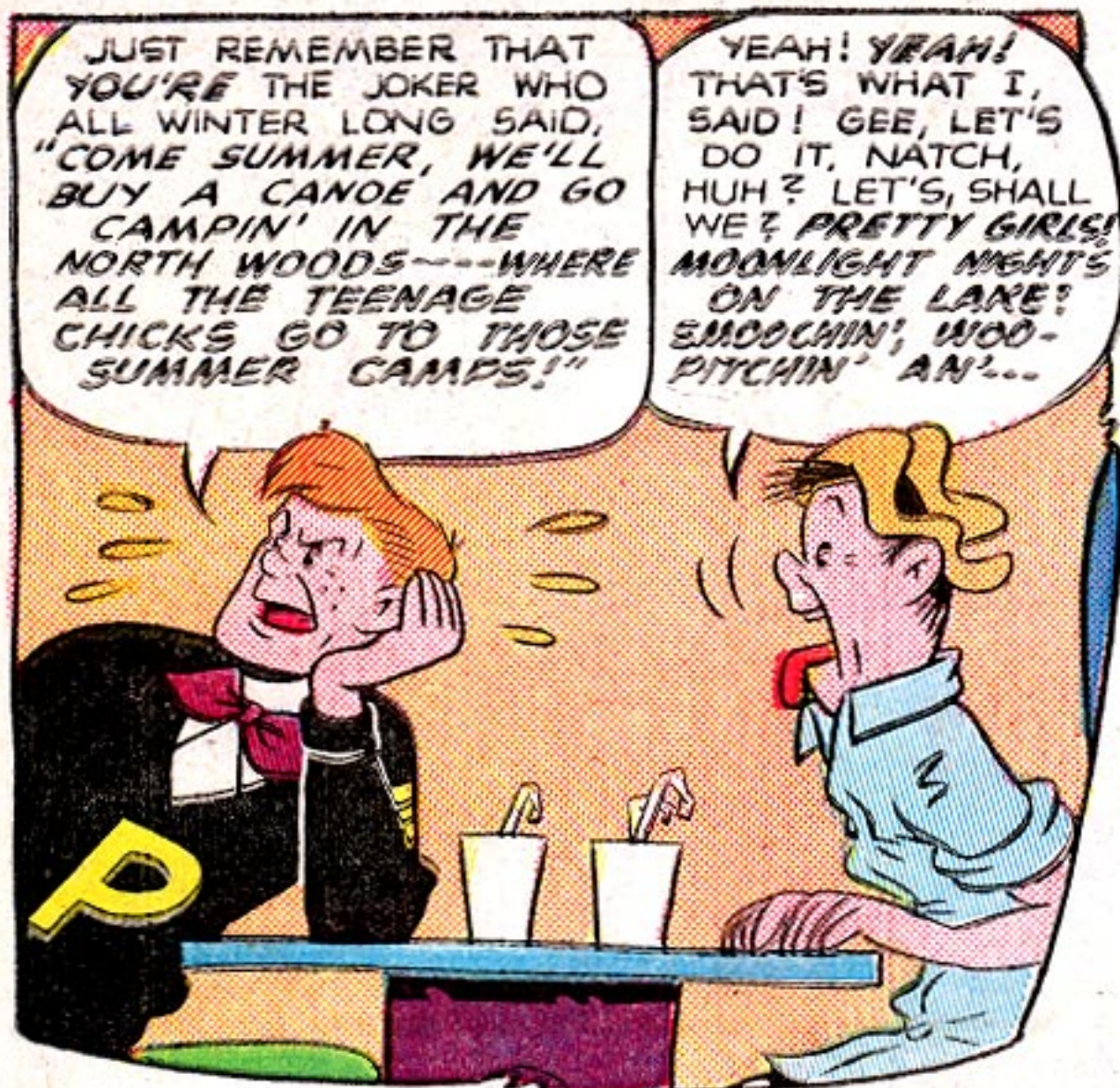
They're **FUNNY**
all in... **FILMS**

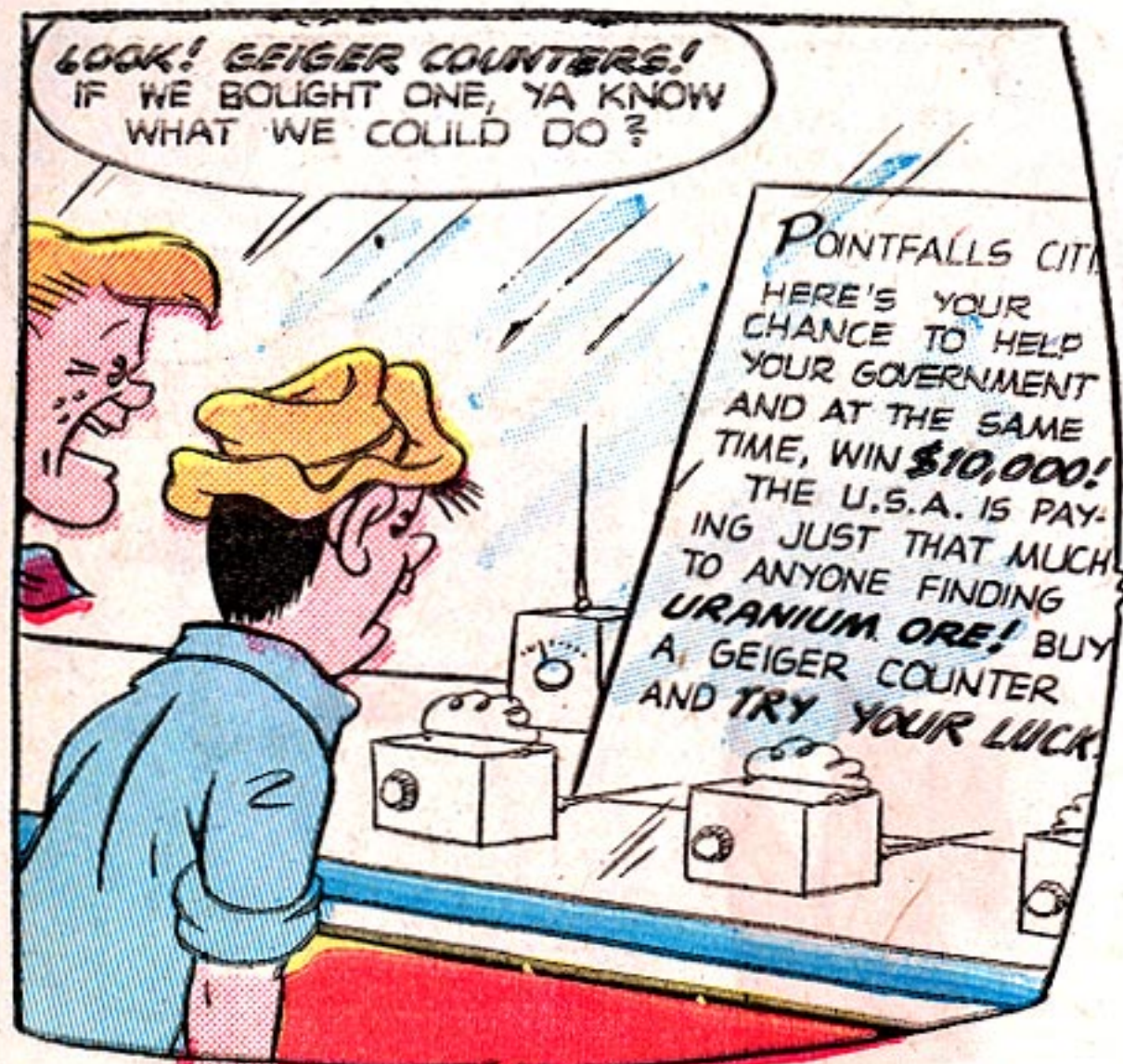
10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

The KILROYS

"THAR'S LOOT IN THEM THAR HILLS!"

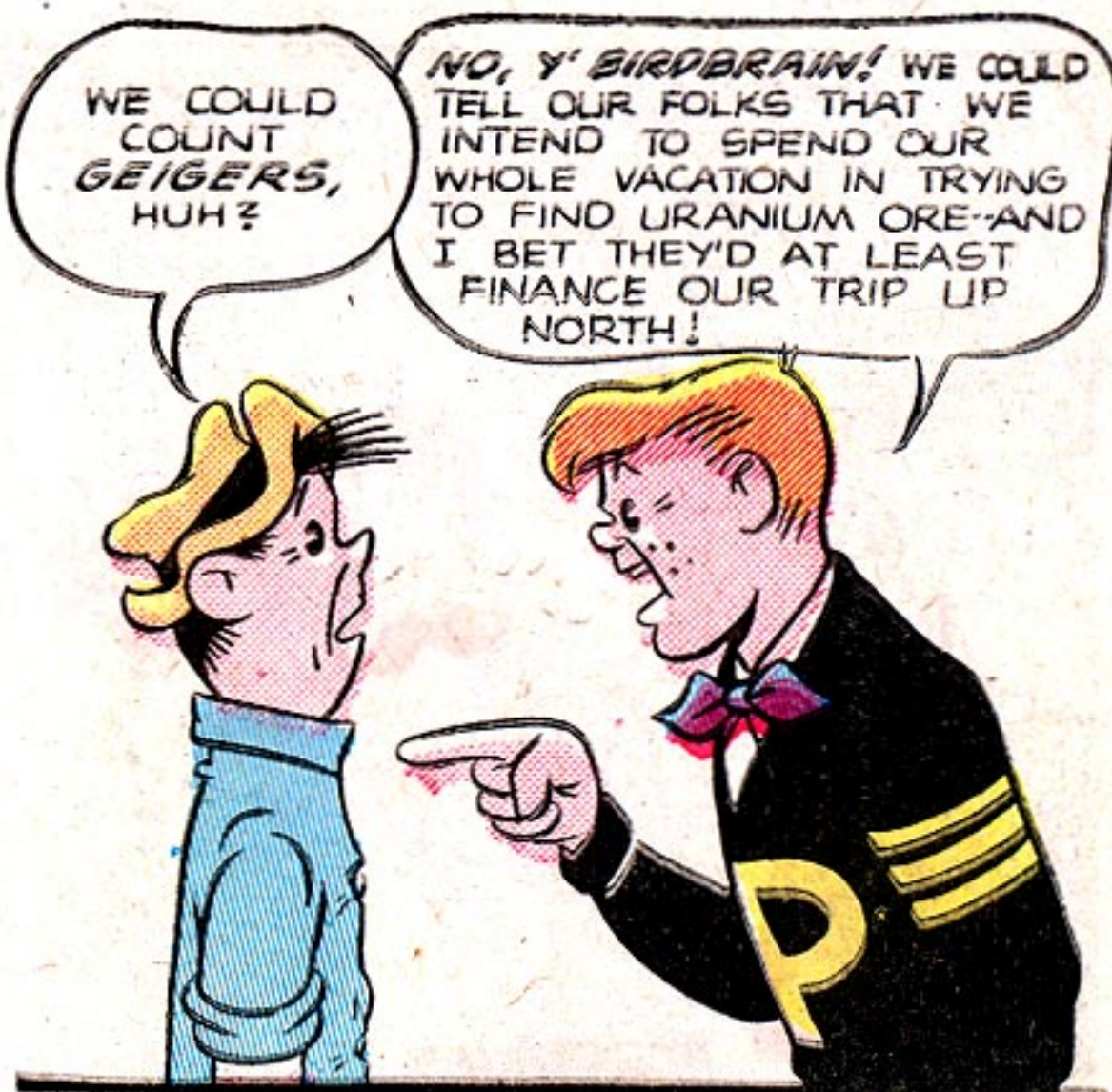






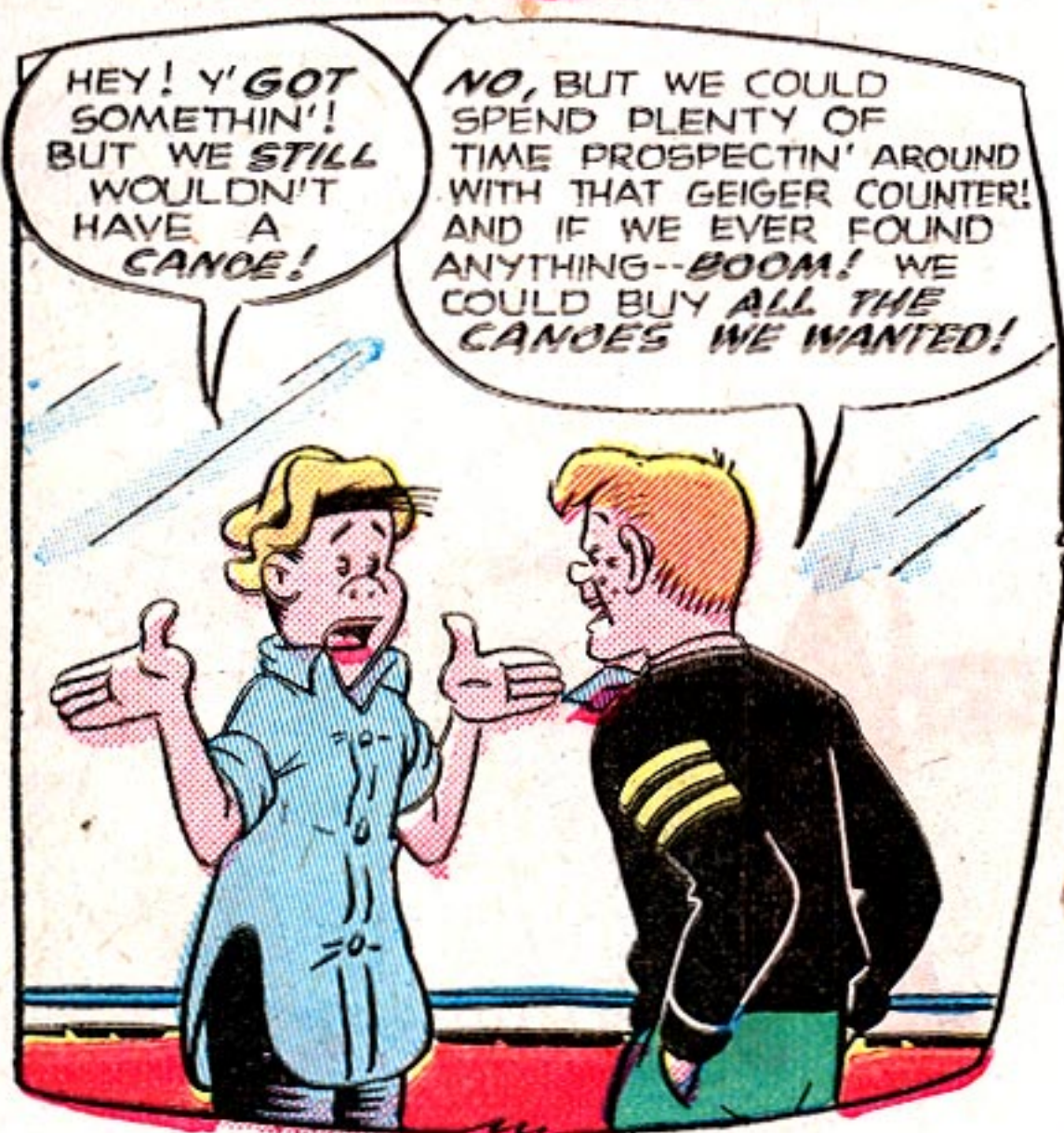
LOOK! GEIGER COUNTERS!
IF WE BOUGHT ONE, YA KNOW
WHAT WE COULD DO?

POINTFALLS CITY
HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO HELP
YOUR GOVERNMENT
AND AT THE SAME
TIME, WIN \$10,000!
THE U.S.A. IS PAY-
ING JUST THAT MUCH
TO ANYONE FINDING
URANIUM ORE! BUY
A GEIGER COUNTER
AND TRY YOUR LUCK.



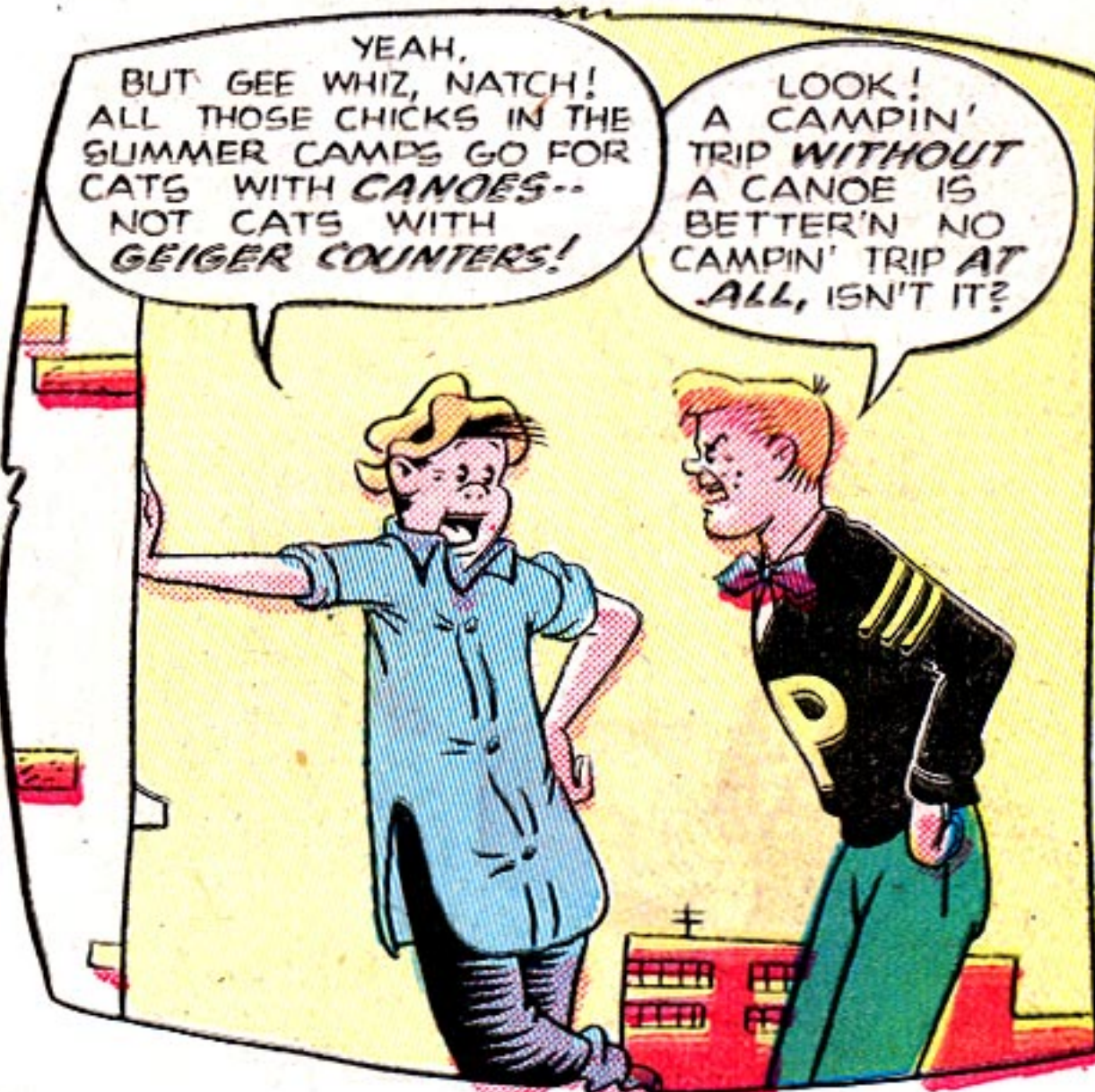
WE COULD
COUNT
GEIGERS,
HUH?

NO, Y' BIRDBRAIN! WE COULD
TELL OUR FOLKS THAT WE
INTEND TO SPEND OUR
WHOLE VACATION IN TRYING
TO FIND URANIUM ORE-AND
I BET THEY'D AT LEAST
FINANCE OUR TRIP UP
NORTH!



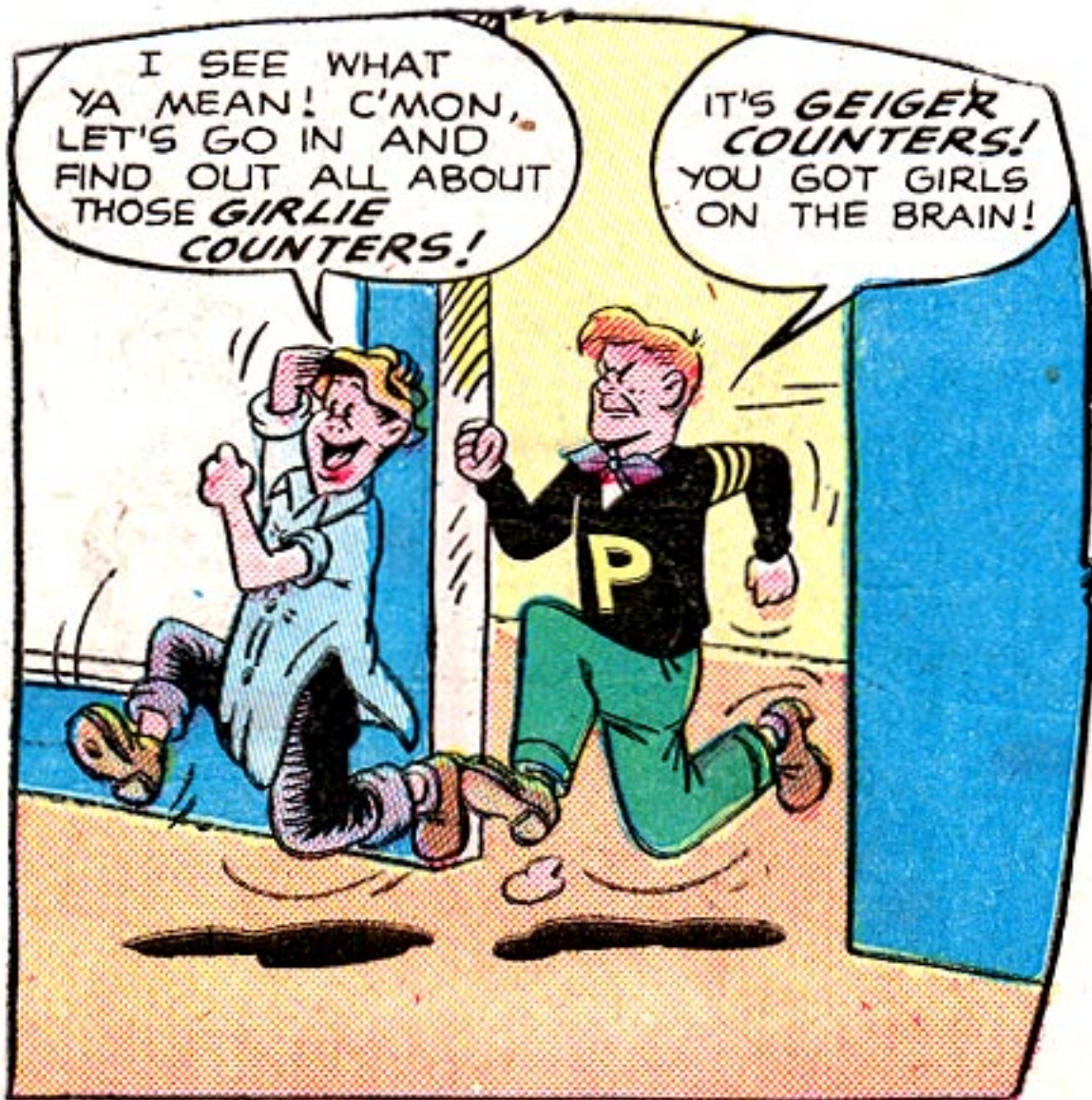
HEY! Y' GOT
SOMETHIN'!
BUT WE *STILL*
WOULDN'T
HAVE A
CANOE!

NO, BUT WE COULD
SPEND PLENTY OF
TIME PROSPECTIN' AROUND
WITH THAT GEIGER COUNTER!
AND IF WE EVER FOUND
ANYTHING--*BOOM!* WE
COULD BUY *ALL THE*
CANOE'S WE WANTED!



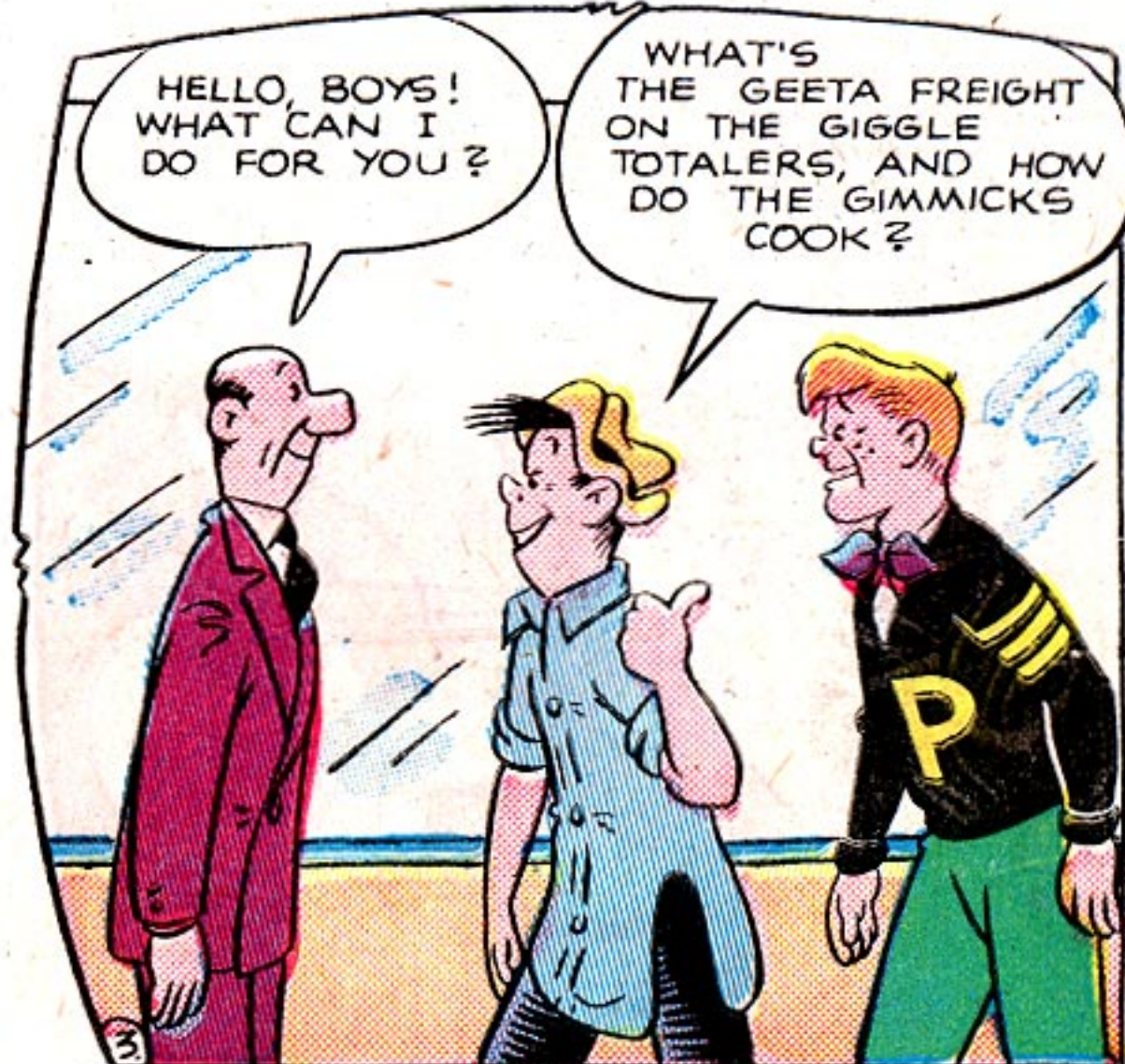
YEAH,
BUT GEE WHIZ, NATCH!
ALL THOSE CHICKS IN THE
SUMMER CAMPS GO FOR
CATS WITH *CANOE'S*--
NOT CATS WITH
GEIGER COUNTERS!

LOOK!
A CAMPIN'
TRIP *WITHOUT*
A CANOE IS
BETTER'N NO
CAMPIN' TRIP AT
ALL, ISN'T IT?



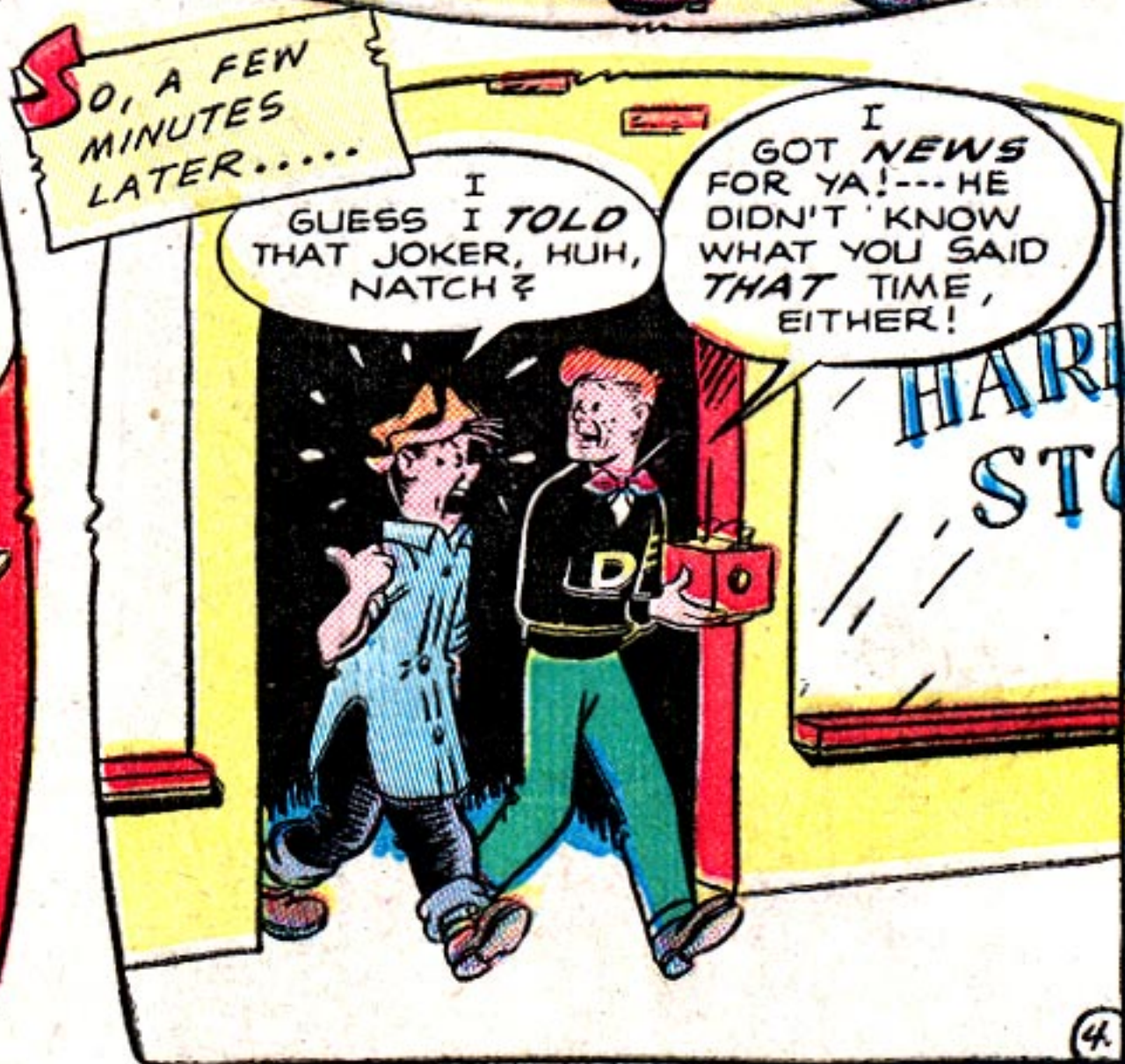
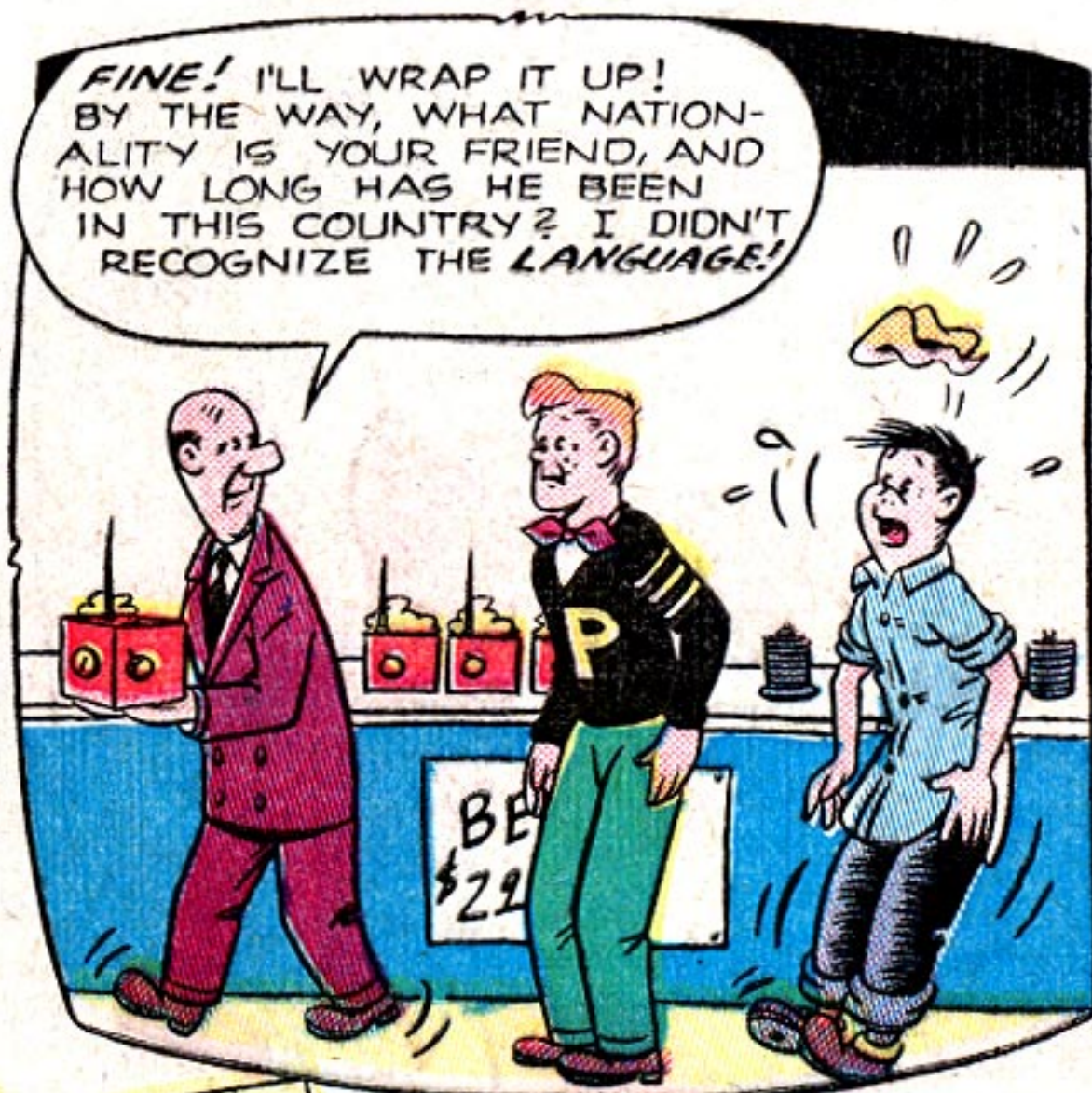
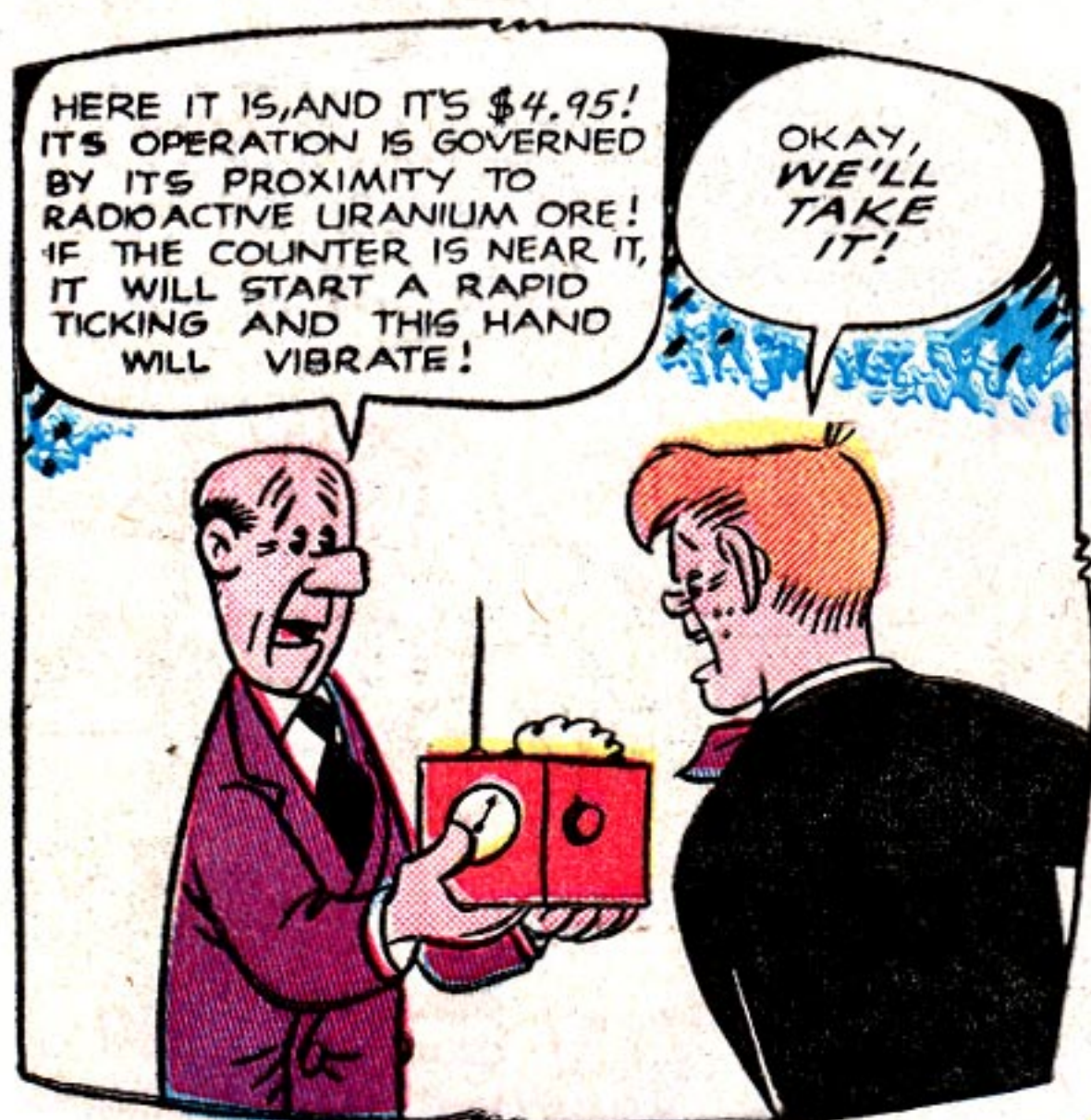
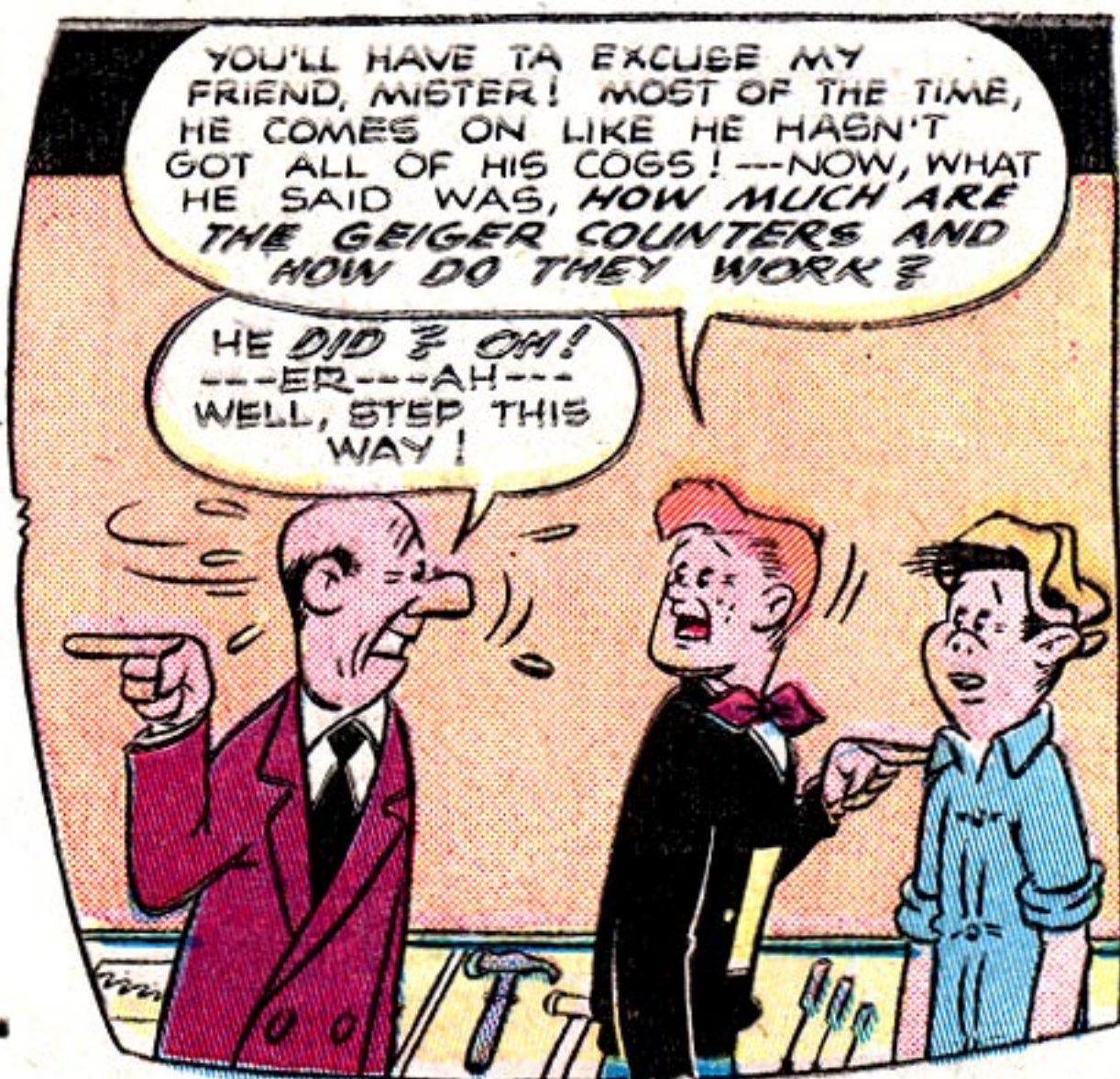
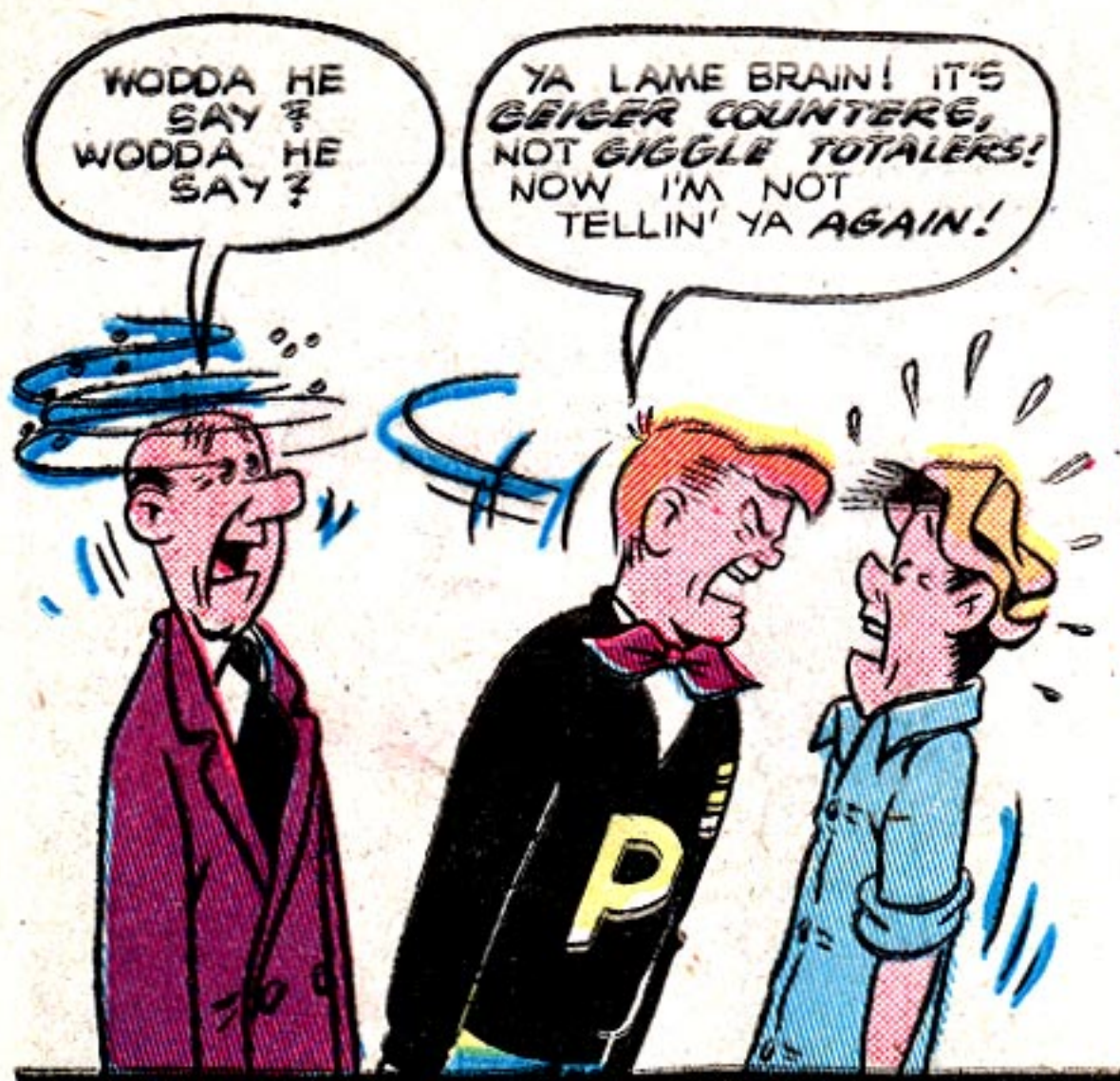
I SEE WHAT
YA MEAN! C'MON,
LET'S GO IN AND
FIND OUT ALL ABOUT
THOSE *GIRLIE*
COUNTERS!

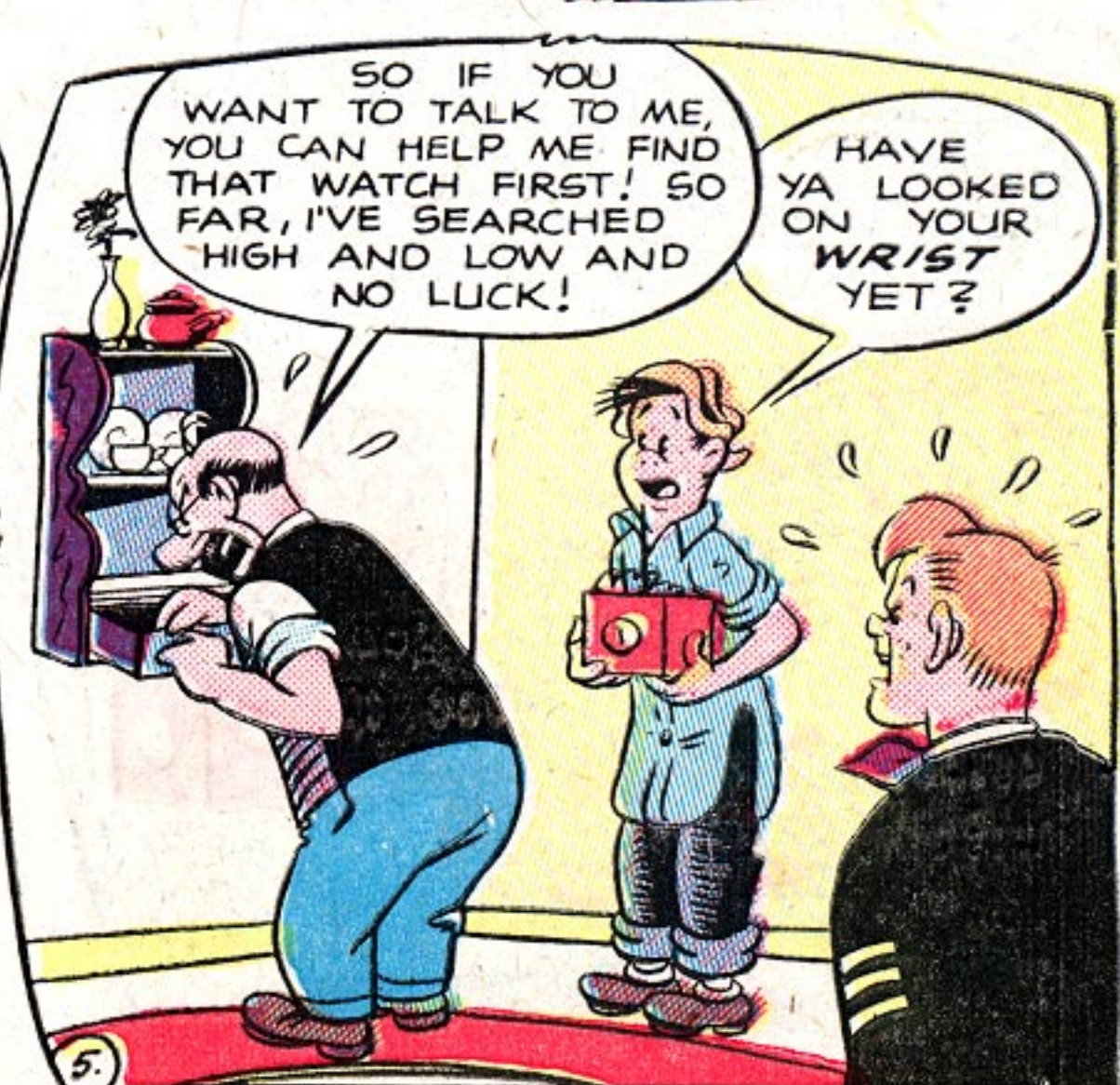
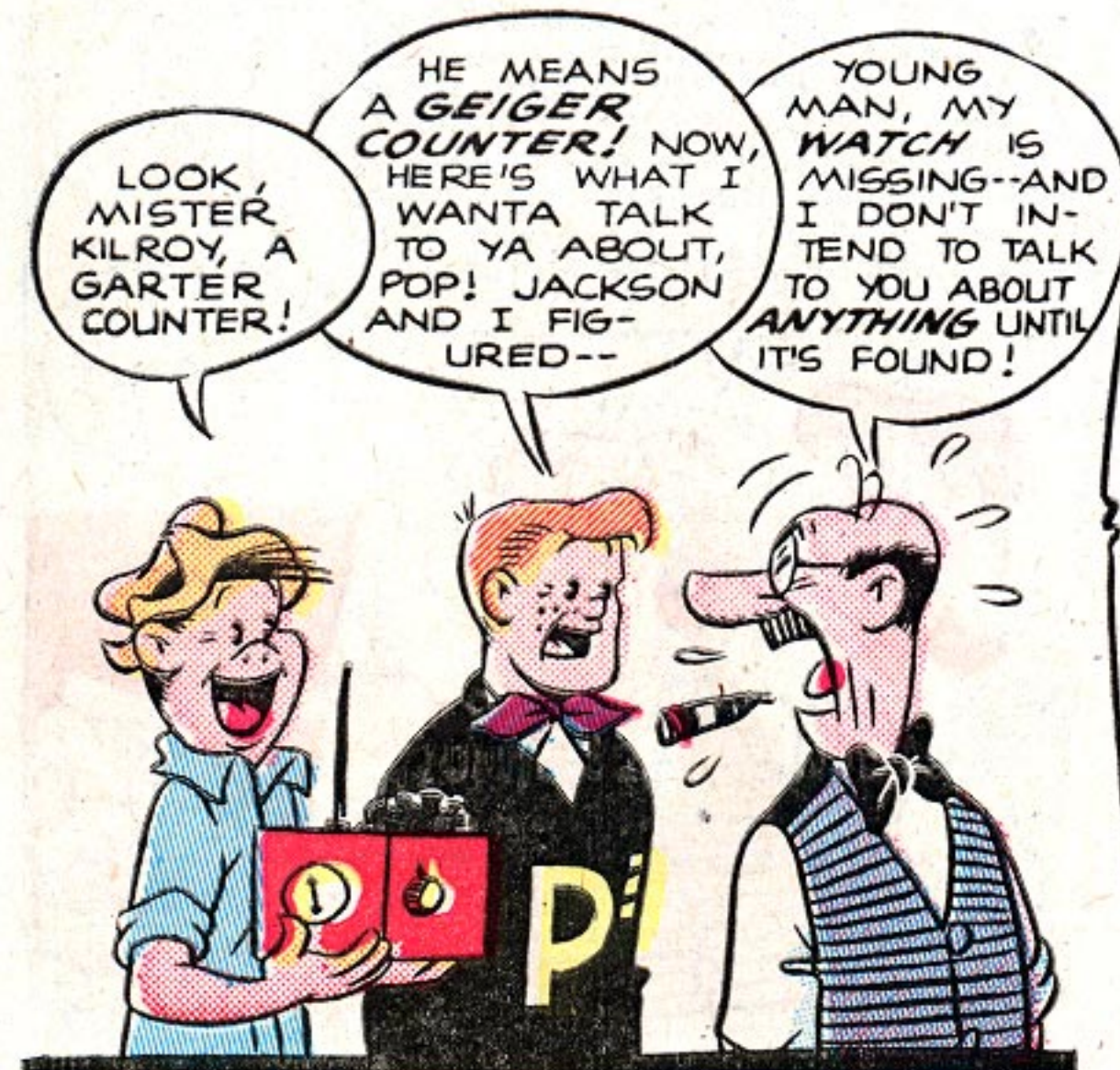
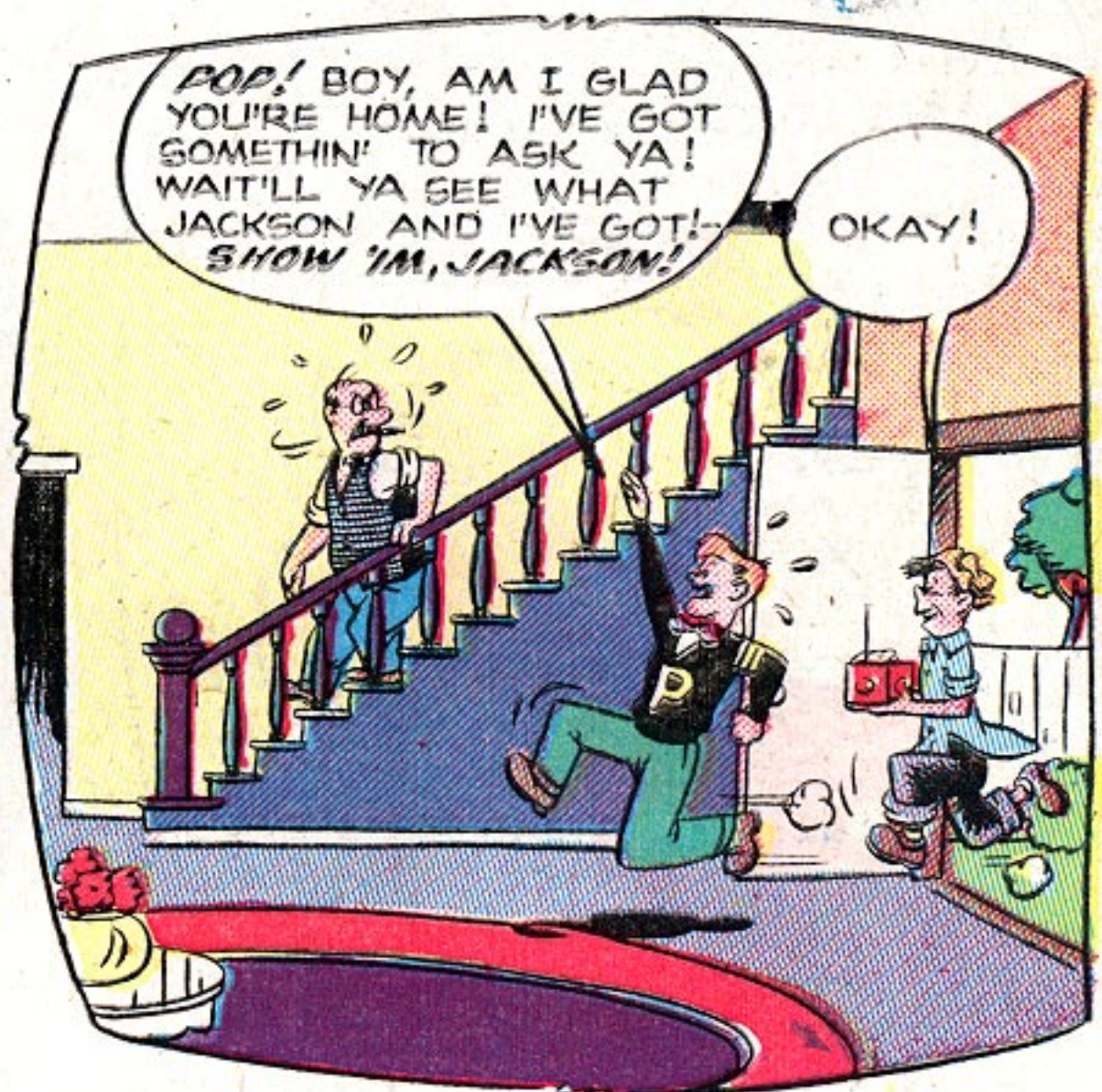
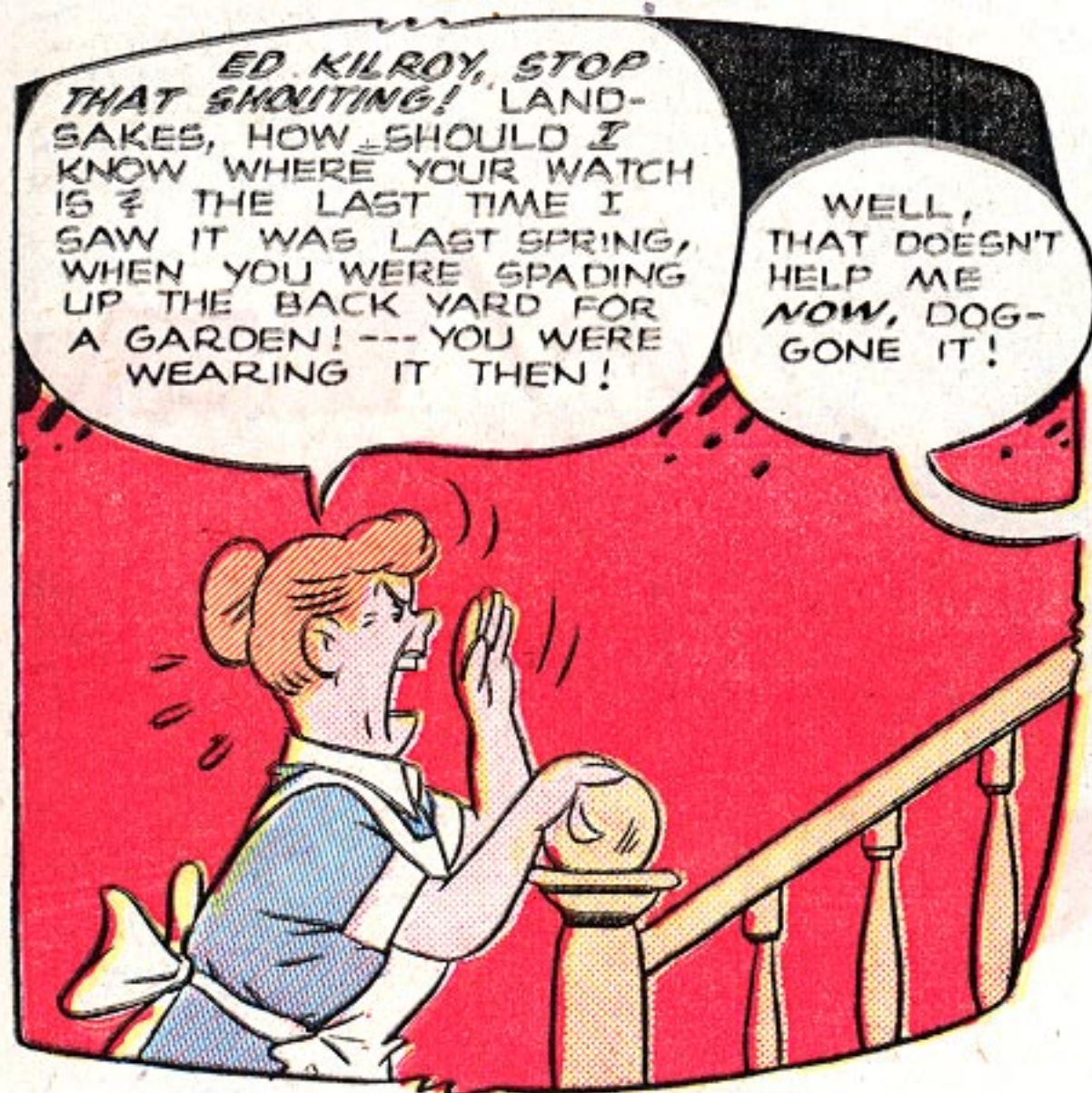
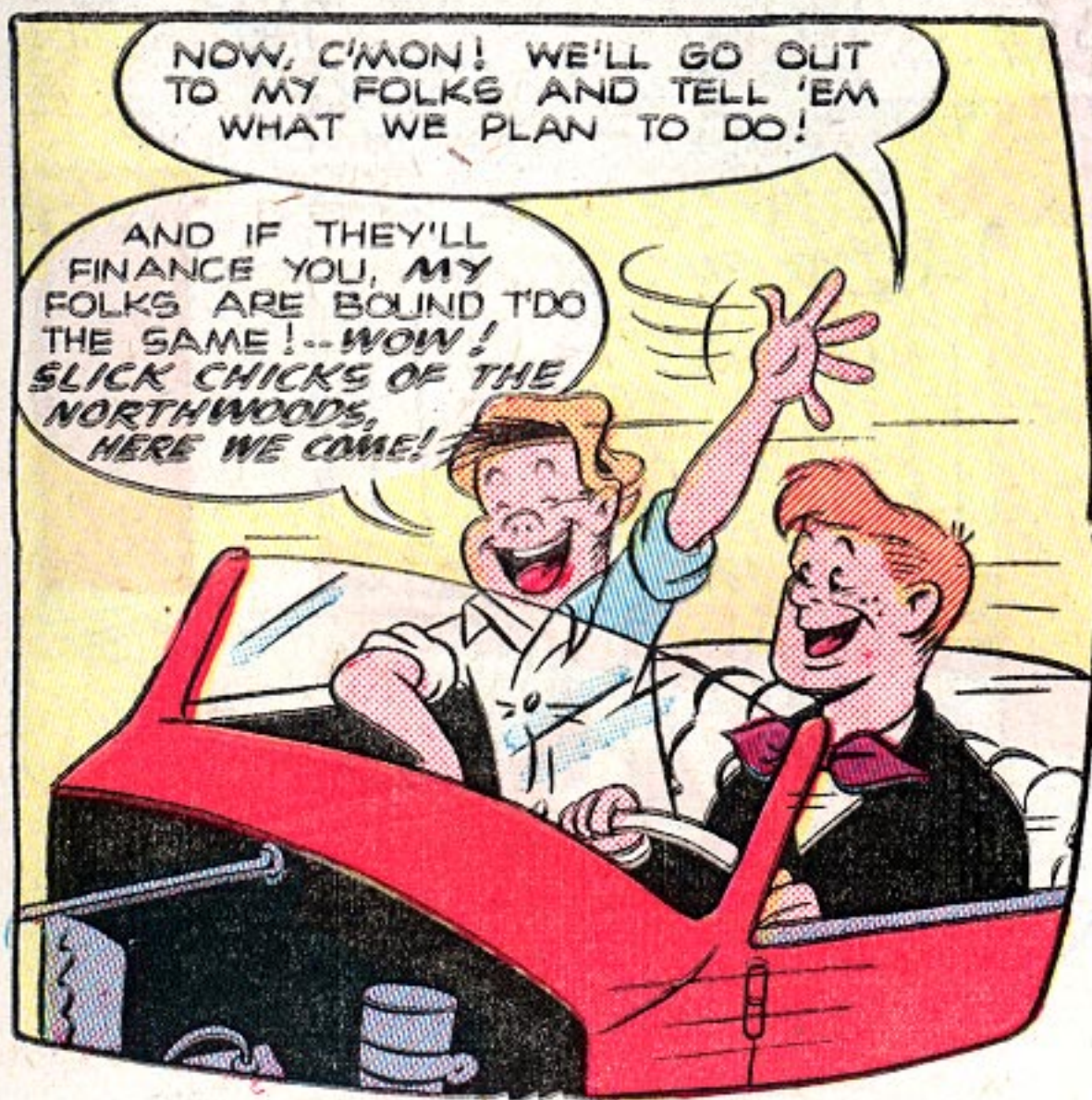
IT'S *GEIGER*
COUNTERS!
YOU GOT GIRLS
ON THE BRAIN!

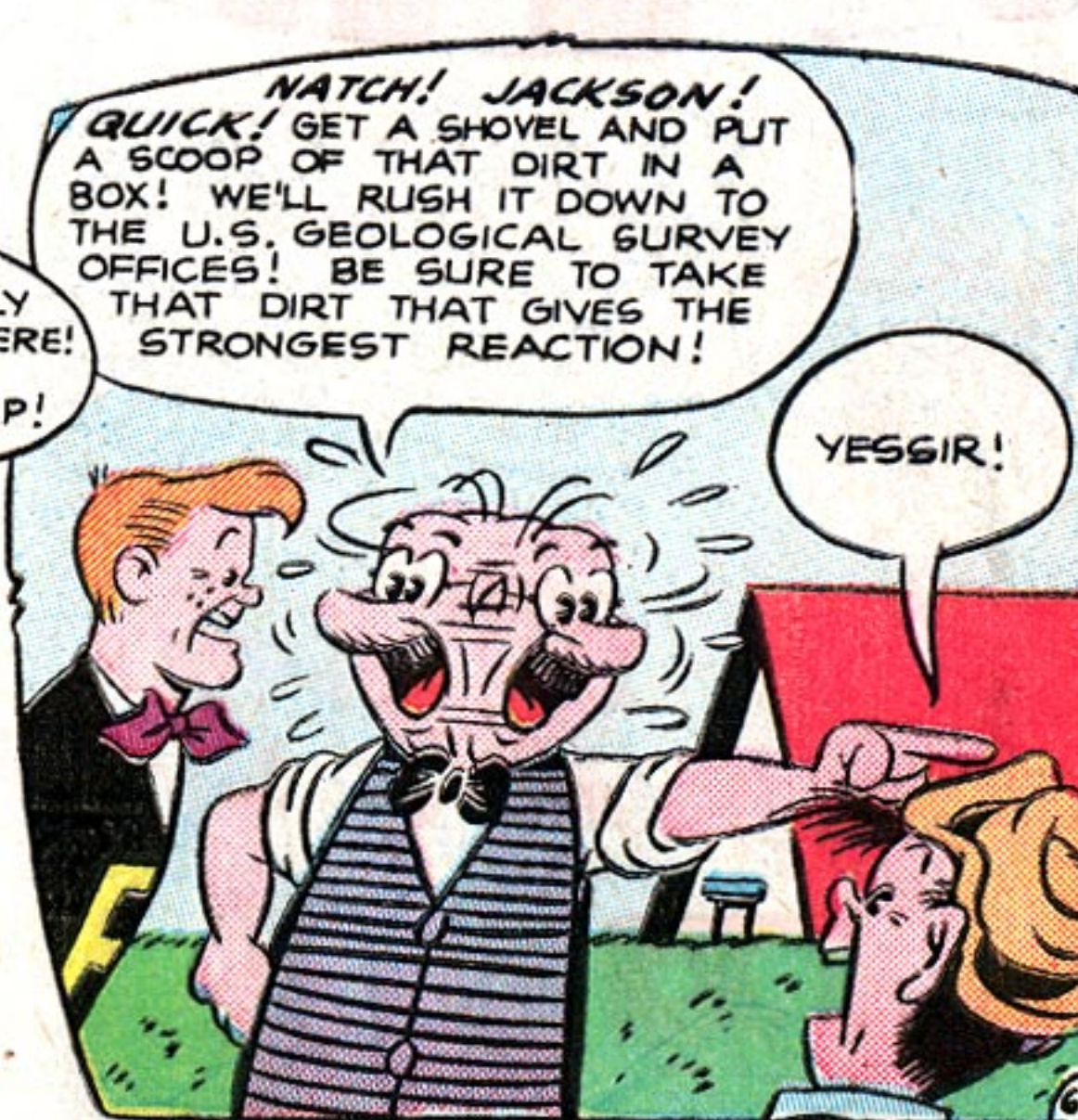
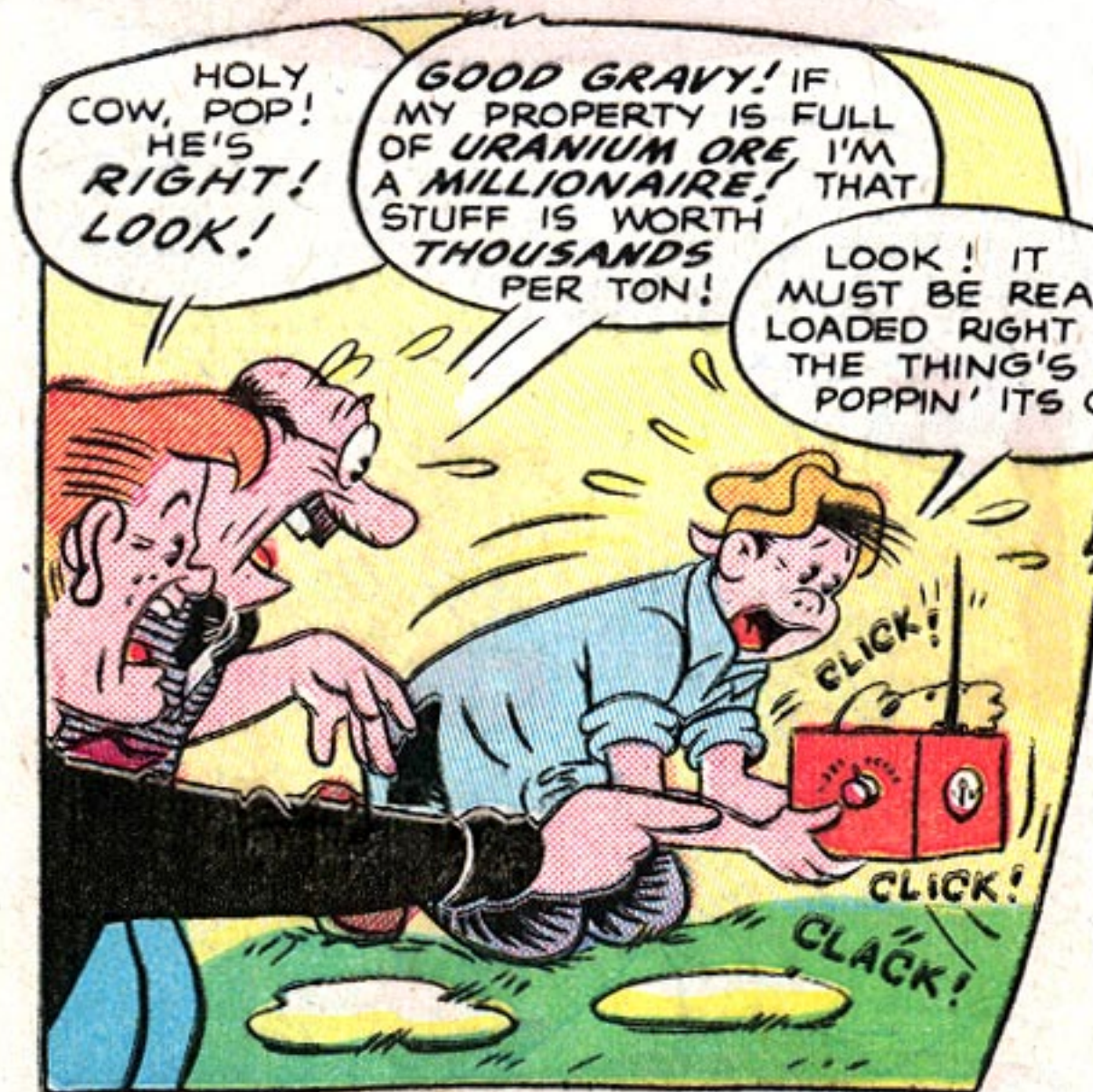
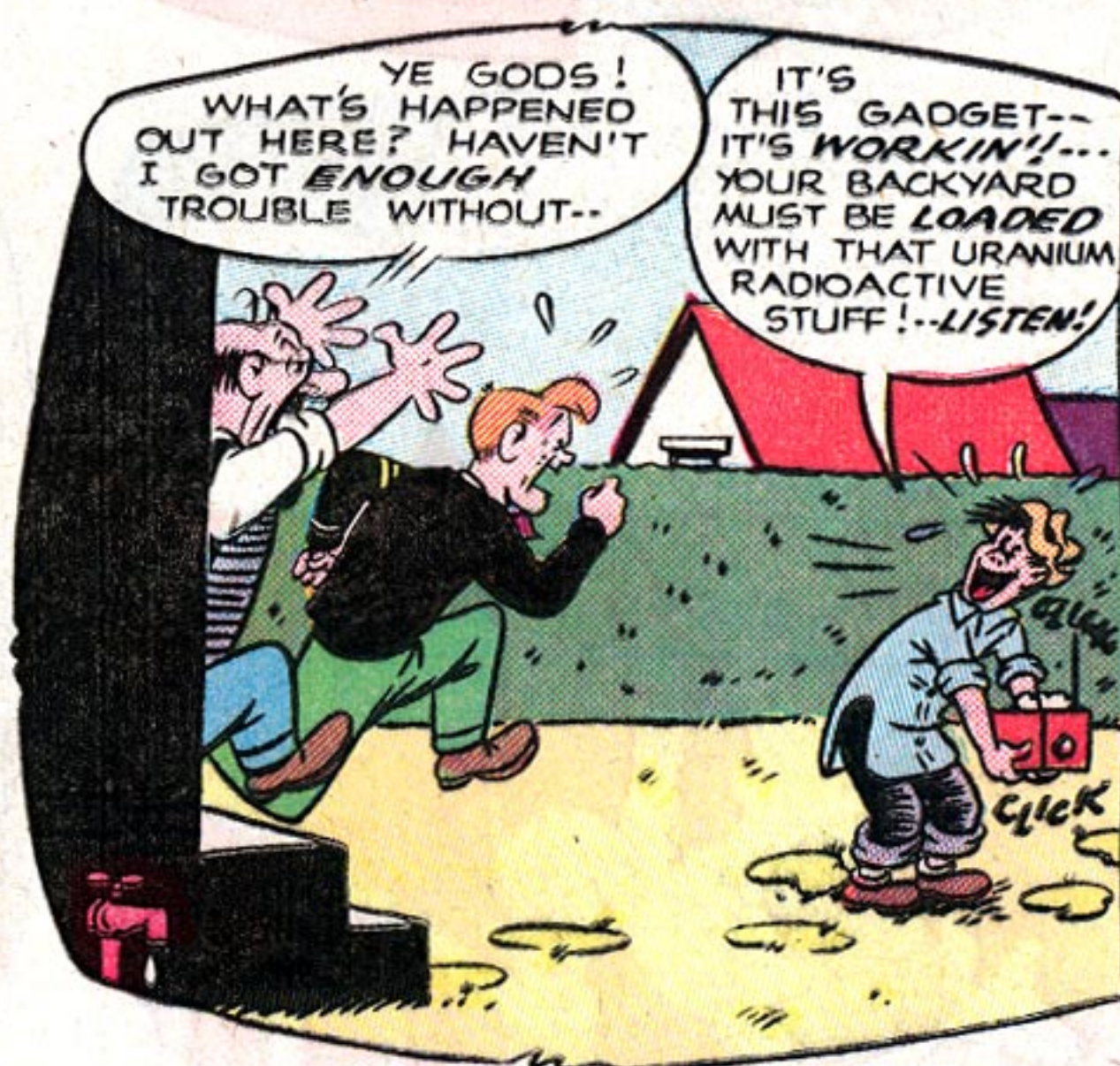
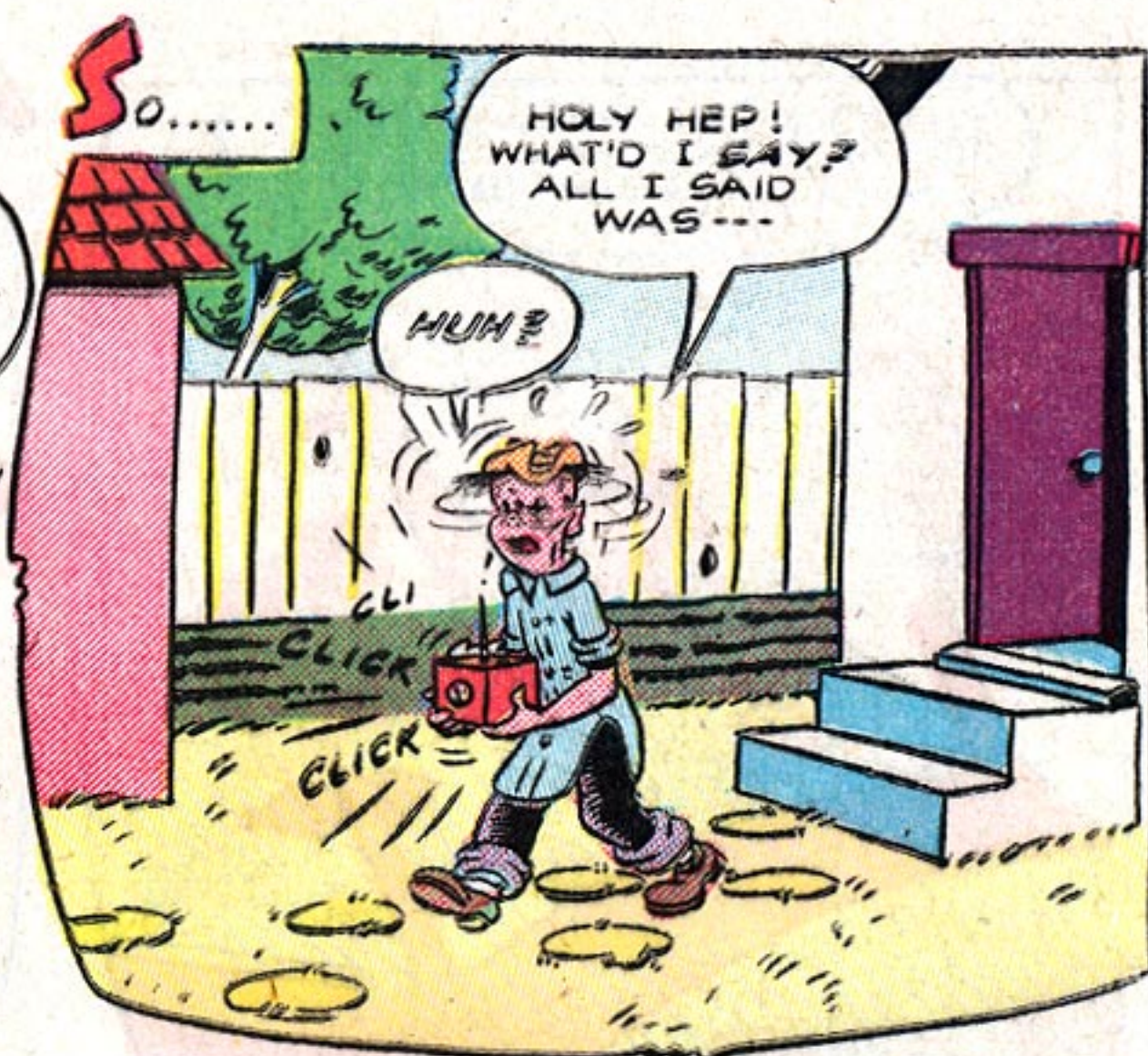
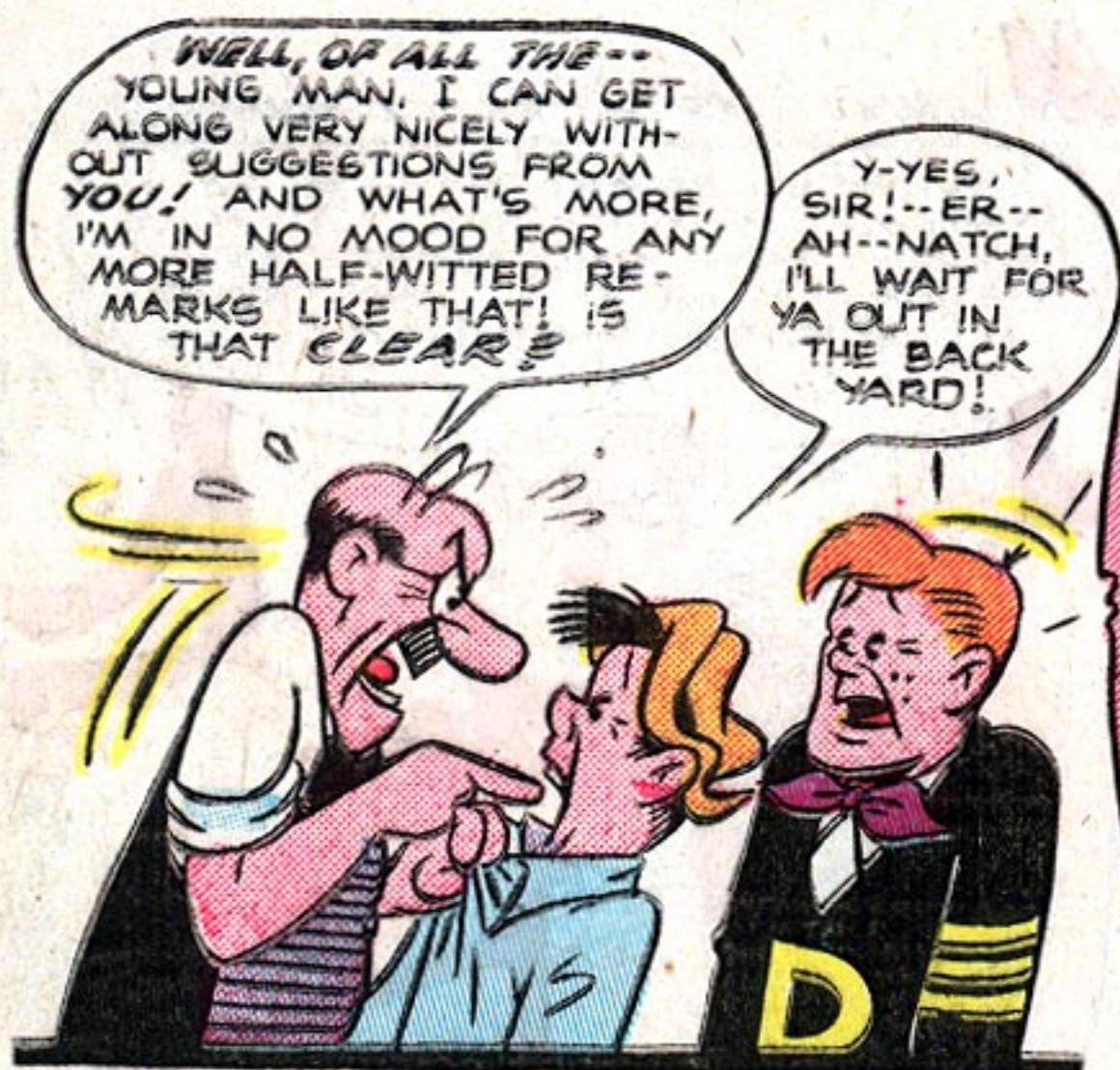


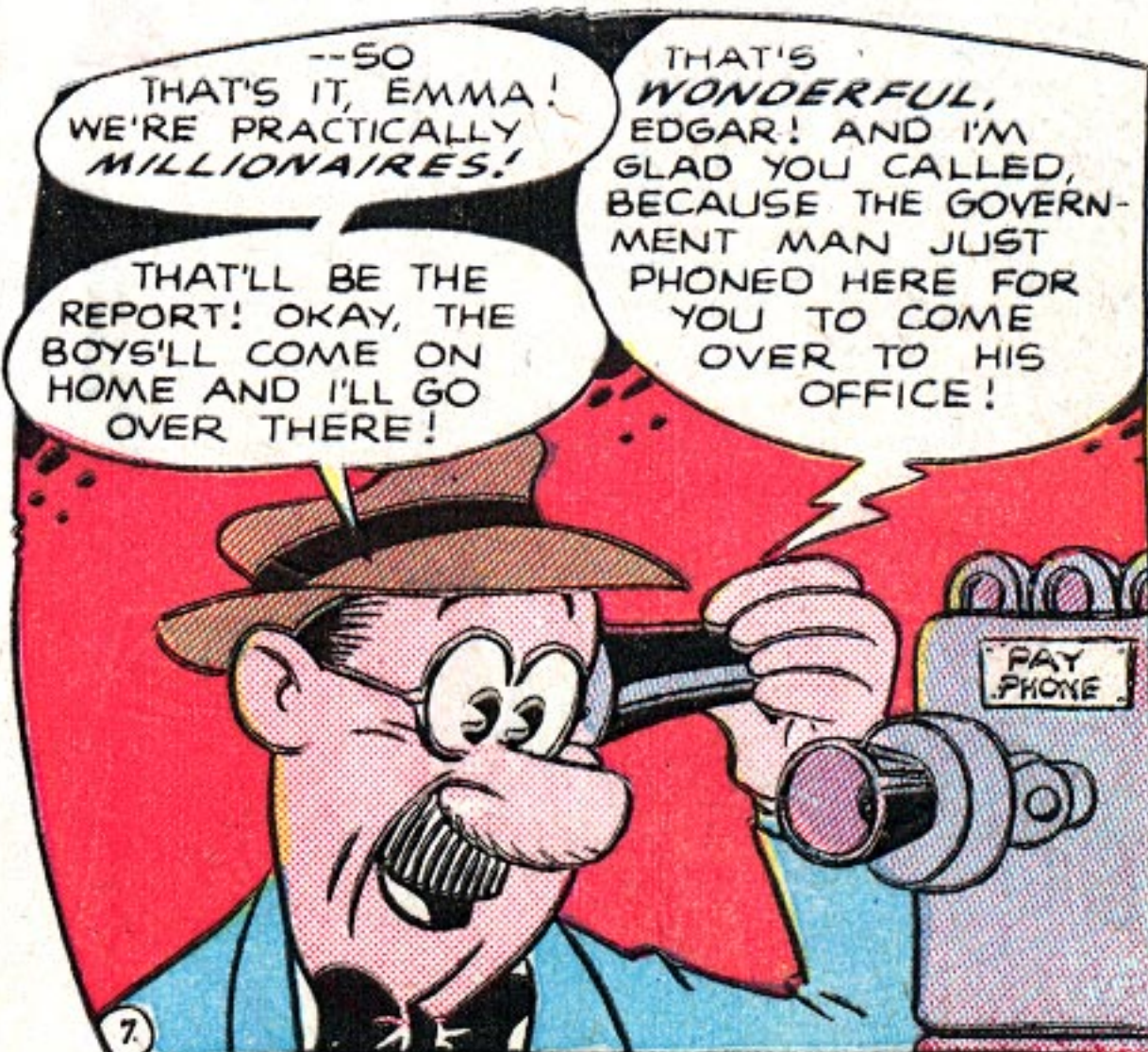
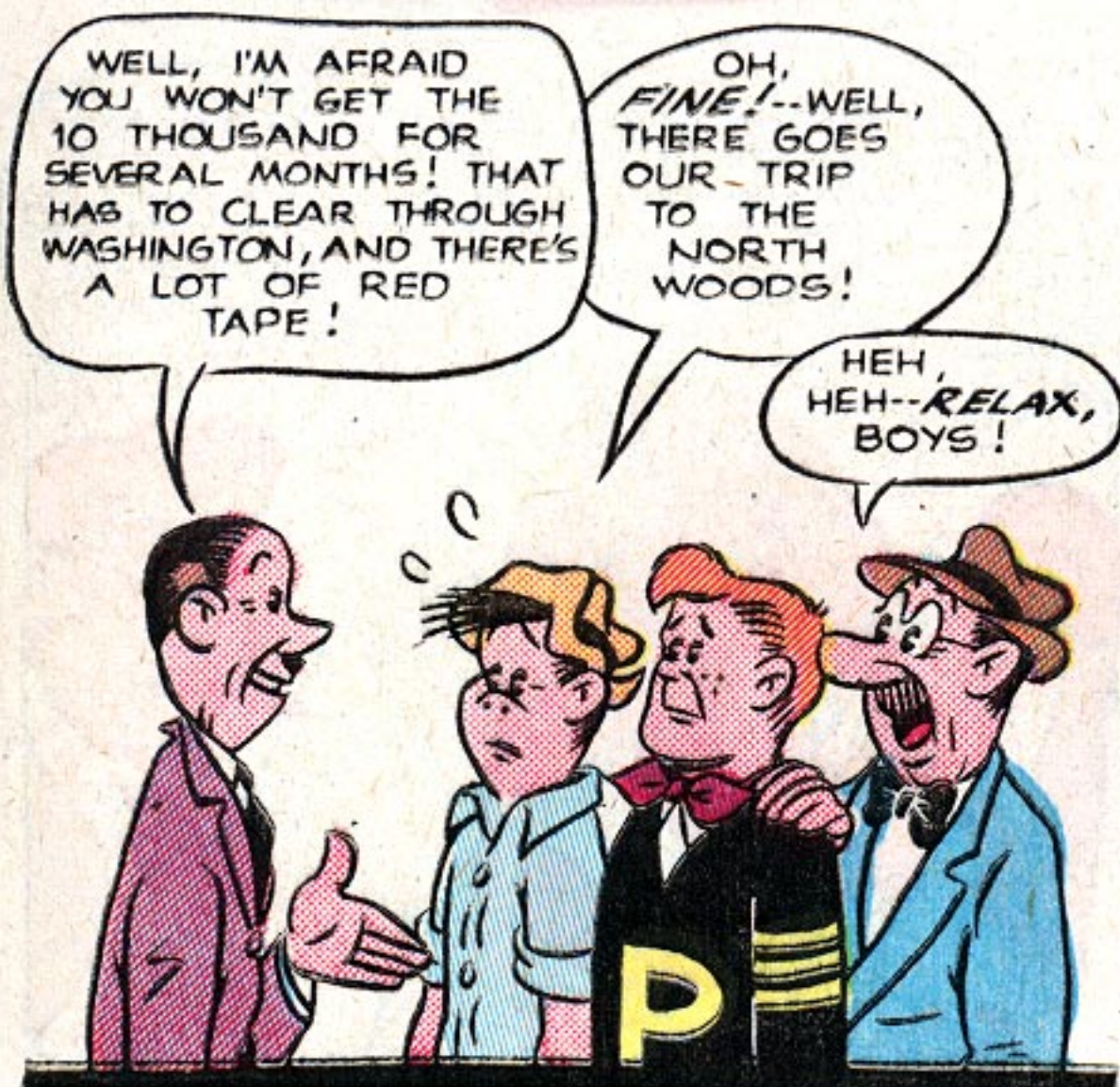
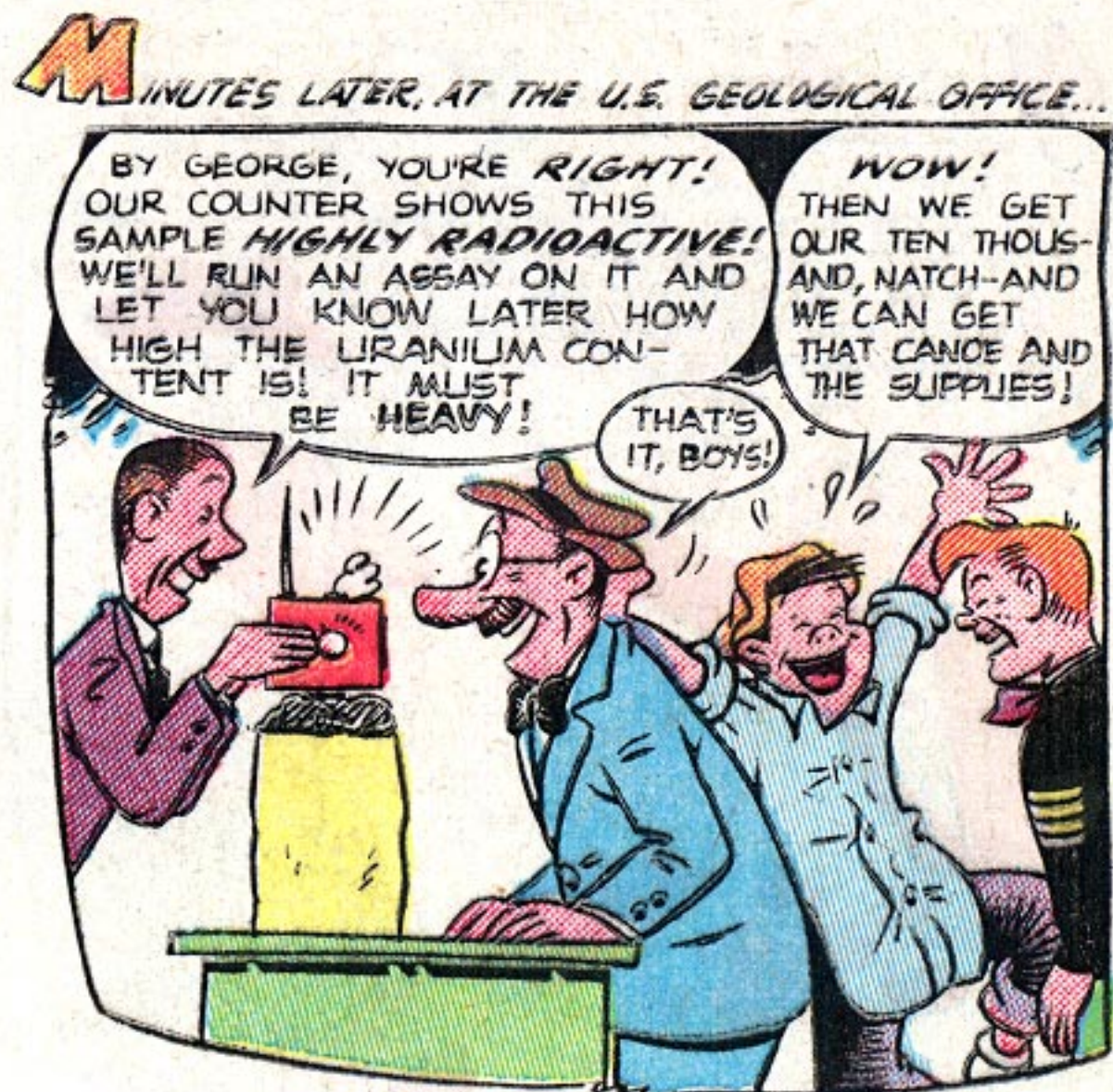
HELLO, BOYS!
WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU?

WHAT'S
THE GEETA FREIGHT
ON THE GIGGLE
TOTALERS, AND HOW
DO THE GIMMICKS
COOK?









MINUTES LATER.....

MY LOST WATCH!

KILROY, THAT SAMPLE WASN'T URANIUM ORE! THE RADIO-ACTIVITY ON THE GEIGER COUNTER WAS CAUSED BY THE RADIUM-PAINTED NUMERALS ON THIS WATCH WE FOUND IN THE DIRT!

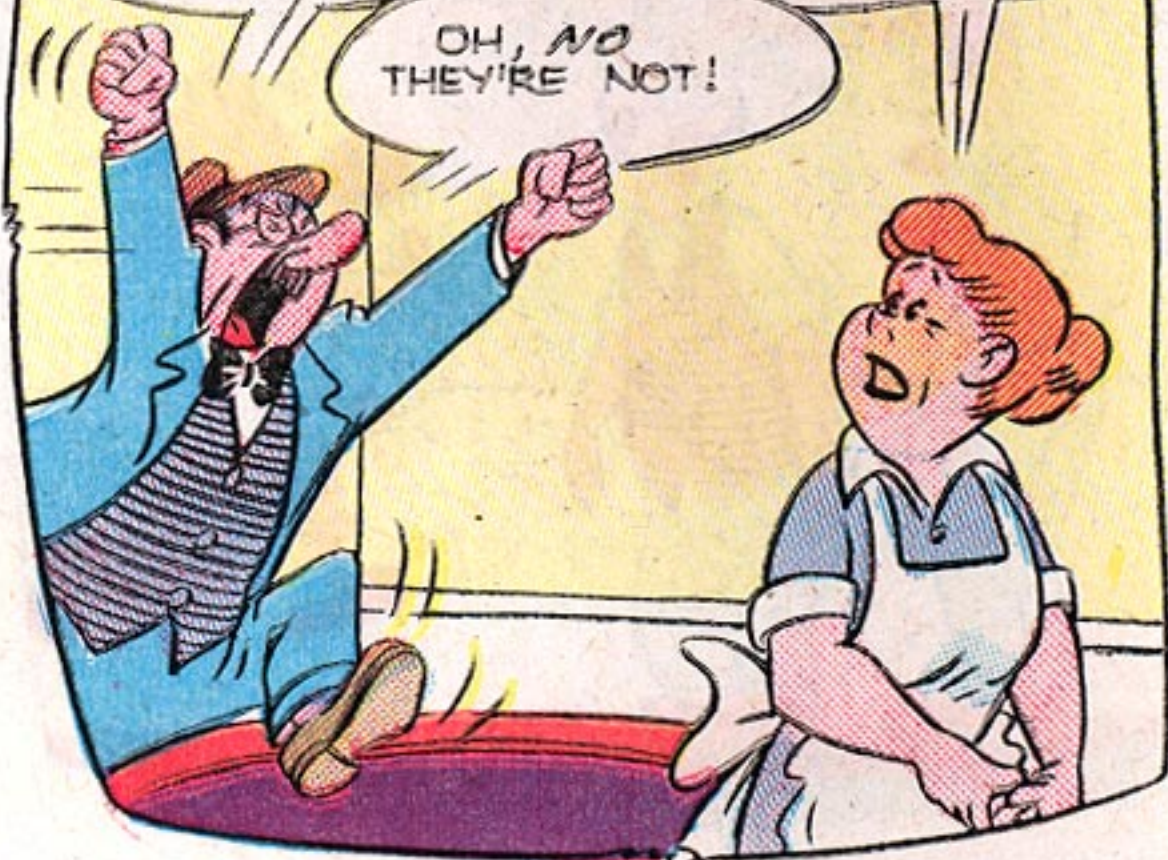


LATER STILL...

WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THOSE TWO?

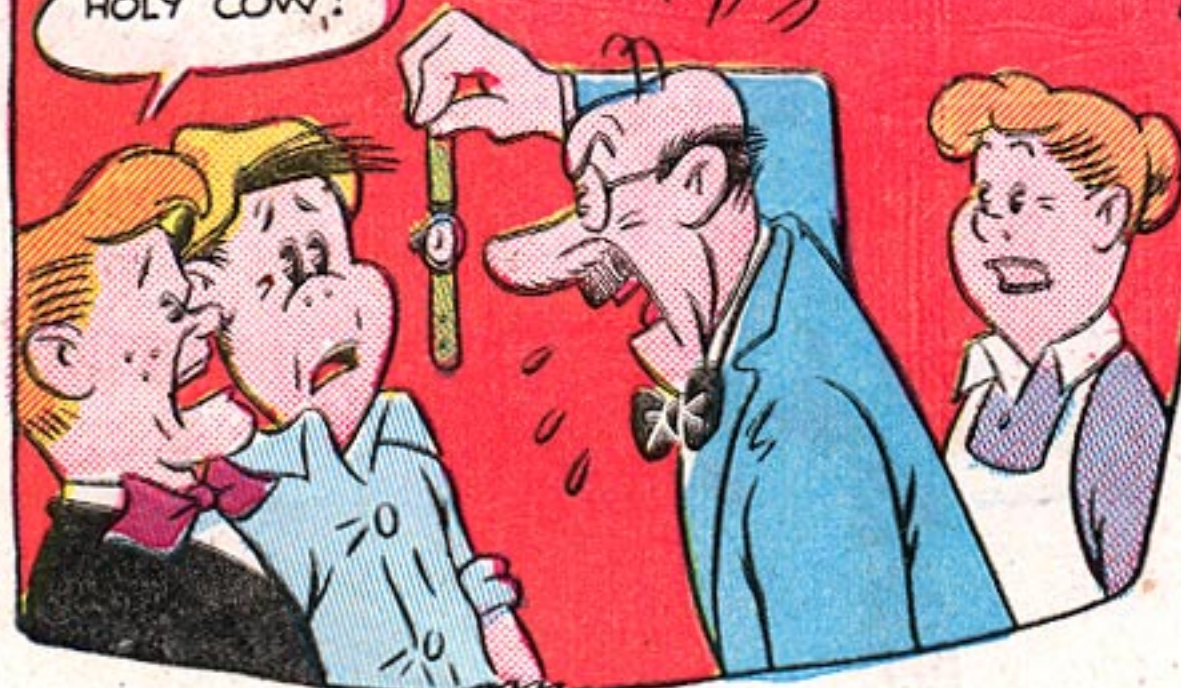
IF YOU MEAN JACKSON AND NATCH, THEY'RE PACKING THE CAR! THEY'RE LEAVING IN A MINUTE!

OH, NO THEY'RE NOT!



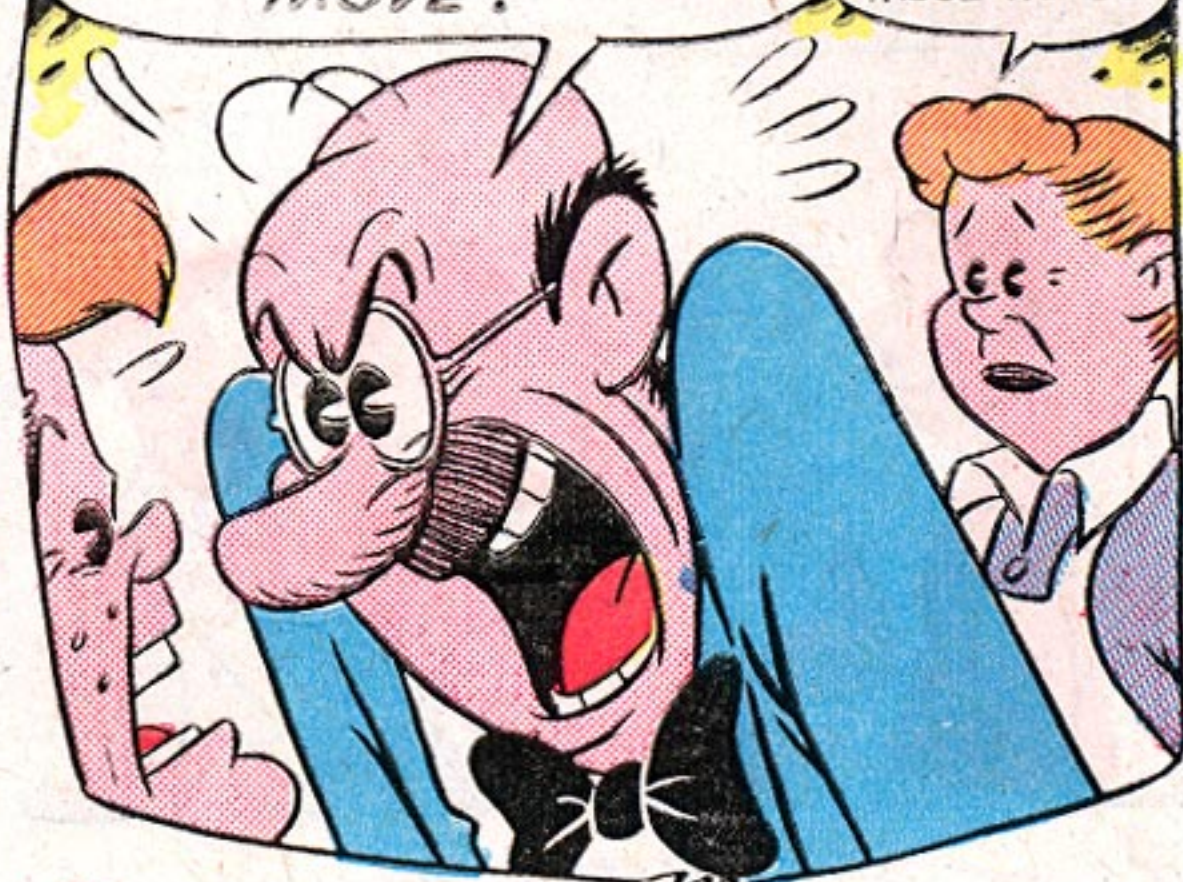
THANKS TO THESE TWO LAMEBRAINED IDIOTS, EMMA, I'M THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE U.S. GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT! THAT WASN'T URANIUM YOU FOUND--IT WAS MY WATCH THAT I MUST'VE LOST WHEN I WAS SPADING THE GARDEN!

HOLY COW!



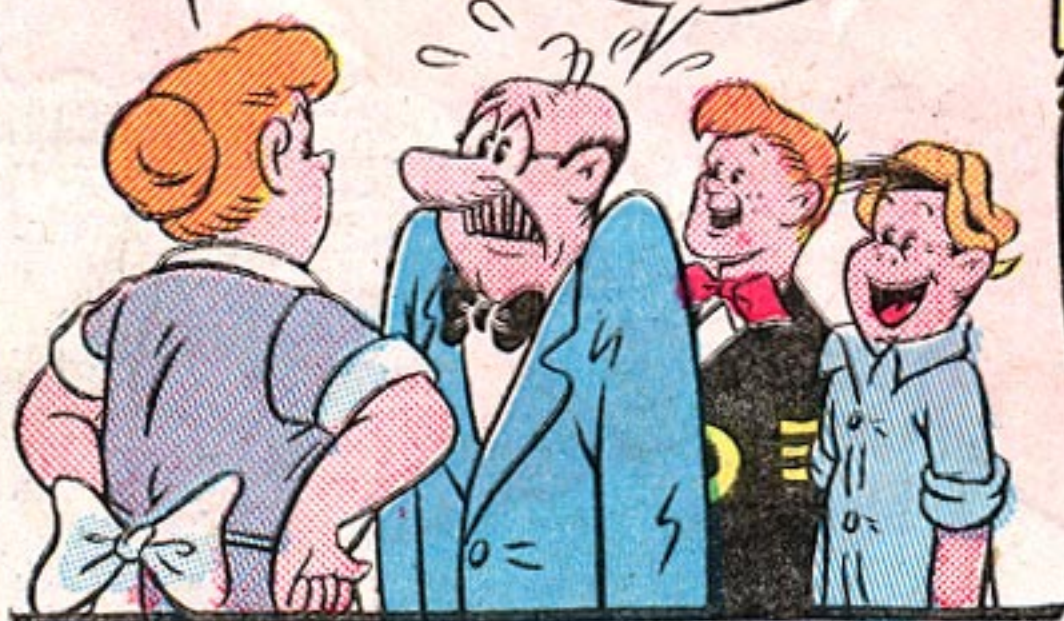
NOW GET THAT STUFF BACK TO THE STORE AND FAST--BEFORE I COMPLETELY LOSE MY TEMPER AND CEASE TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS! --- MOVE!

NOW JUST A MINUTE, EDGAR! I SAY THEY'RE KEEPING THOSE THINGS!



I THINK THIS WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON FOR ONCE--TO KEEP TRACK OF YOUR THINGS! AND REMEMBER, IT NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO CARELESS! IT WAS ALL YOUR FAULT!

Y-YES, EMMA!

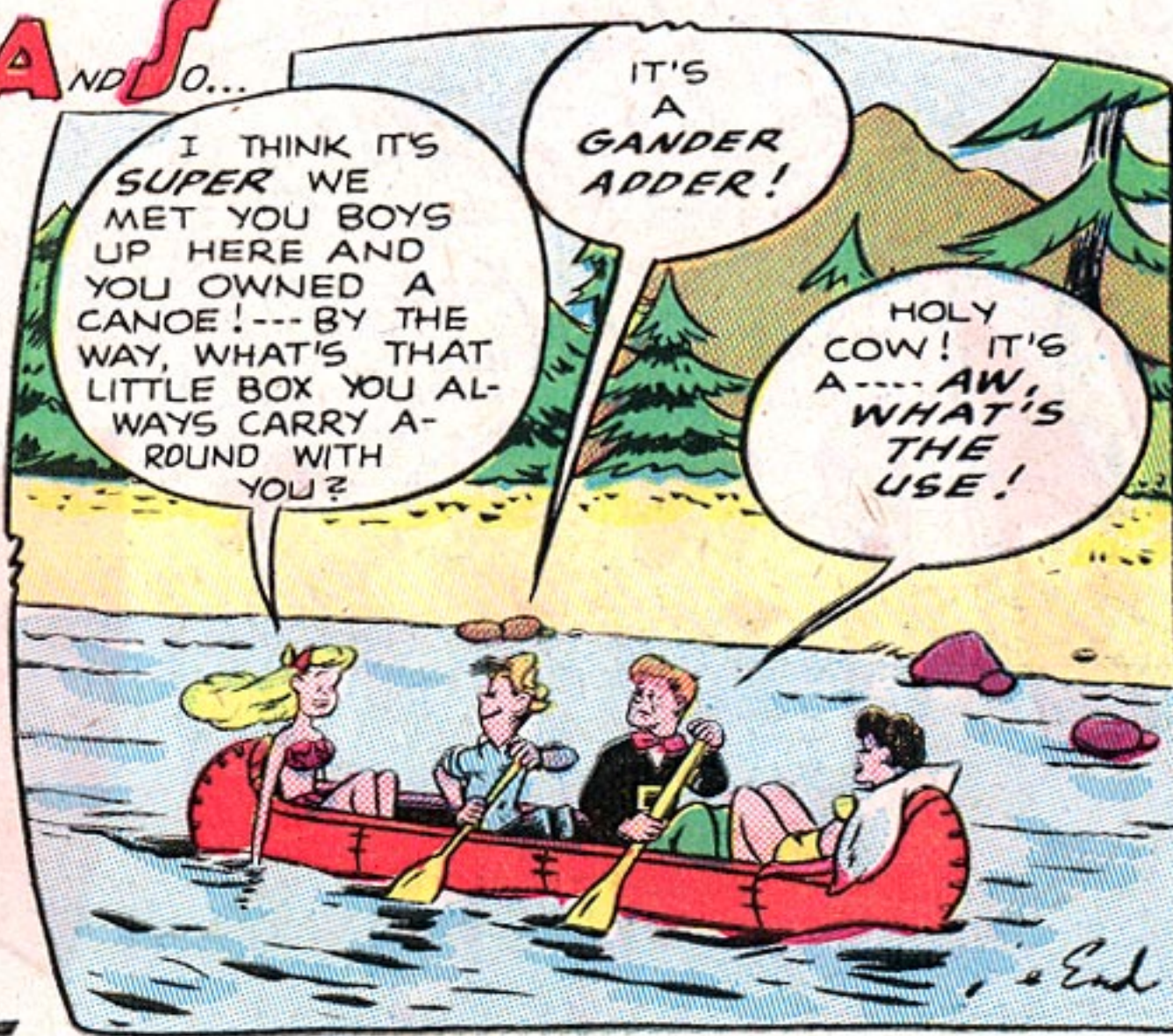


AND SO...

I THINK IT'S SUPER WE MET YOU BOYS UP HERE AND YOU OWNED A CANOE!---BY THE WAY, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE BOX YOU ALWAYS CARRY AROUND WITH YOU?

IT'S A GANDER ADDER!

HOLY COW! IT'S A--- AW, WHAT'S THE USE!



PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!



CUTAWAY VIEW OF
WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic power? There's one of those in *every* WHEATIES flake—already to spark you every day.



IRON

ENERGY

VITAMINS



BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

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COMIC BOOKS!

ALL FOR 15¢ AND 1 WHEATIES BOXTOP

Mailing address and order blank right on Wheaties box!



The *Older* SET

LINDA LEE WAS thrilled, right down to the marrow of her fifteen-year-old bones! To think that at last she was going to a party given by...the older set! What a glamorous bunch they were, the girls every bit of eighteen and the boys...

"Why, some of them must be pretty close to *twenty*!" Linda Lee sighed. "They're not just silly *kids*, like the gang I run around with! *Used to* run around with!" she corrected herself.

Getting an invitation to this party was just a miraculous stroke of luck! Linda Lee's brother, who was nineteen and very sharp, was a well-established member of that superior, older set. How Linda Lee envied him and wished that she, too, could be part of that far-away crowd! And now, Buddy's date for the party had come down with a cold or something and Buddy, stuck for a date, had asked his own sister to accompany him!

All the way to the party, Linda Lee kept smoothing her hair and hoping her lipstick was right and her dress not too babyish. She was a little worried about making conversation, but not really disturbed. "I guess I can be just as smart as the rest," she reassured herself.

As she and Buddy entered the house where the party was being given, Linda Lee breathed a silent farewell to her past. "No more children," she thought, "with their picnics and bicycle trips! This is my life from now on!"

Adopting what she hoped was a worldly look, Linda Lee acknowledged the introductions that were made to her. As yet, everyone and everything was an exciting, colorful blur to her. She accepted a glass of punch that someone offered her, and sipped it, pretending not to notice its funny taste or the fact that something seemed to be making her dizzy.

She wanted very much to be part of a small group of laughing girls, but when she approached them, they stopped talking and laughing, and eyed her coldly, as though taking in every part of her dress... and *not* approving of it!

Then she sat on a couch with three or four of the guests who seemed to be having a fine time. One of them was telling a story. "So when the prof asked her about the problem in calculus, she was stymied! Then Bill Whittaker told the registrar that she'd been enrolled in the advanced math class by mistake and..."

Linda Lee didn't even understand what they were talking about, but she guessed it to be college talk. She, of course, went to high school, so all of this was a mystery. Besides, she *was* feeling very dizzy and sort of heavy in the eyelids!

There was a quiet corner in the room and a large easy chair, empty and inviting. Linda Lee crossed to the chair and sat down in it. This party was...well...boring and dull, to tell the truth! She felt her eyelids droop lower and lower... and...lower...

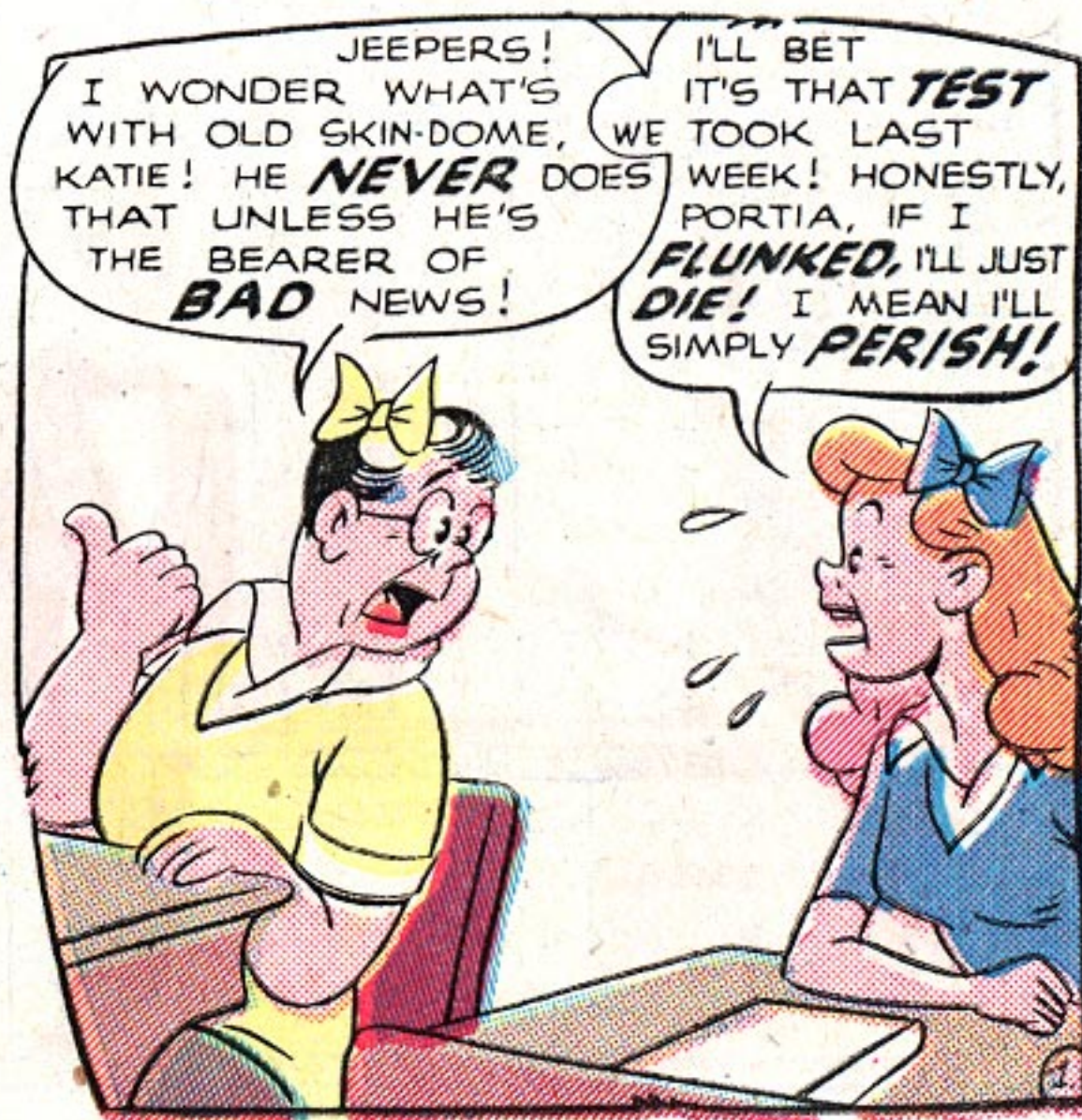
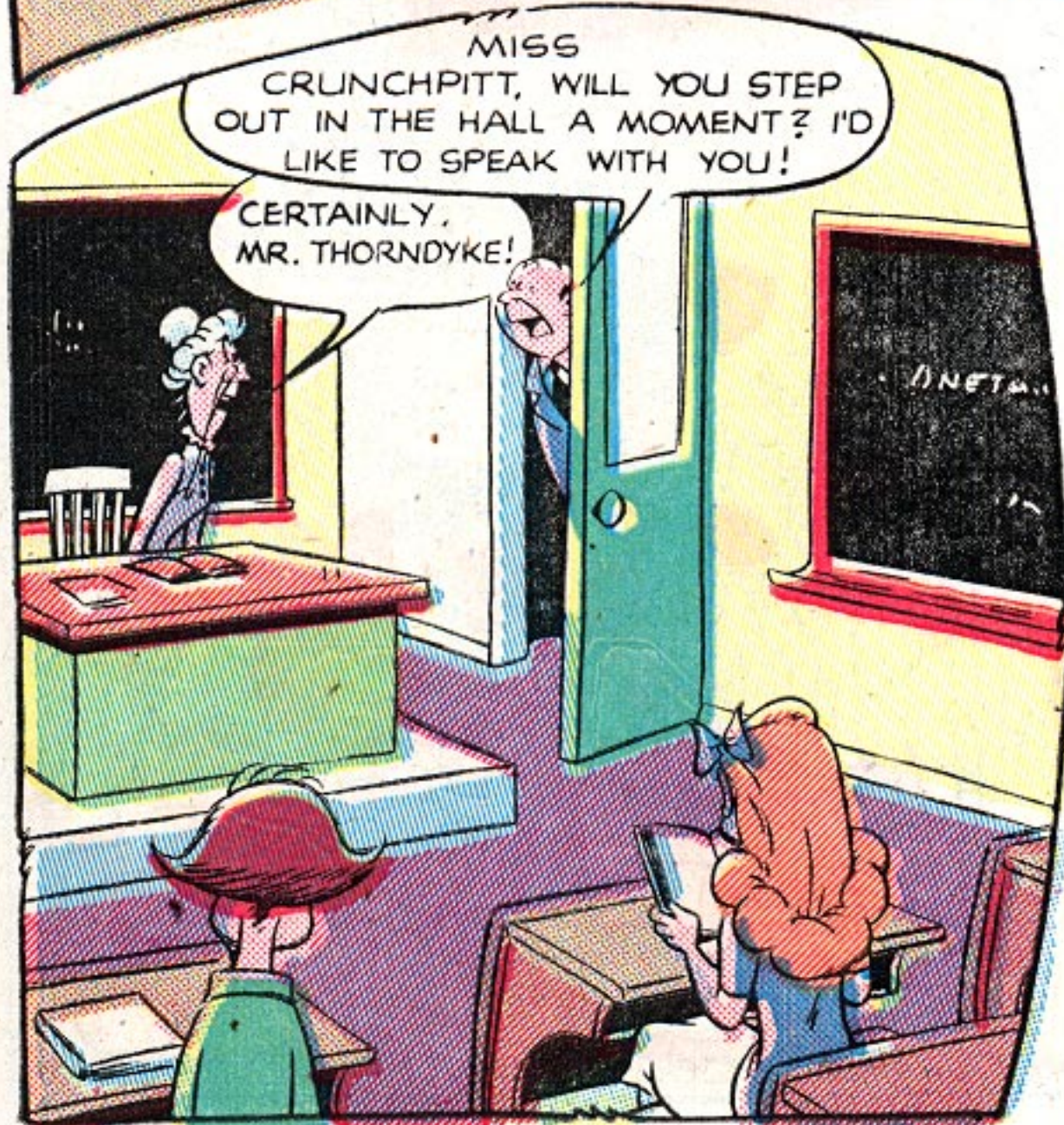
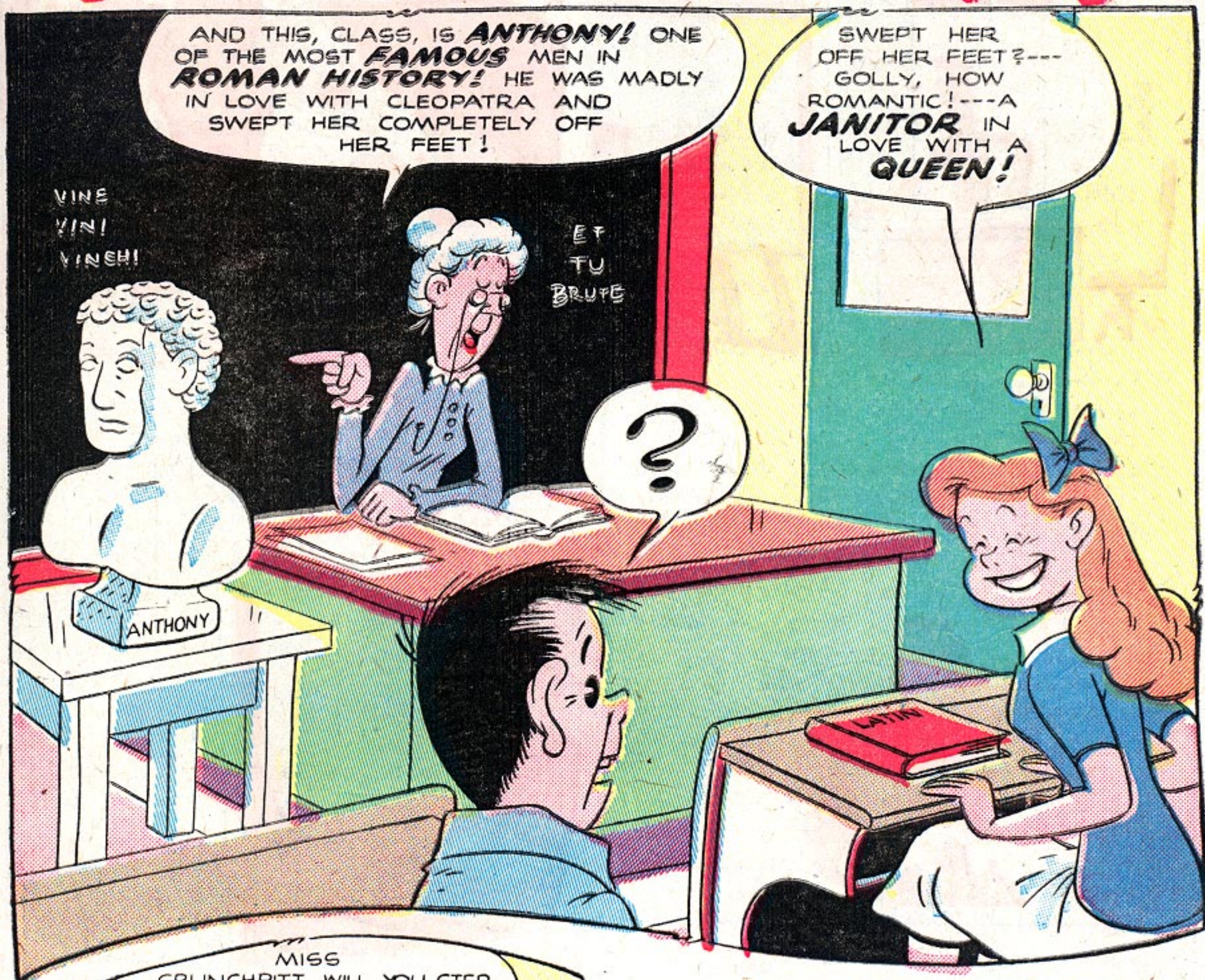
"Time to go home, sis!" That was Buddy's voice, waking her. "The party's over and you've missed most of it!"

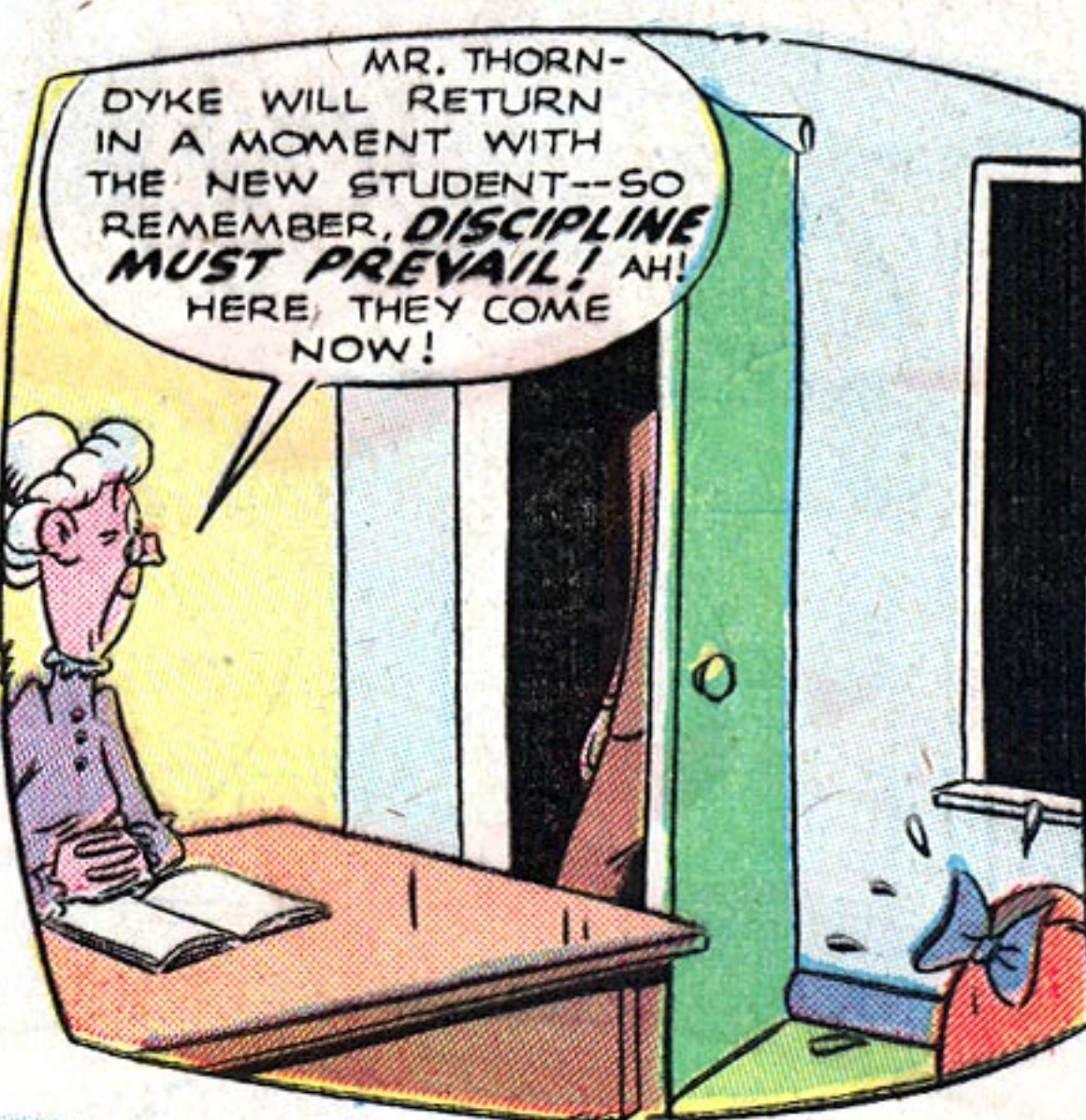
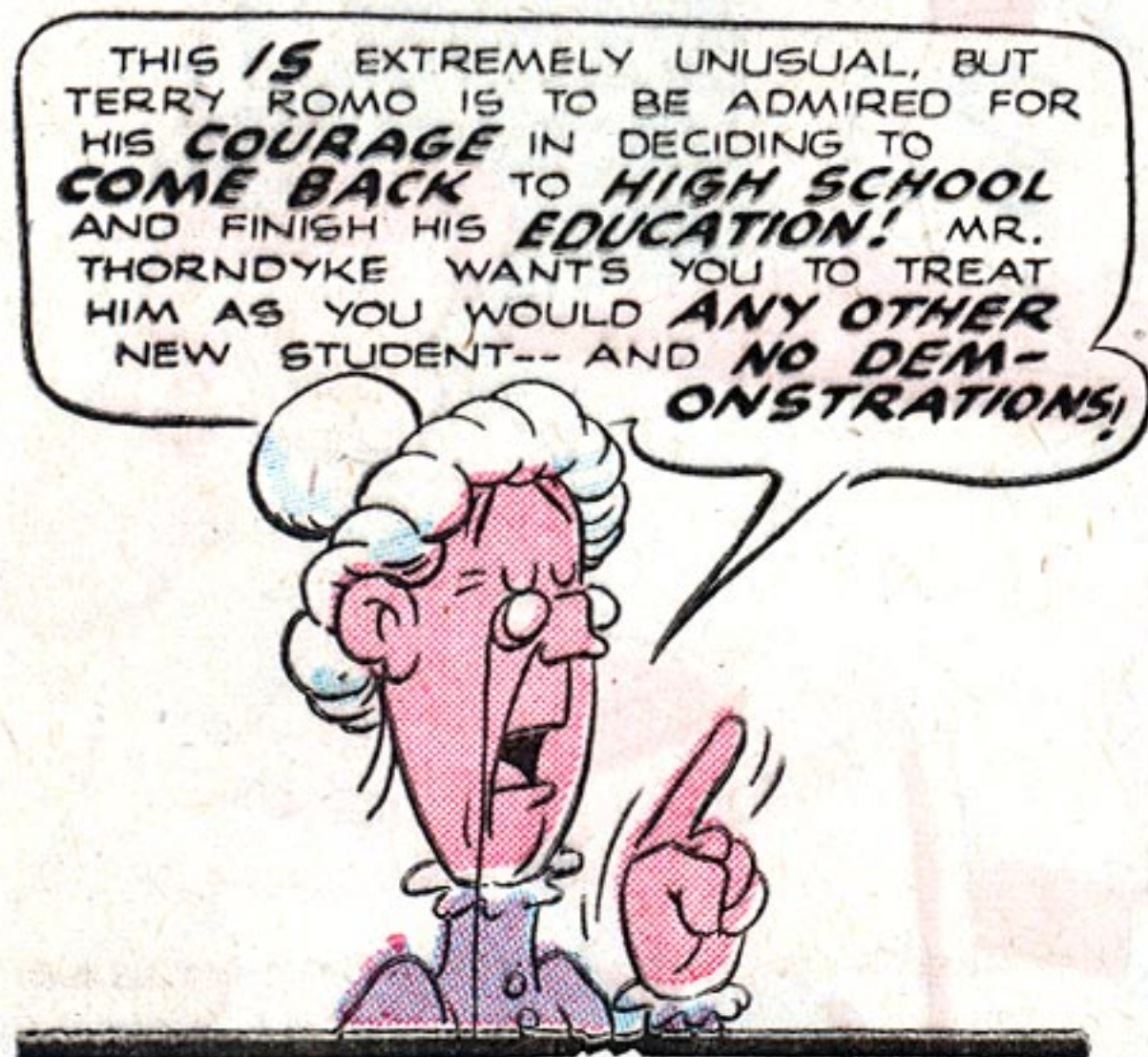
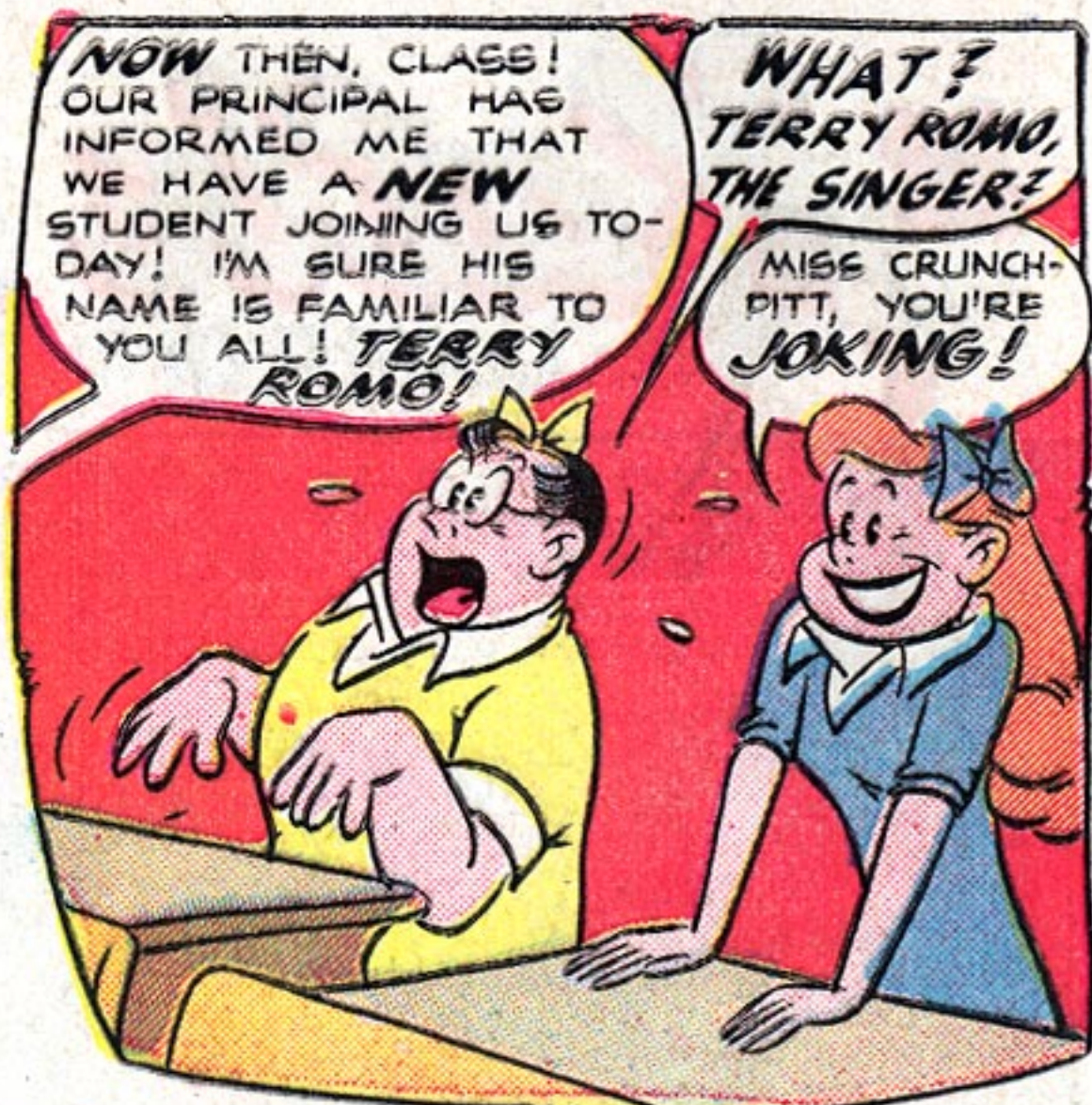
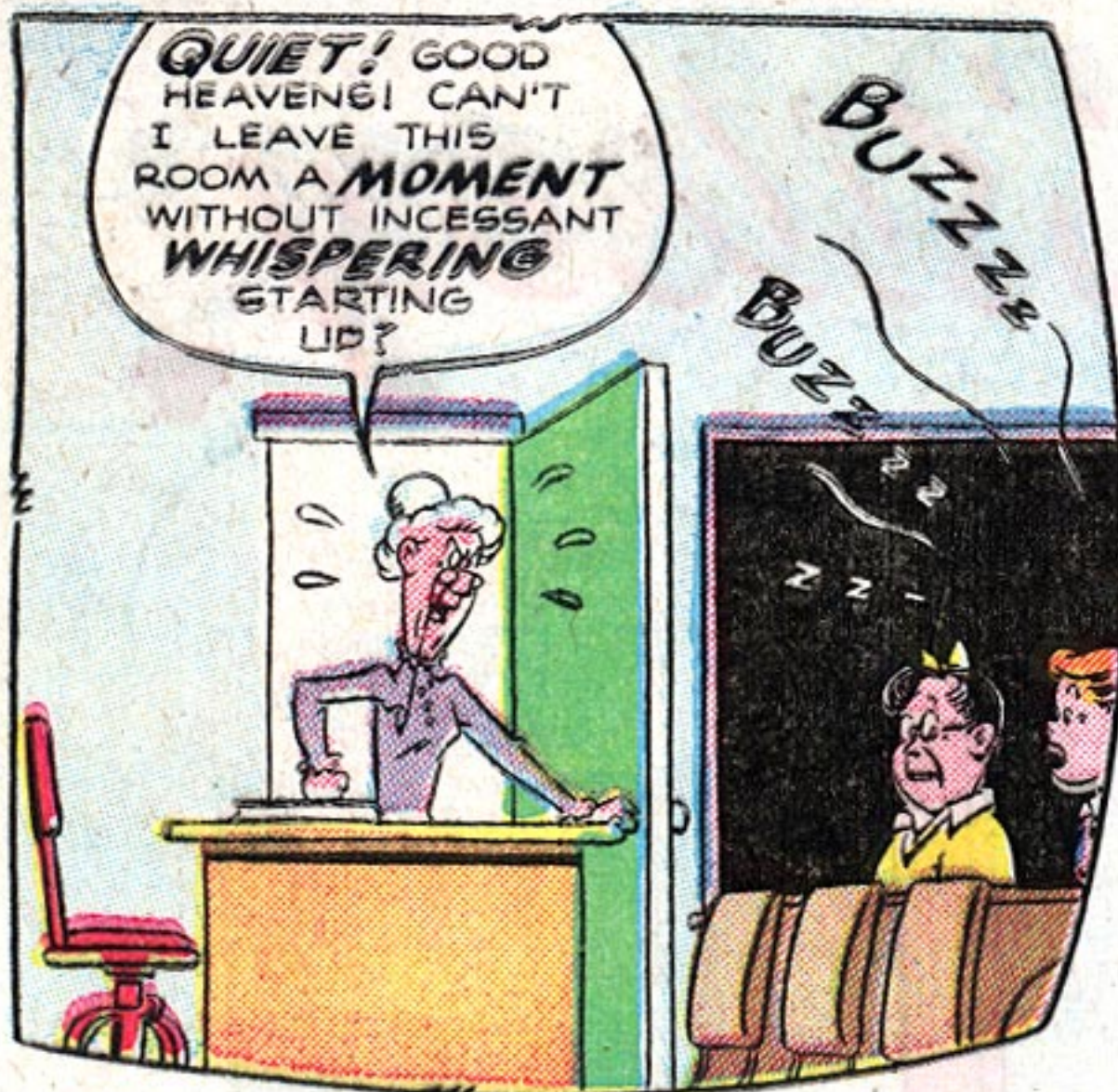
"I don't mind," Linda Lee said, and she really meant it. "I don't mind at all!"

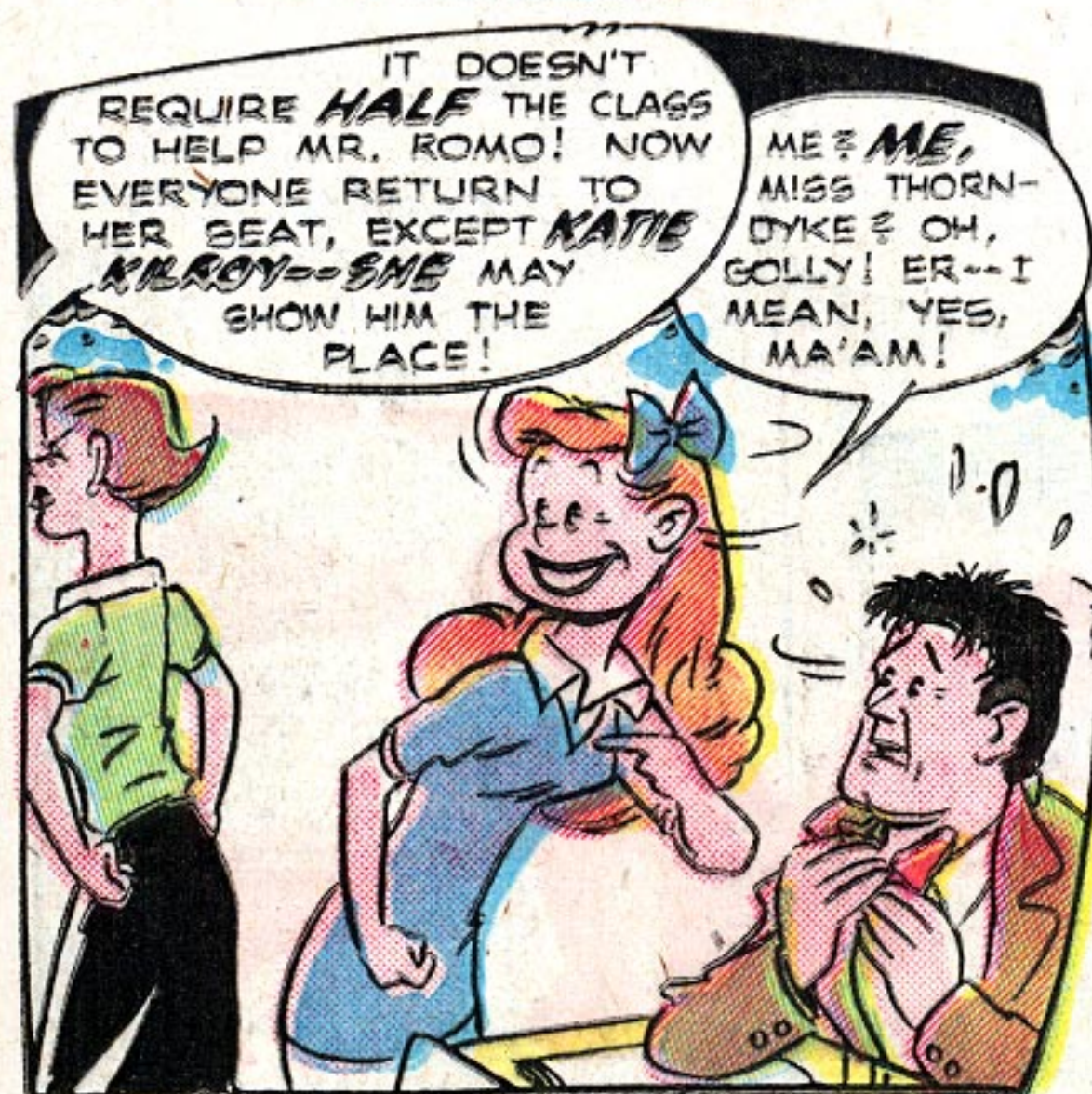
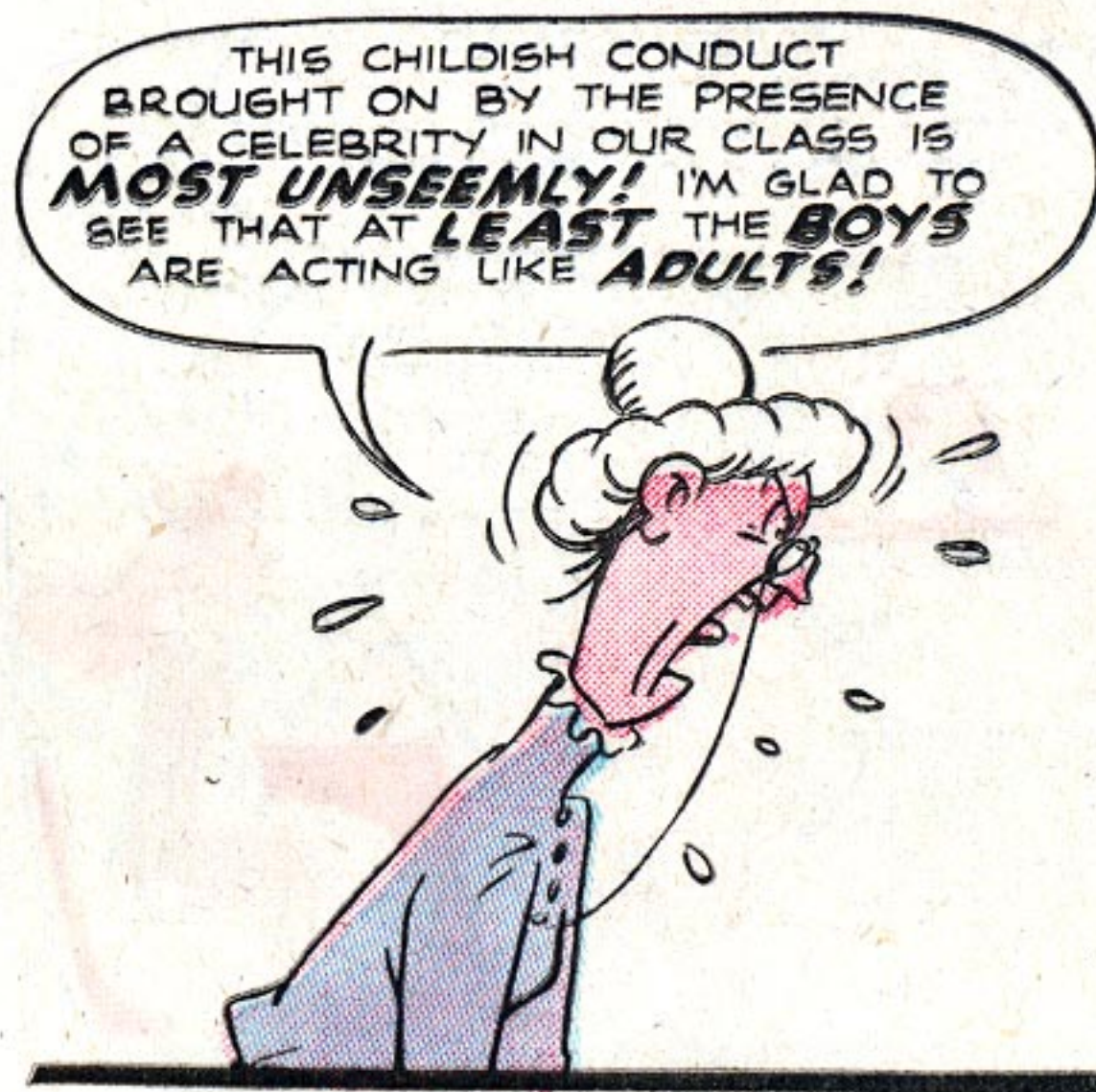
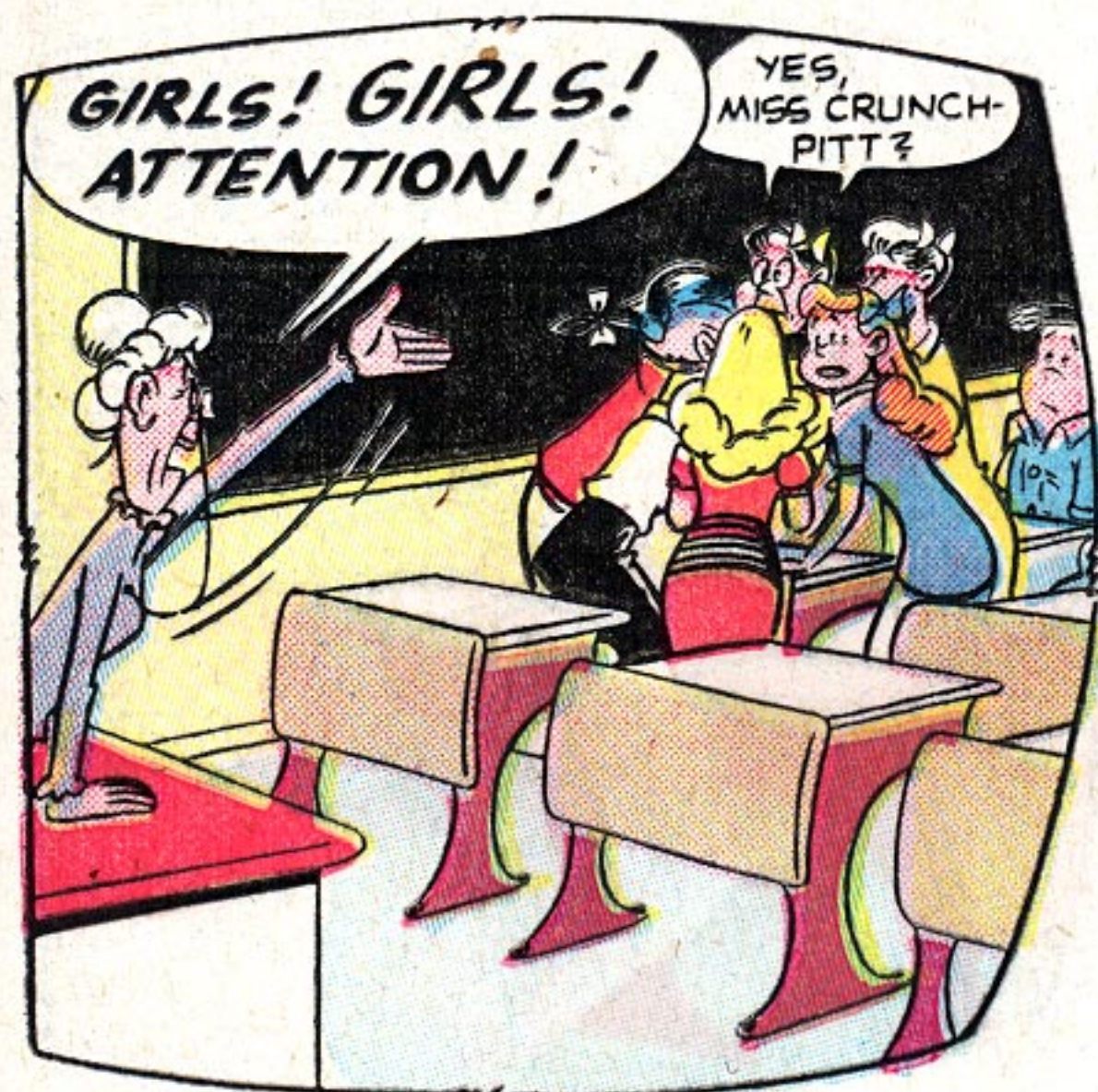
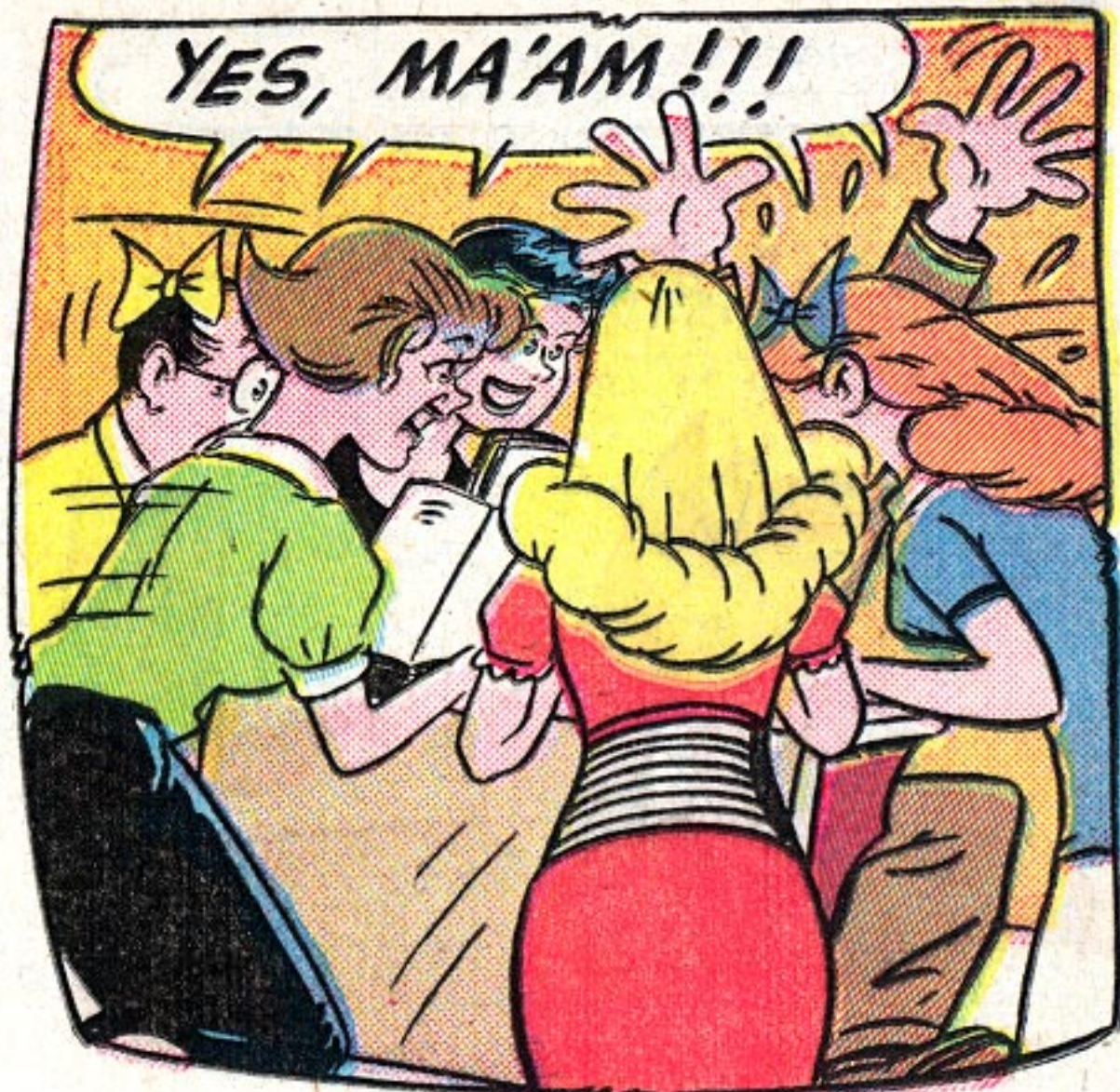
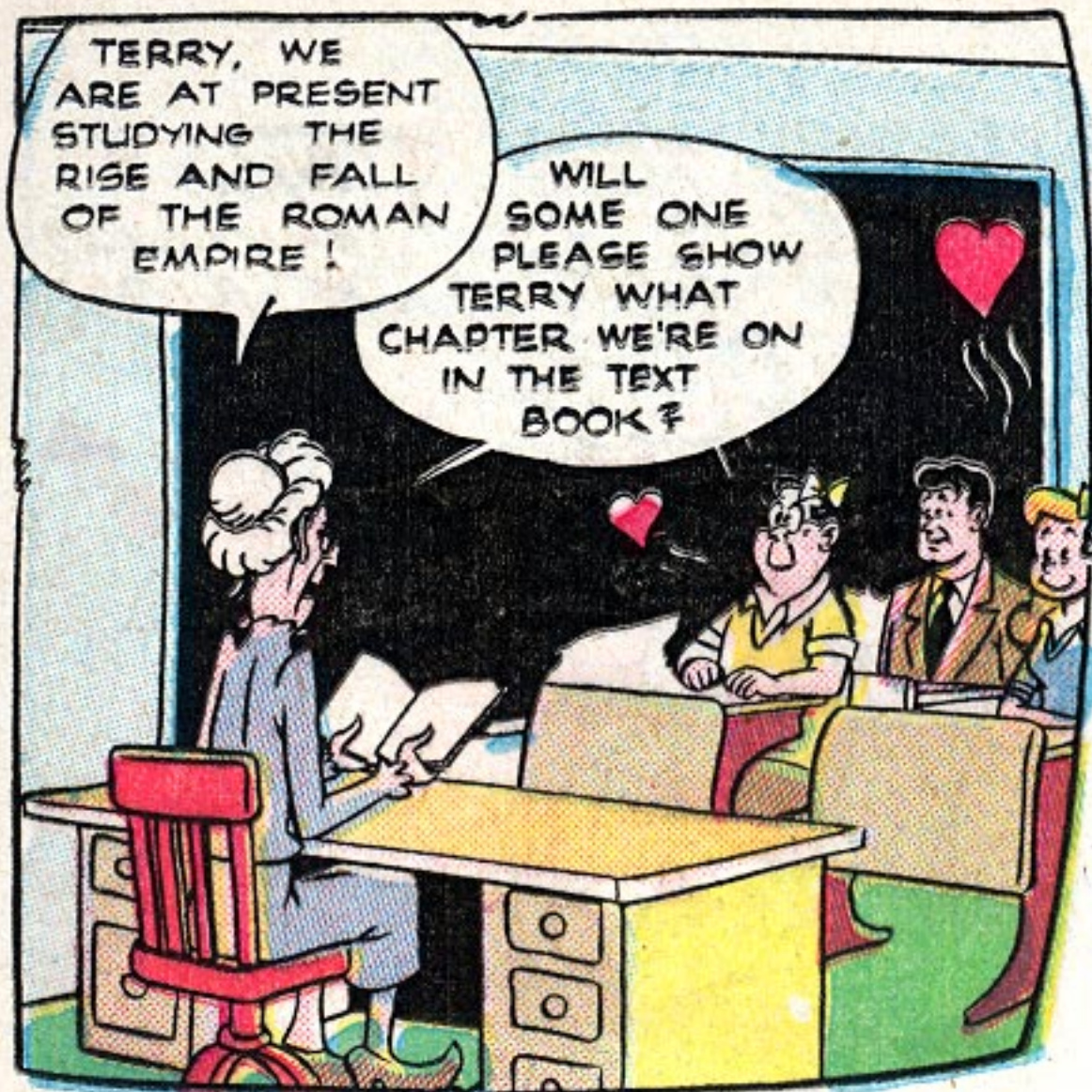
There seemed to be a nice, cozy feeling within her as she said it, as though a weight had been lifted off her chest and she was herself again. "If you don't mind my saying so, Buddy, I...I didn't have a really good time! But I'm *lucky*! You see, I've got a crowd of friends, too, and I really *belong*! We're...the *younger set*!"

Katie Killroy

in "LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG"

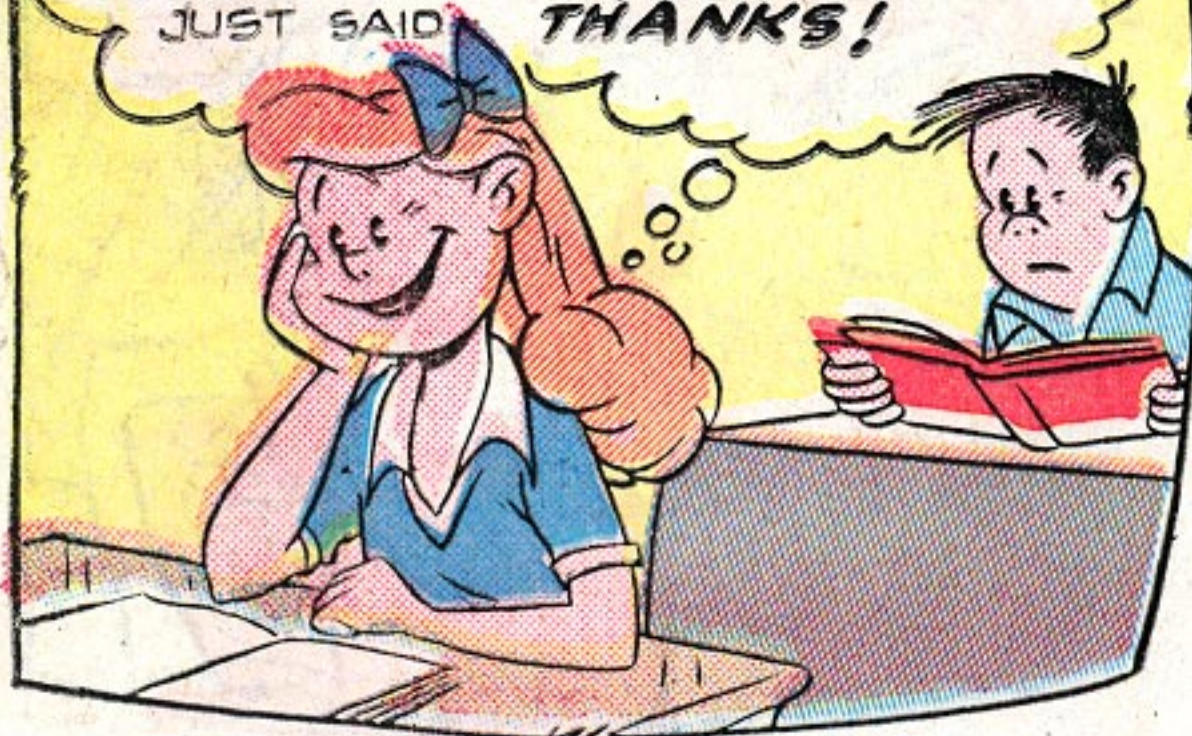




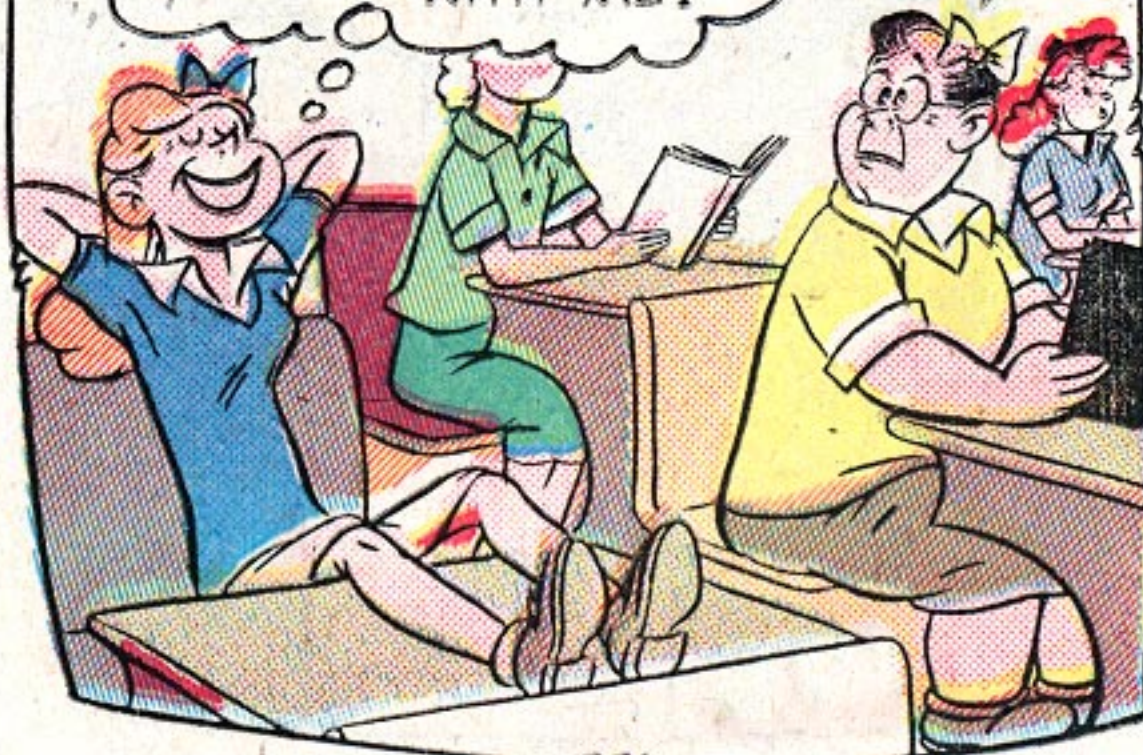


FEW MINUTES LATER.....

GOSH!--- HE CALLED ME **KATIE!**
--HE MUST LIKE ME!--- COME TO
 THINK OF IT, HE ALSO SAID THAT'S
AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU!---GOLLY,
 MAYBE HE **MORE** THAN **LIKES**
 ME! AFTER ALL, IF I **DIDN'T** MEAN
 SOMETHING TO HIM, HE WOULD'VE
 JUST SAID **THANKS!**

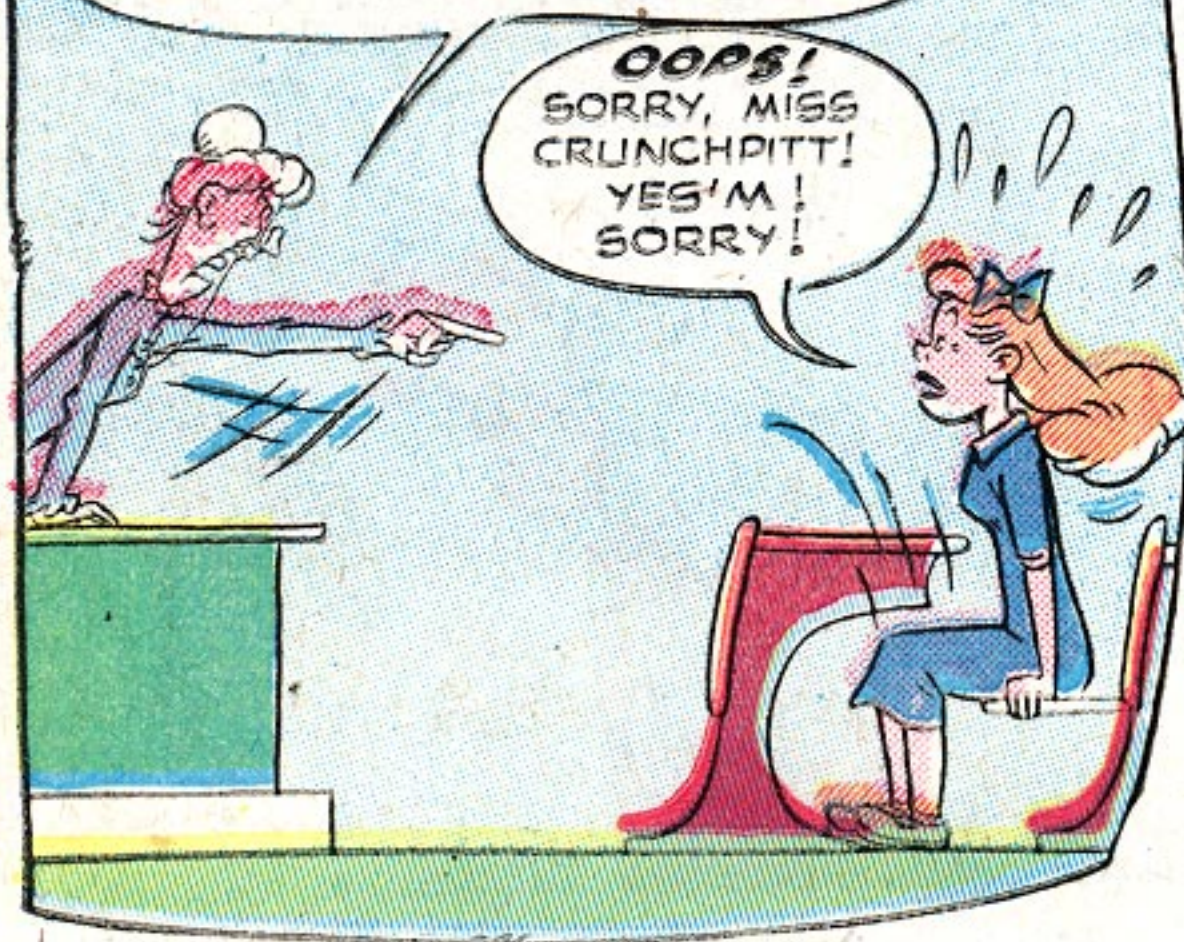


OH, HOW **BLIND** I WAS!
 NOW I SEE THE WHOLE
THING! HE HAS A **CRUSH**
 ON LI'L OL' **ME!** OOOH, 'HOW
SUPER! HOW SIMPLY
SUPER! THE **ONE,** THE
ONLY TERRY ROMO,
MADLY IN LOVE
 WITH ME!



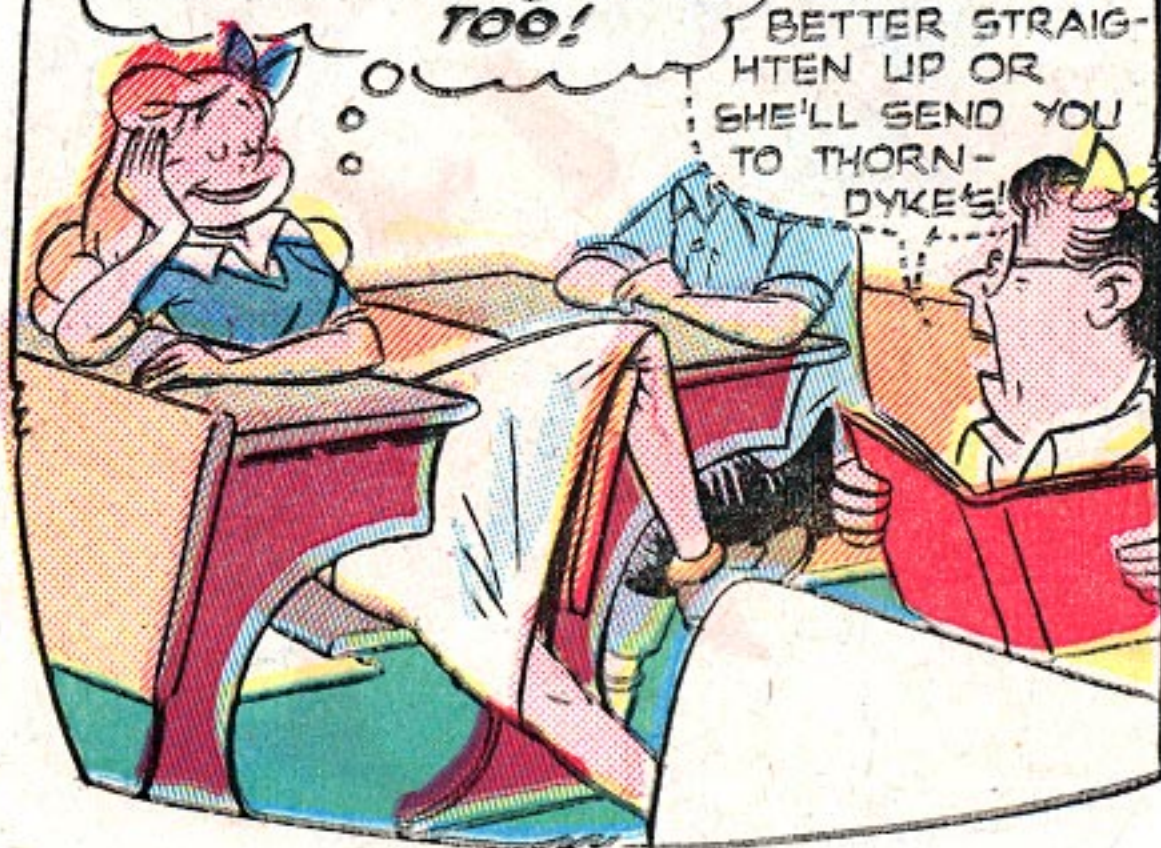
KATHYRINE
KILROY-- SIT UP IN THAT
 SEAT! WHAT KIND OF POSTURE
 DO YOU CALL **THAT?**

OOPS!
 SORRY, MISS
 CRUNCHPITT!
 YES'M!
 SORRY!



I THINK IT WAS
 SO **CUTE** THE WAY HE
 TRIED TO CONCEAL HIS
 FEELINGS FROM ME!
 POOR BOY! HE MUST BE
 SUFFERING **HORRIBLY,**
 WONDERING IF **I CARE**
TOO!

PSST!
 HEY, KATIE!
 EAGLE-
 BEAK'S GOT
 THE **FISH**
EYE ON YOU
 AGAIN! YOU
 BETTER STRAIG-
 HTEN UP OR
 SHE'LL SEND YOU
 TO THORN-
 DYKE'S!



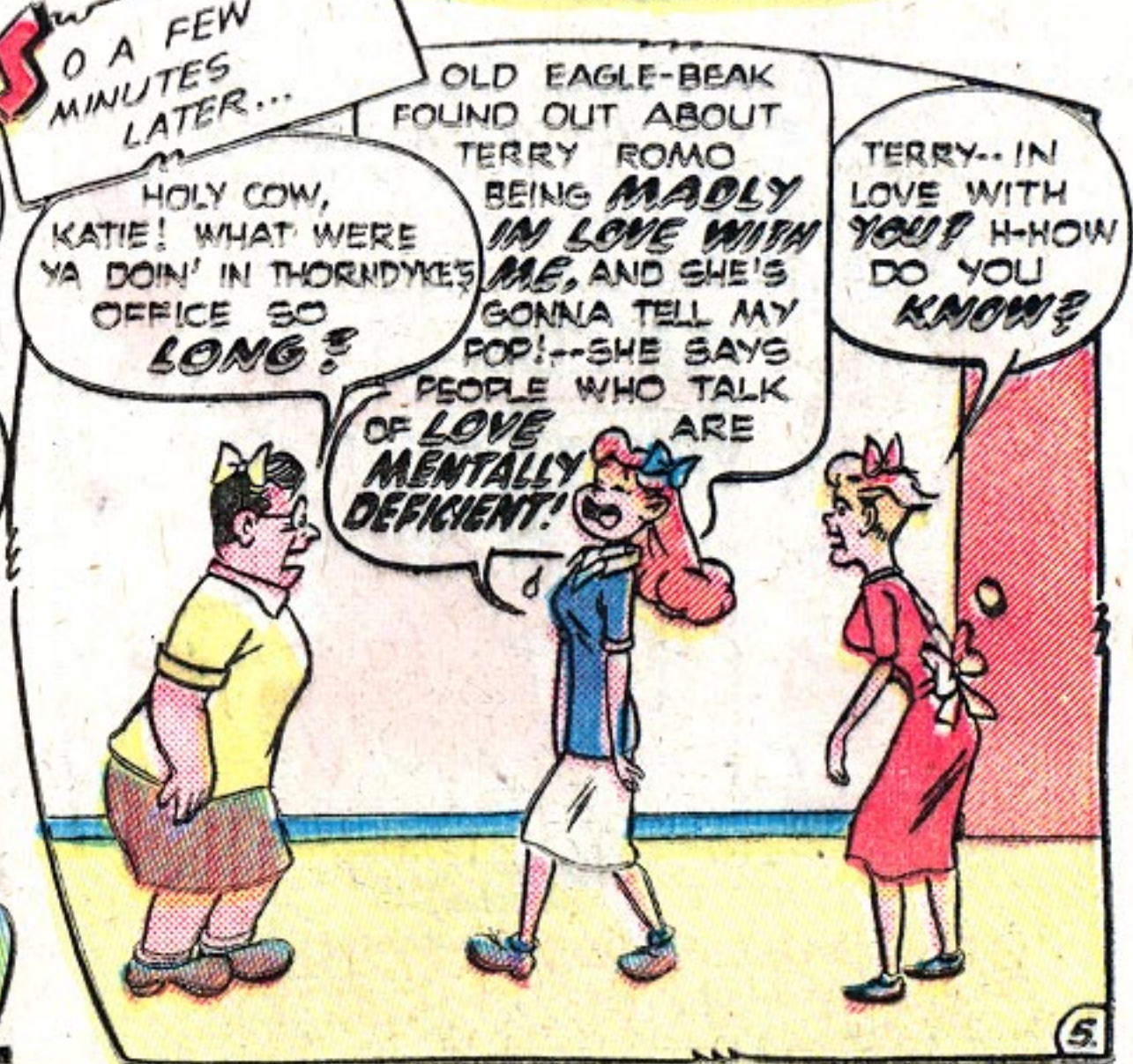
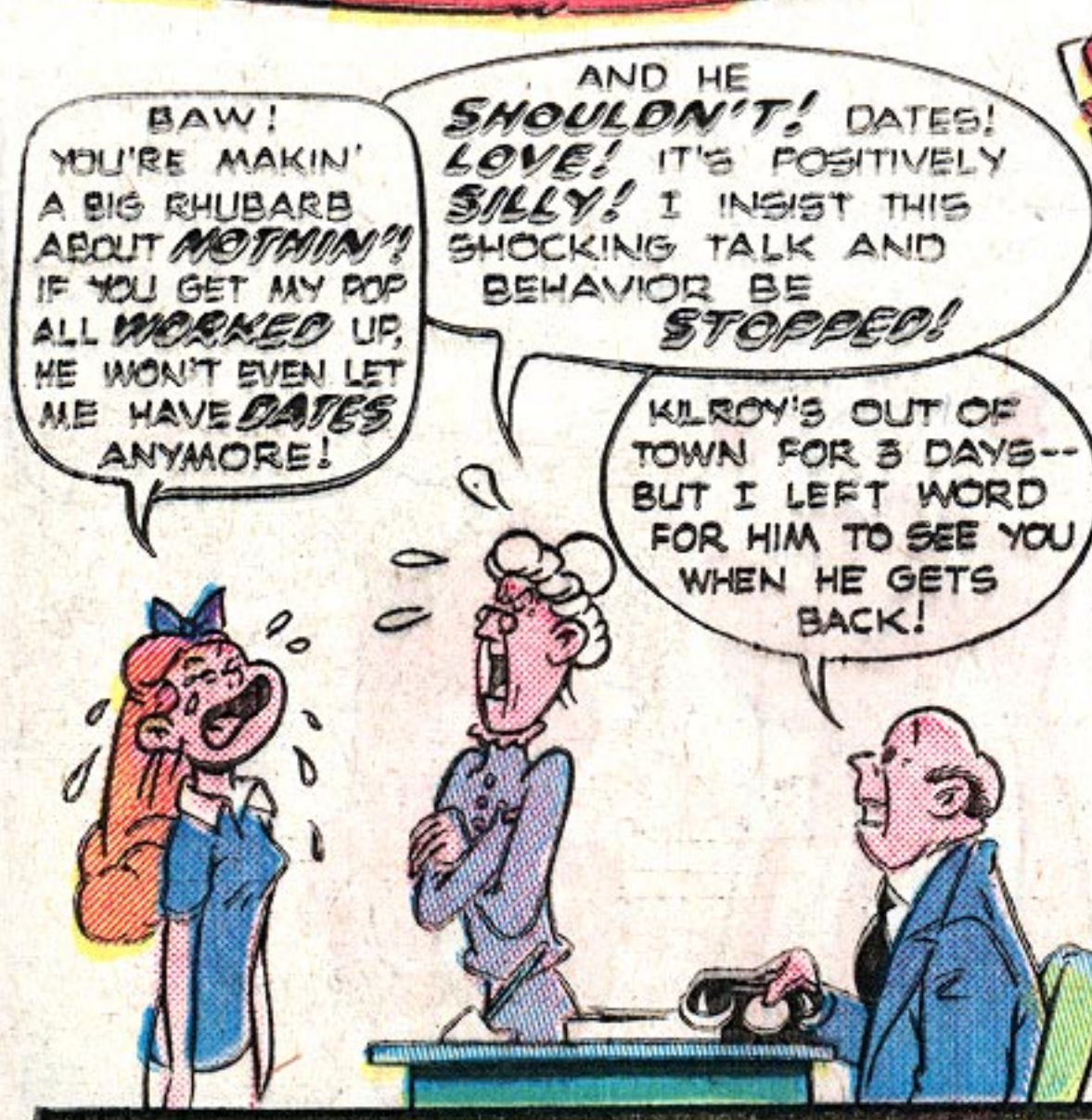
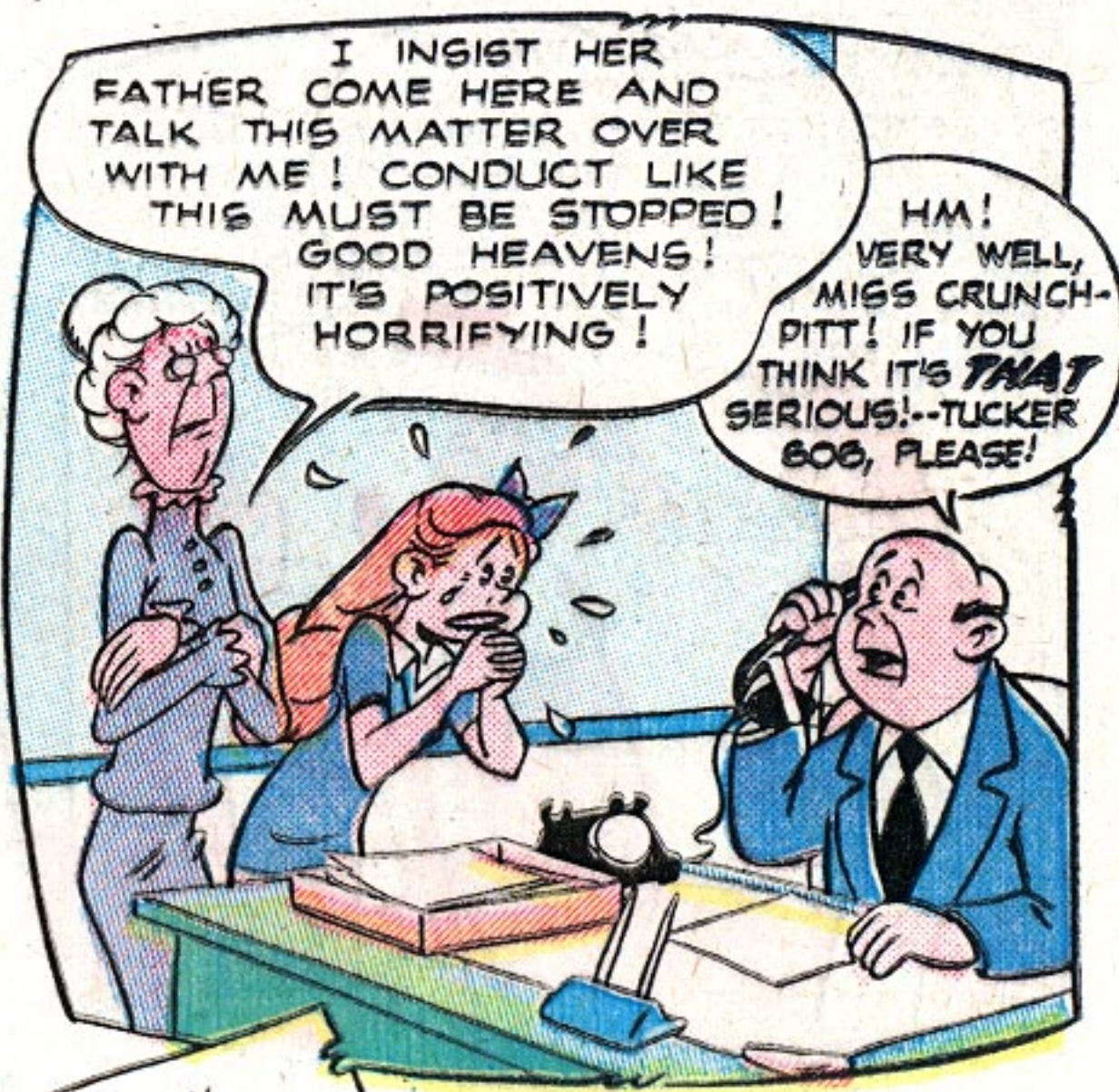
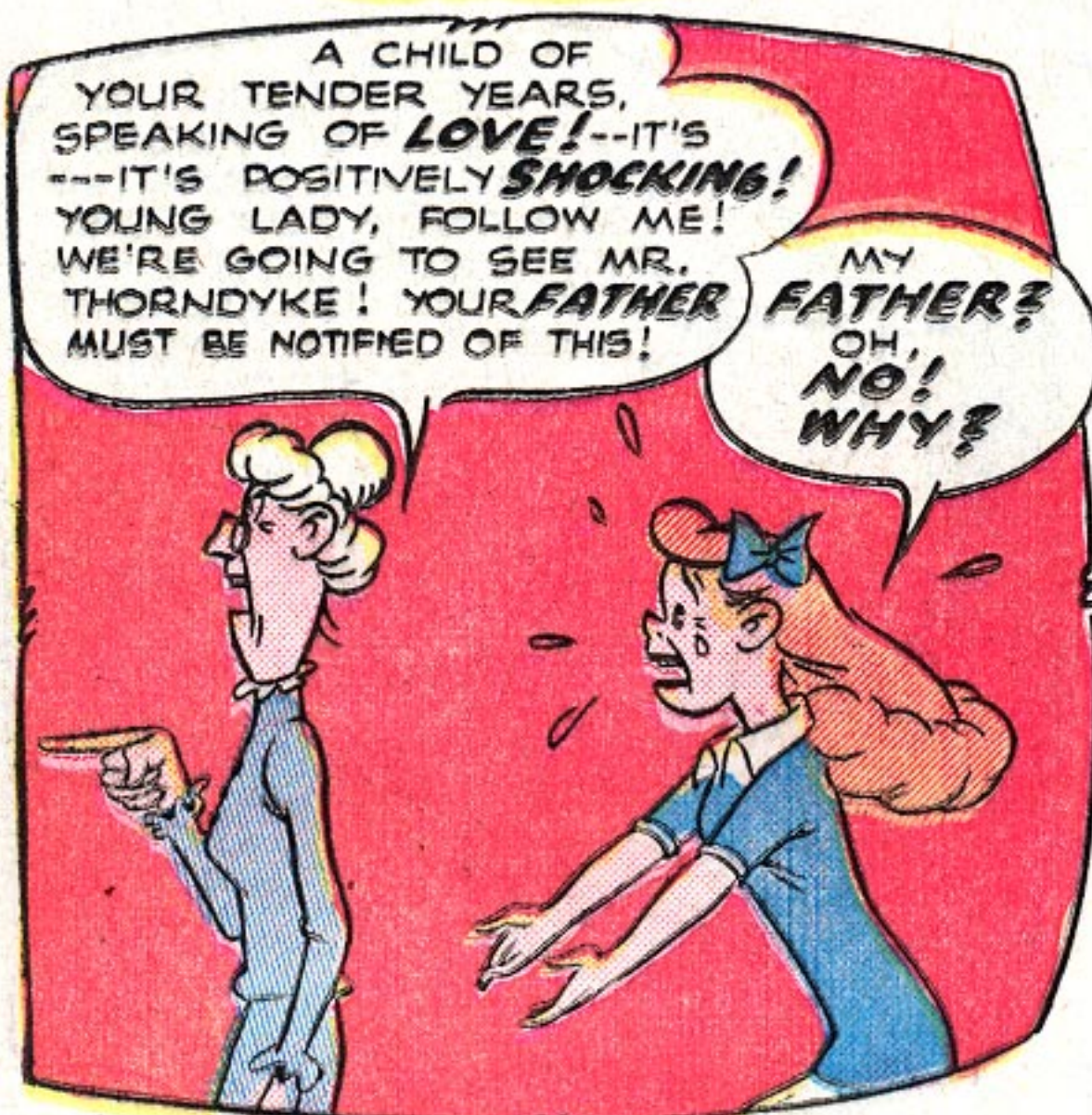
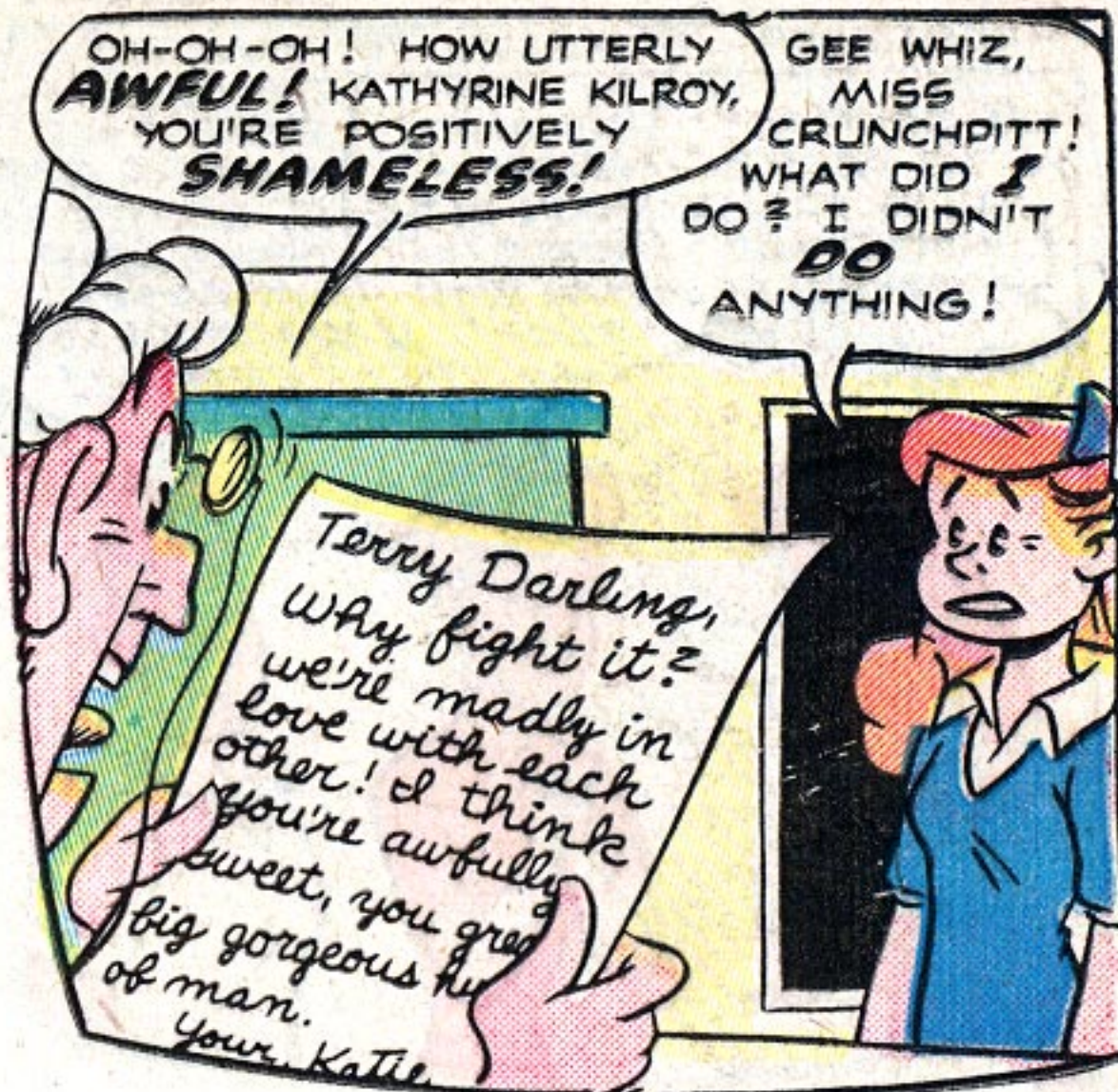
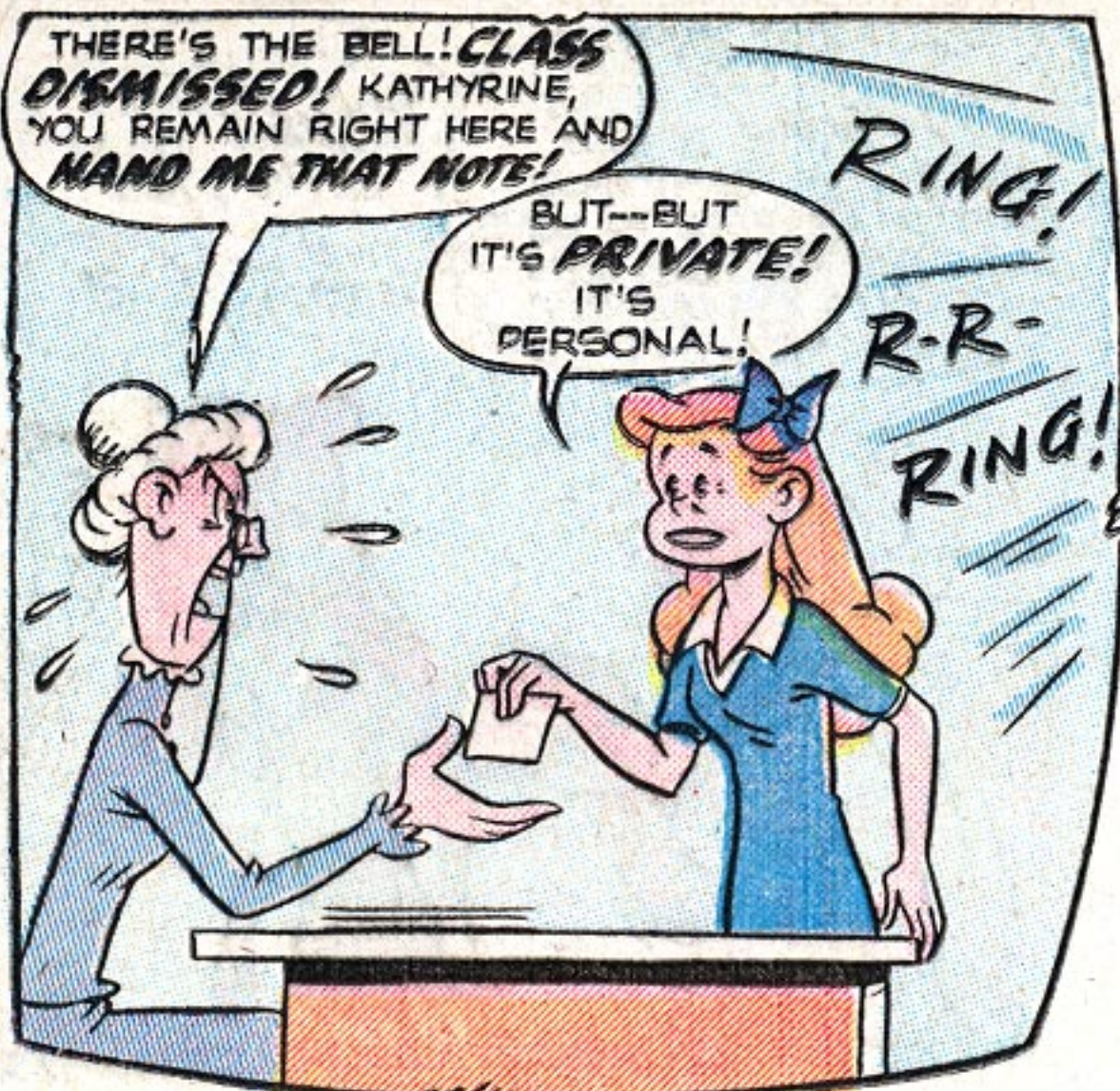
WHY SHOULD I
 MAKE HIM **SUFFER** WHEN
I DO CARE FOR HIM, TOO!
 I'LL WRITE HIM A NOTE AND
TELL HIM SO---HONESTLY,
 I'M SIMPLY **GIDDY!** WHO
 WOULD'VE THOUGHT THAT I'D
 BE GOING **STEADY** WITH
 AMERICA'S MOST
ROMANTIC SINGER?!

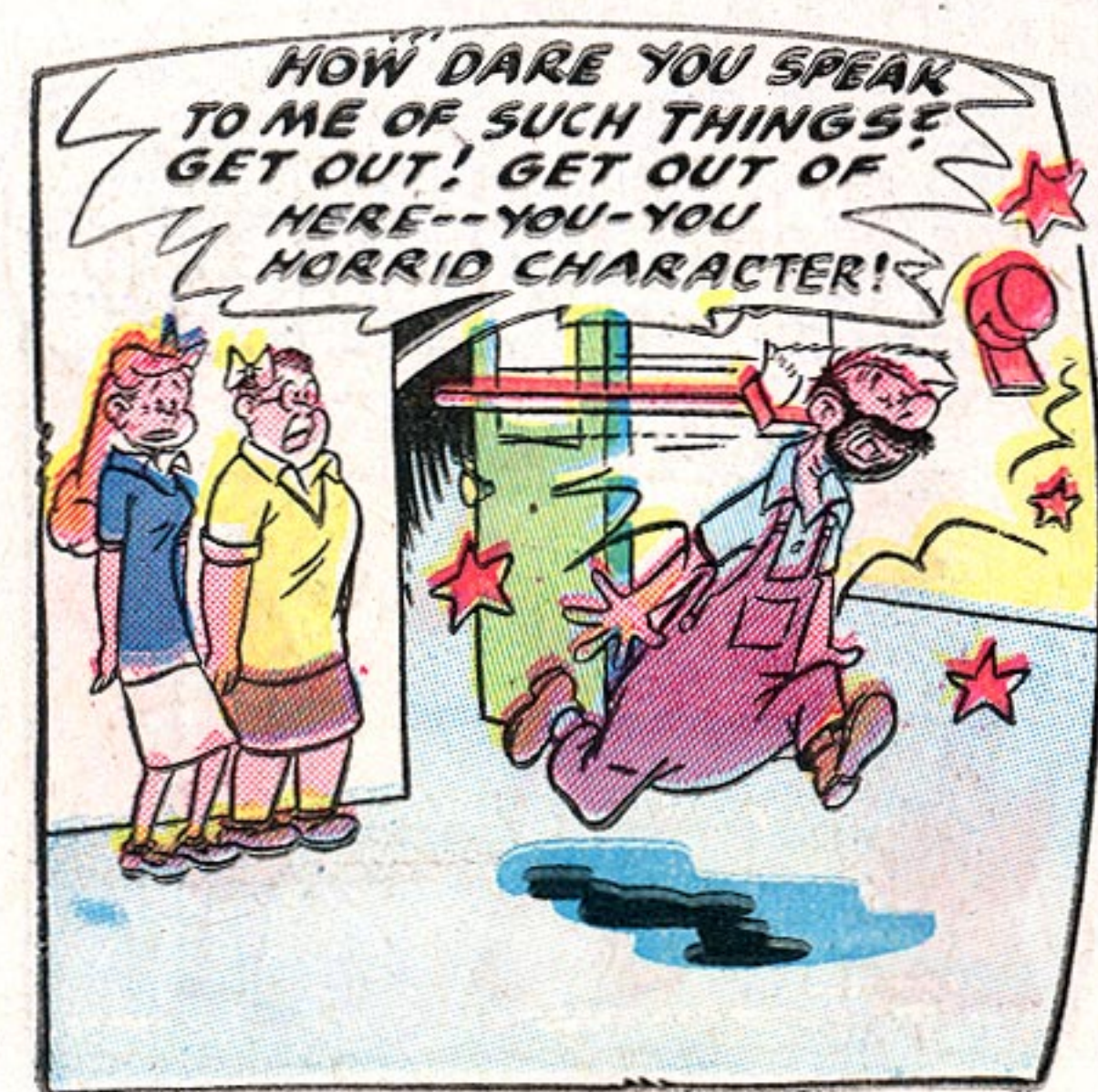
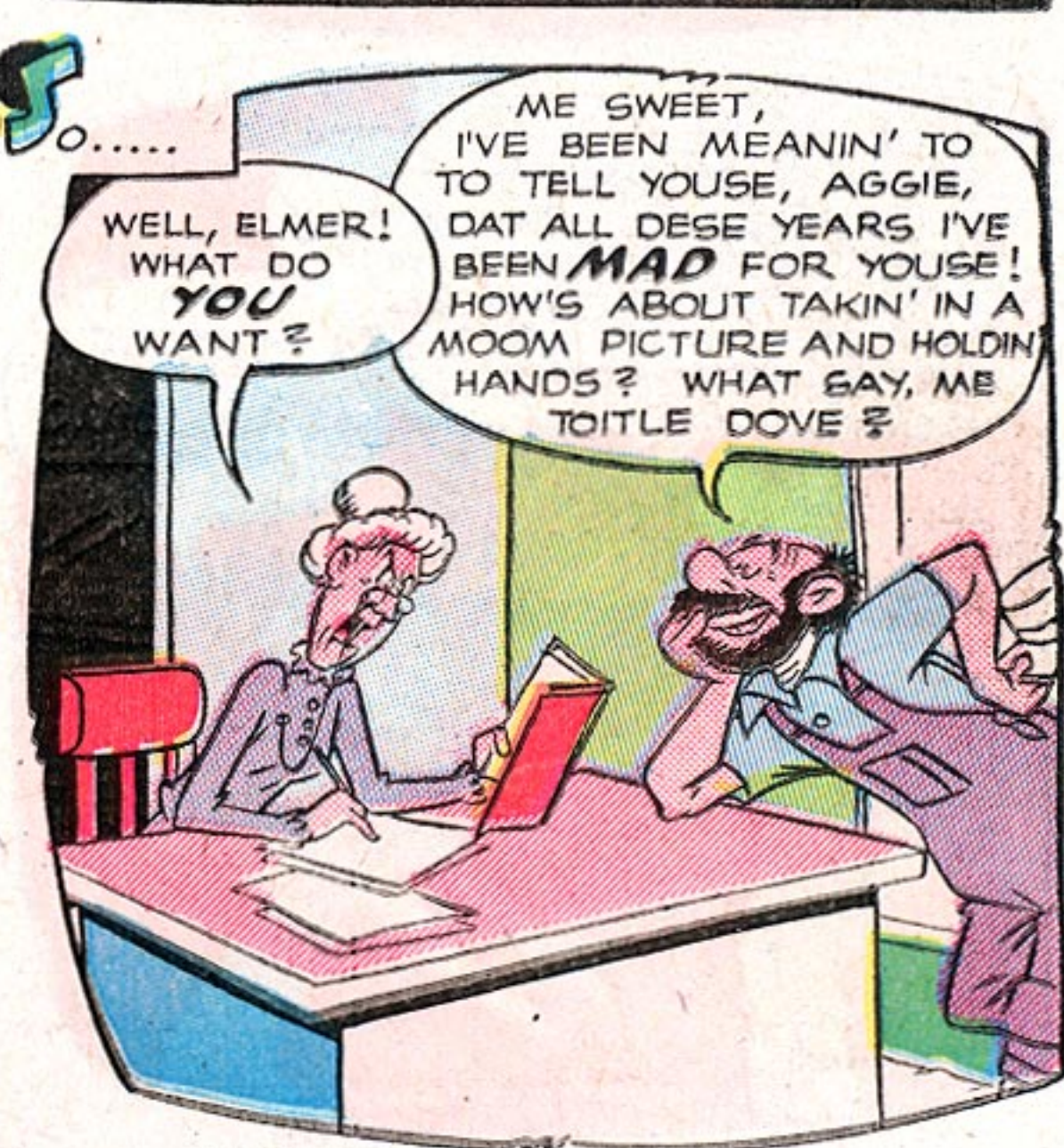
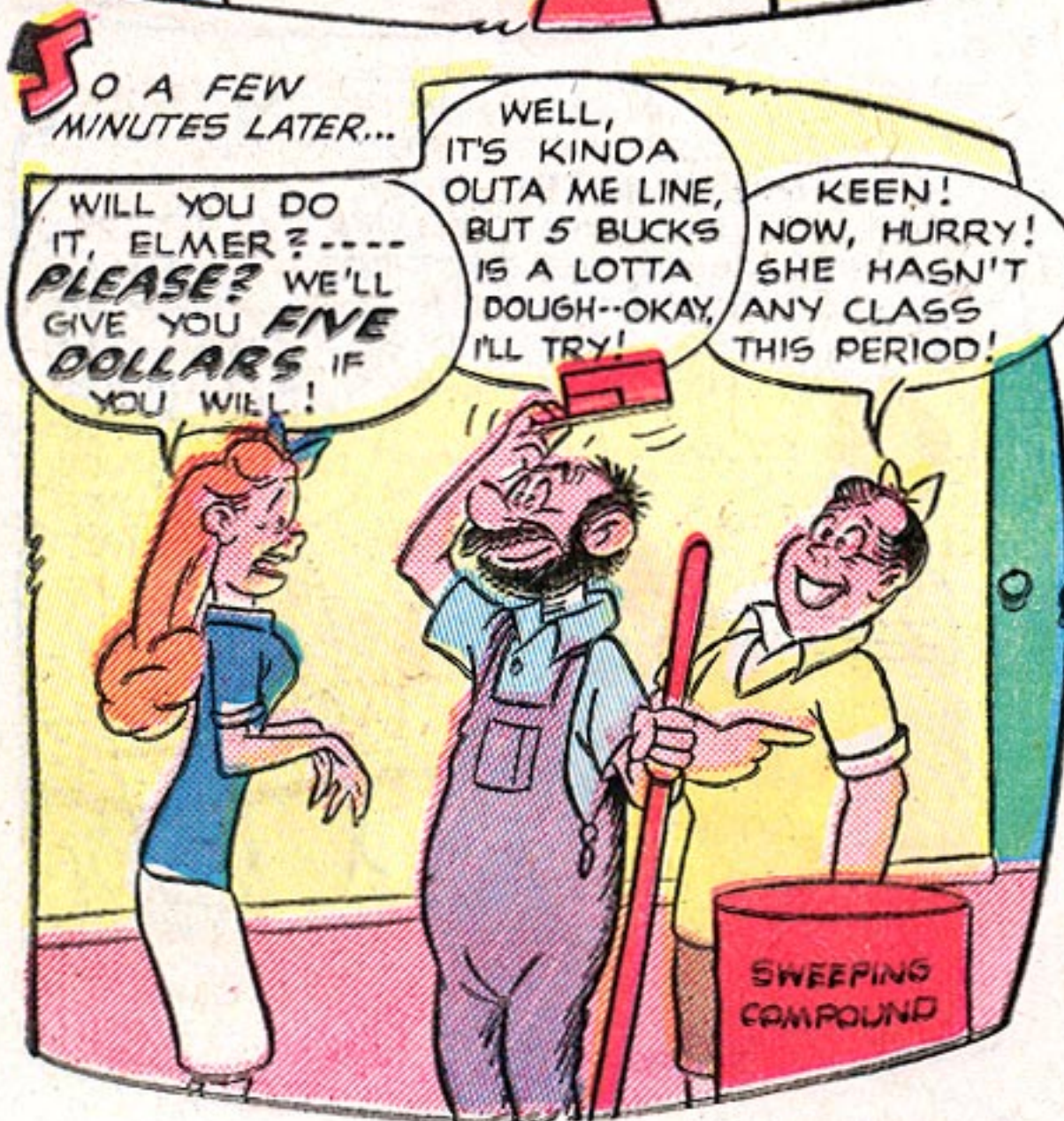
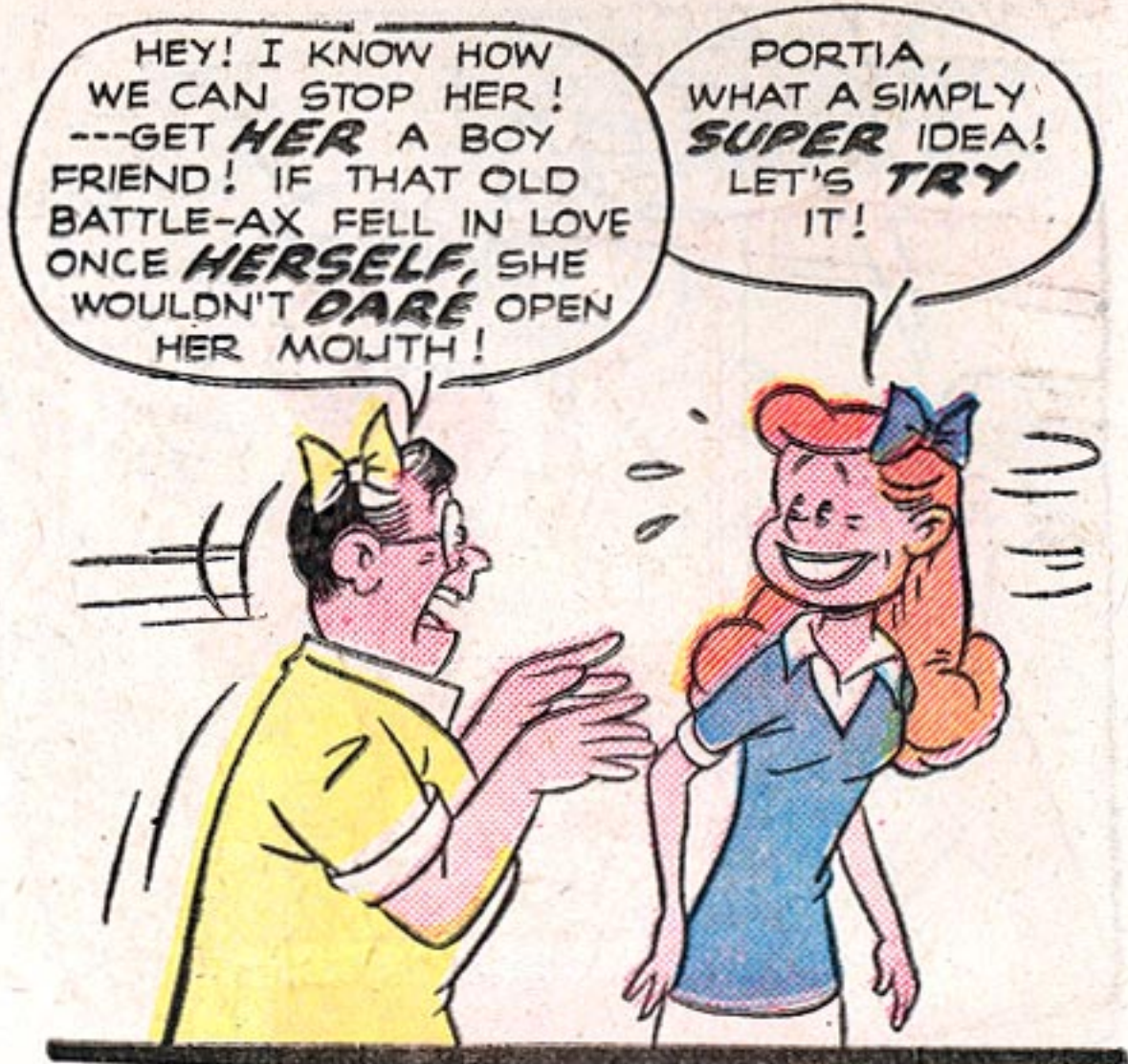
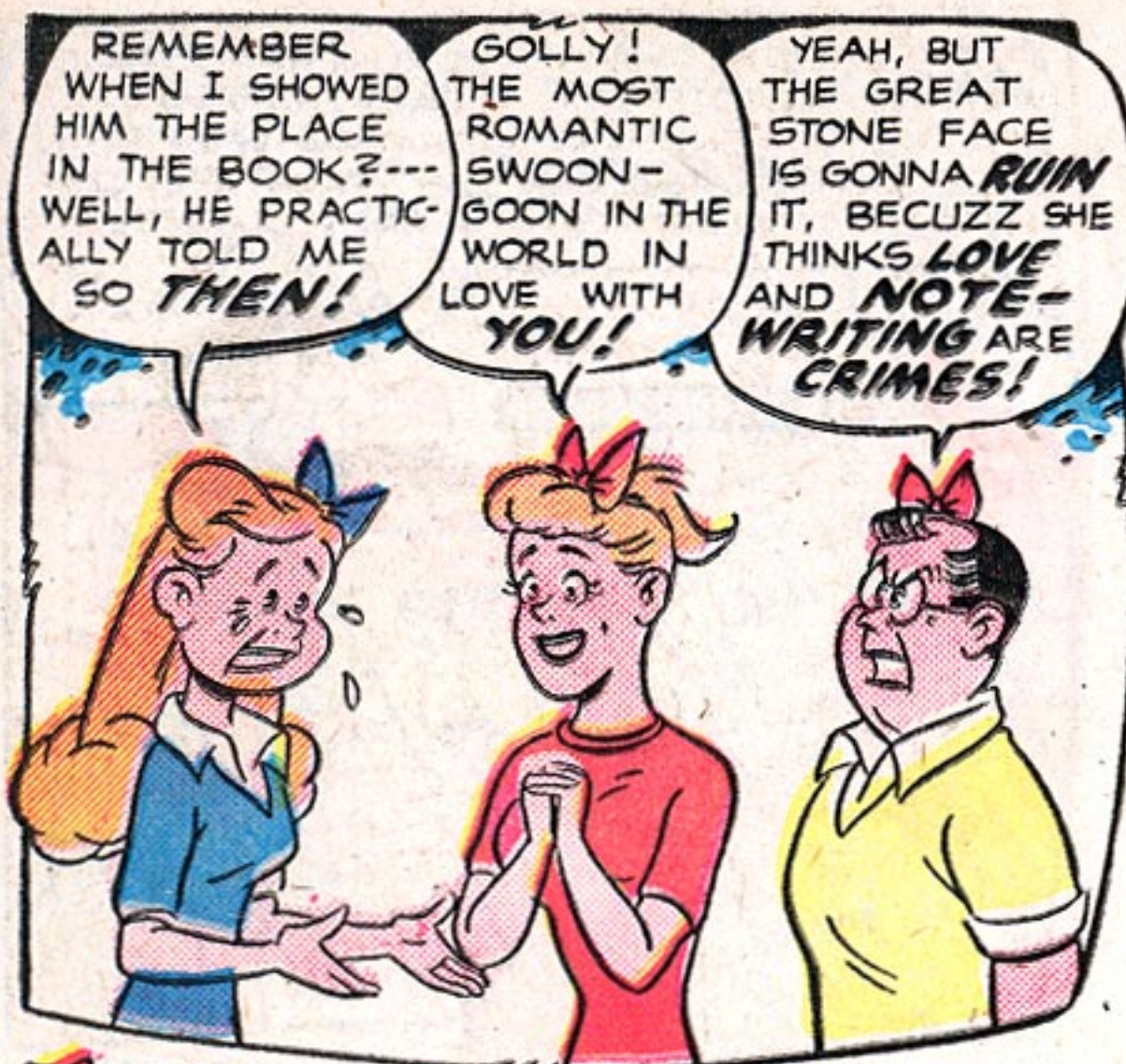


PSST!
 JERRY!
 HAND THIS
 TO---

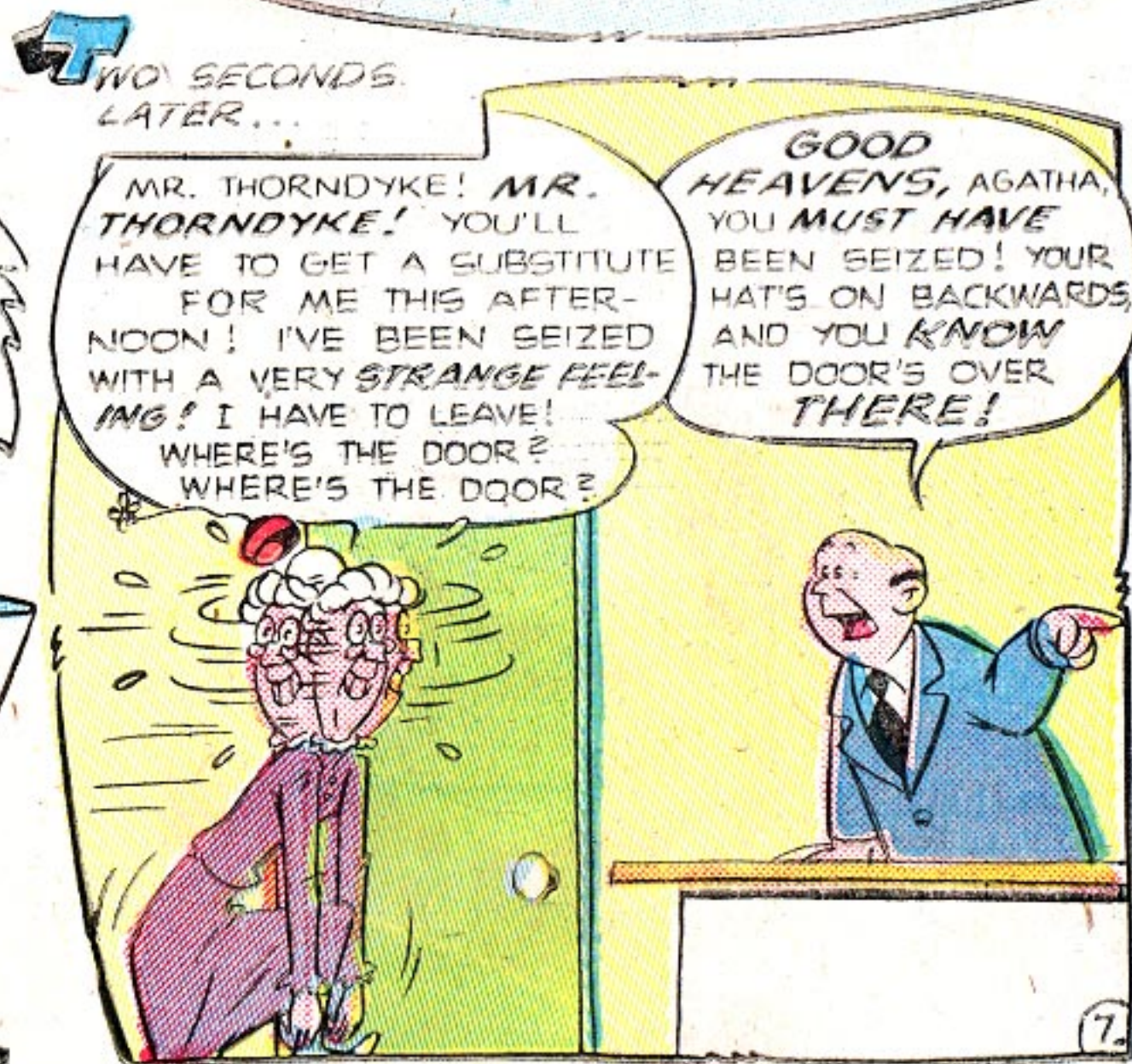
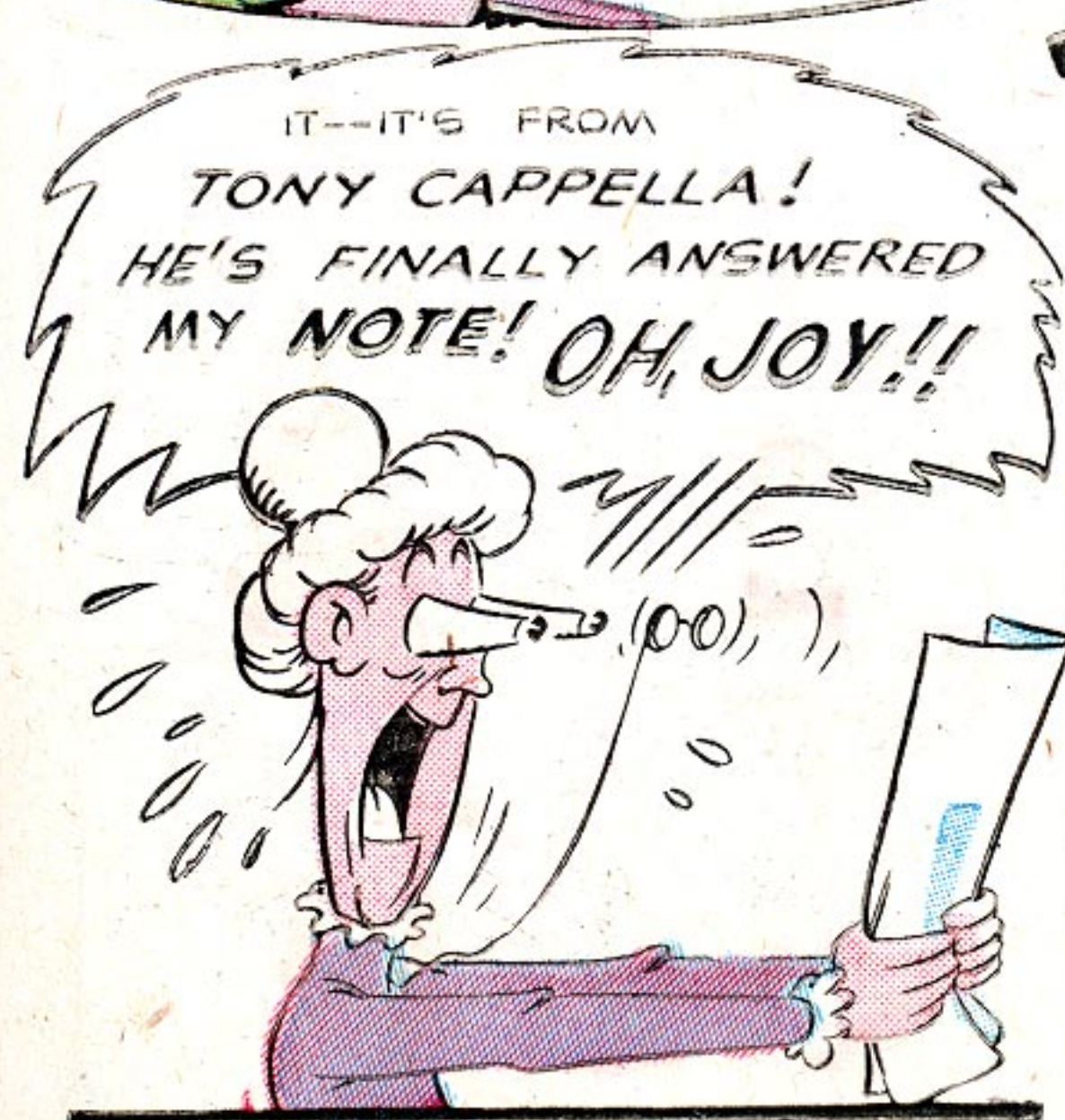
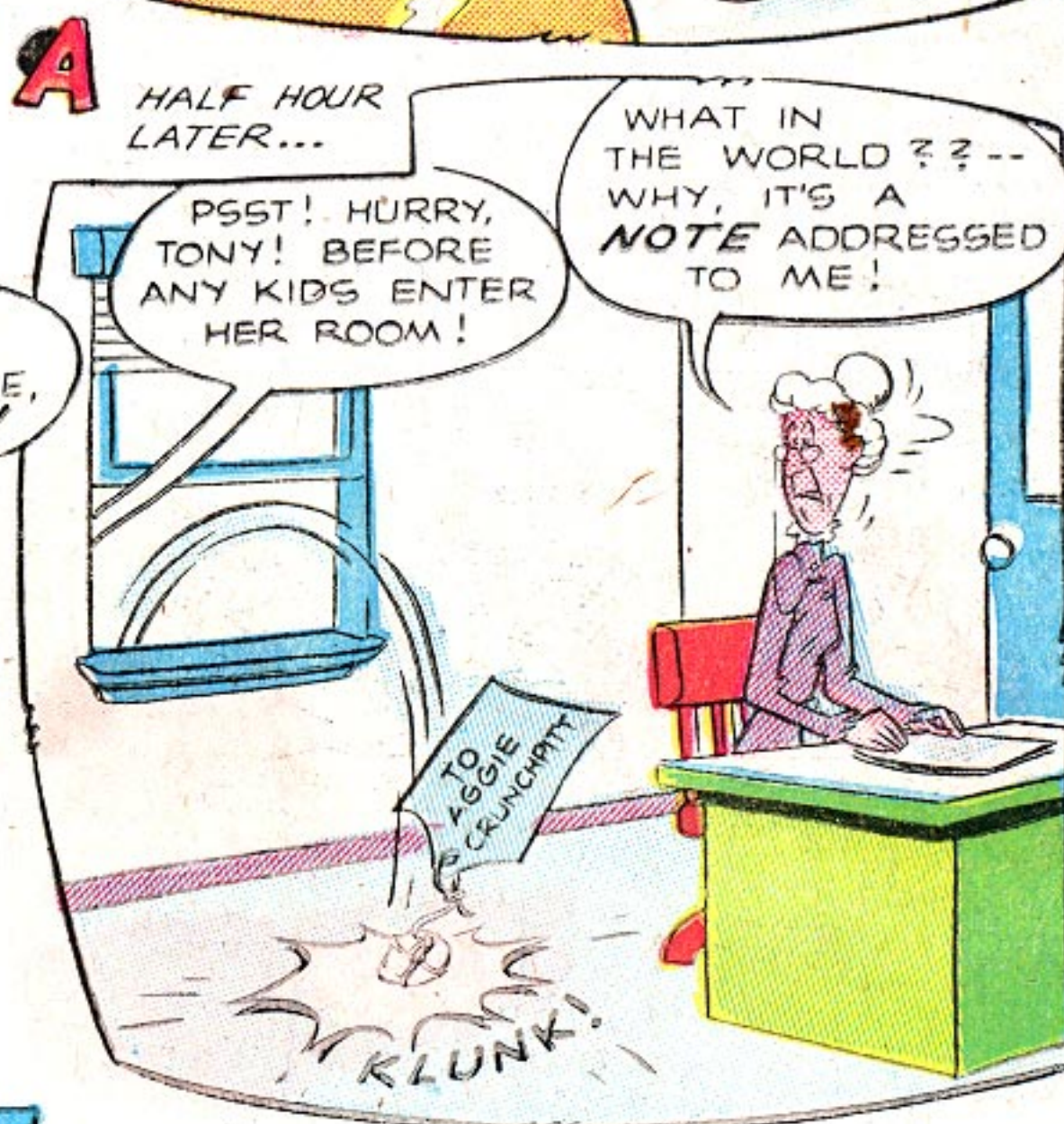
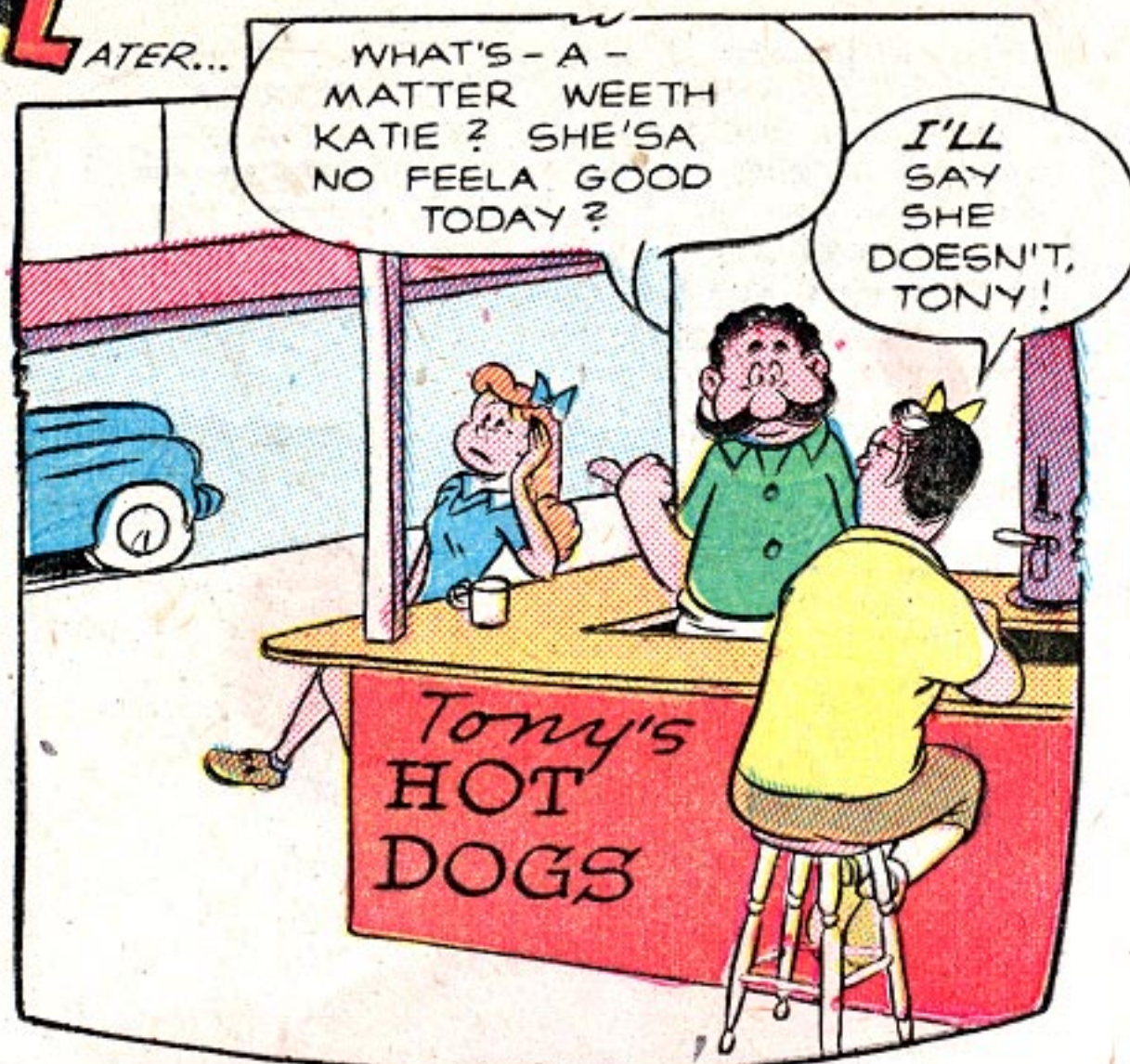
KATHYRINE
KILROY!! I SEE
THAT! COME HERE
THIS INSTANT AND
BRING IT WITH
YOU!



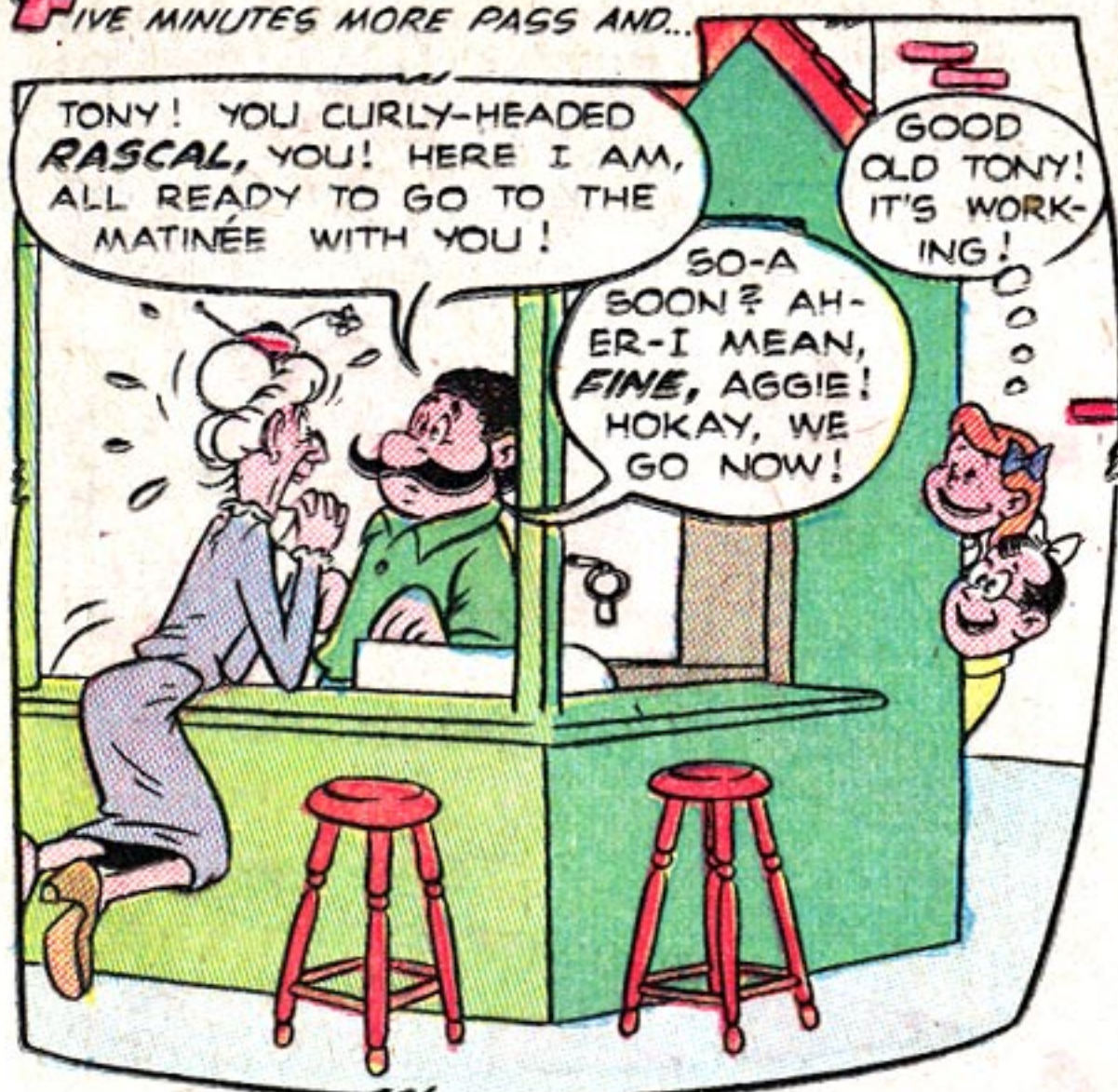




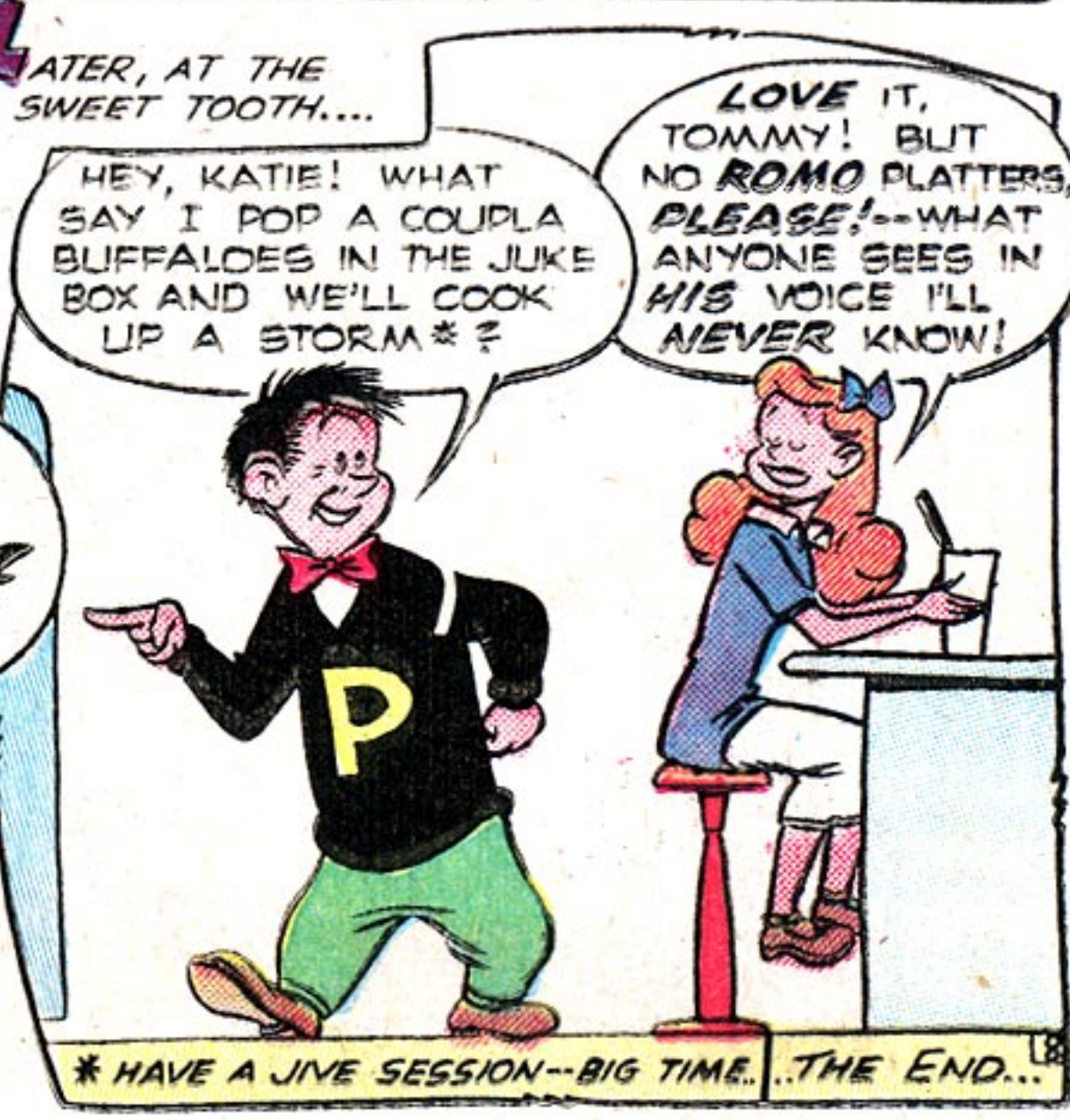
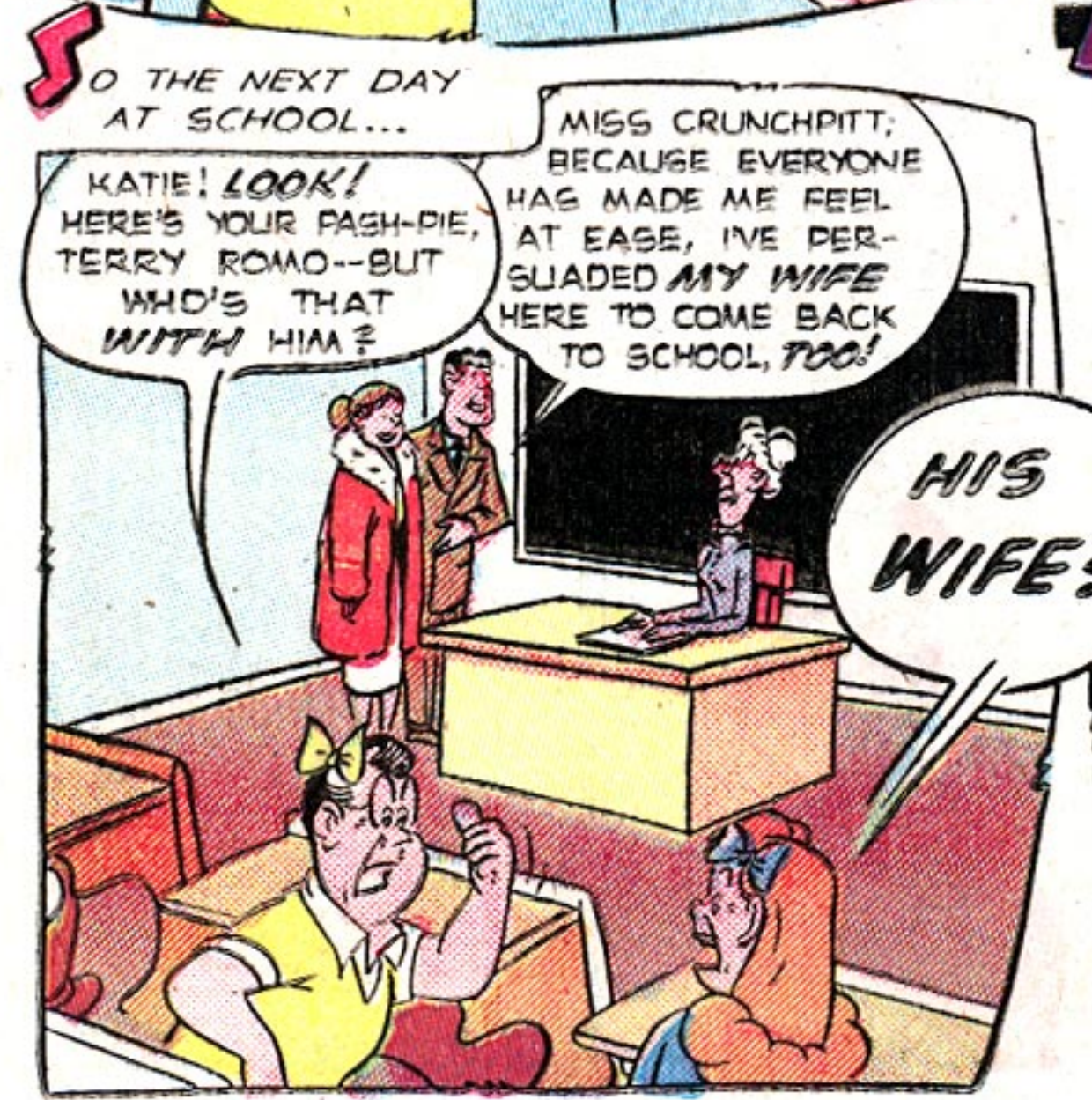
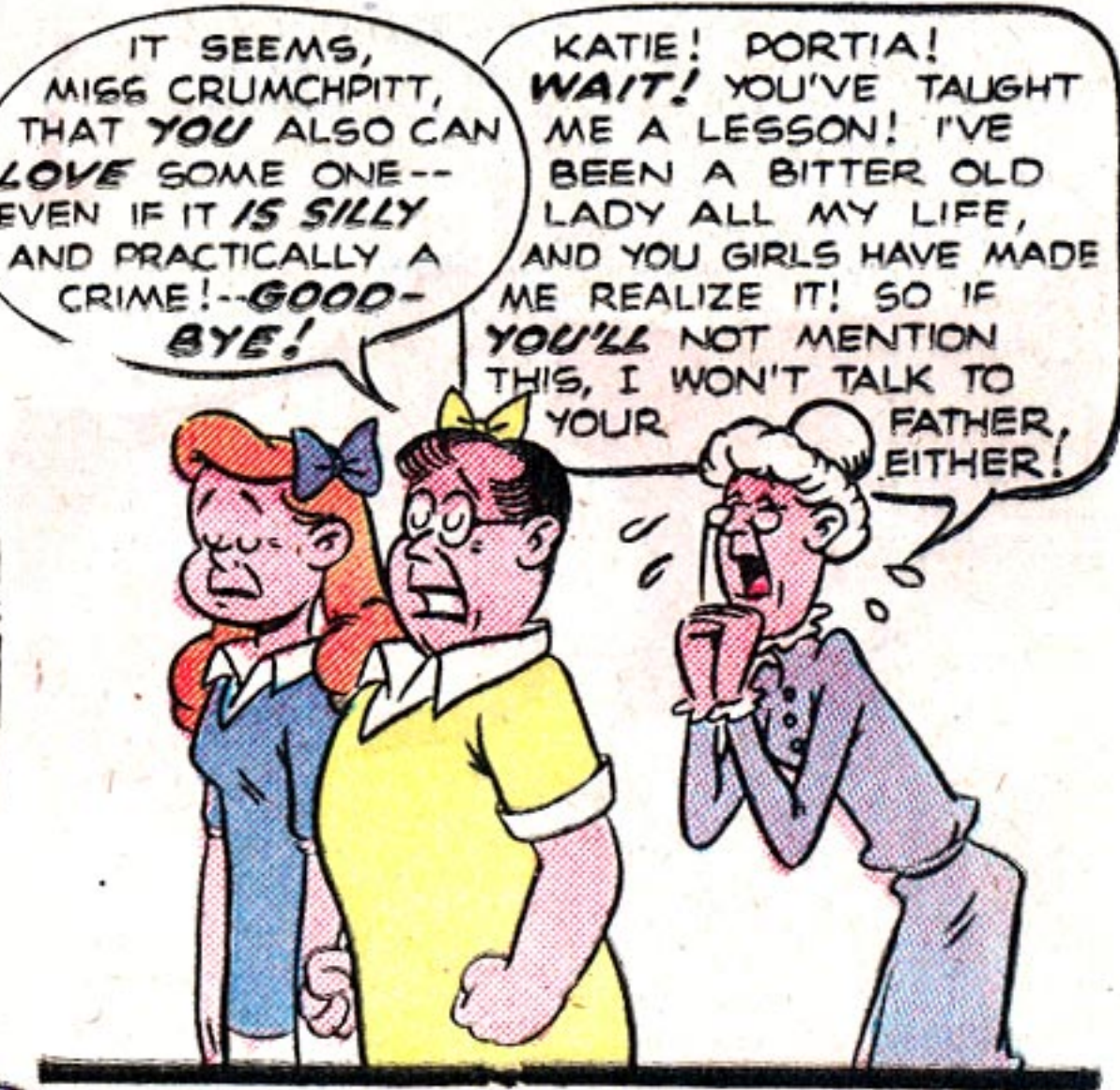
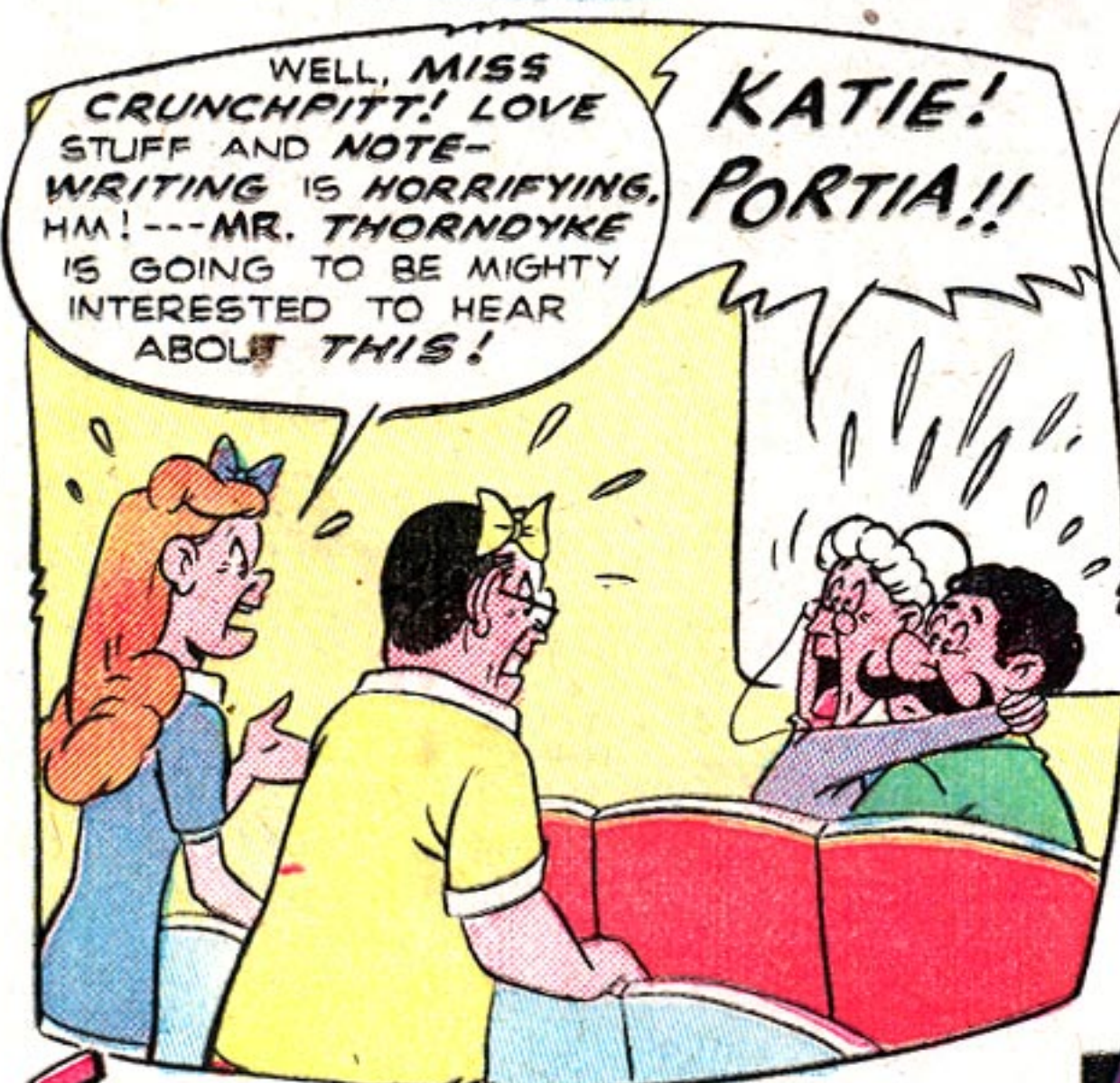
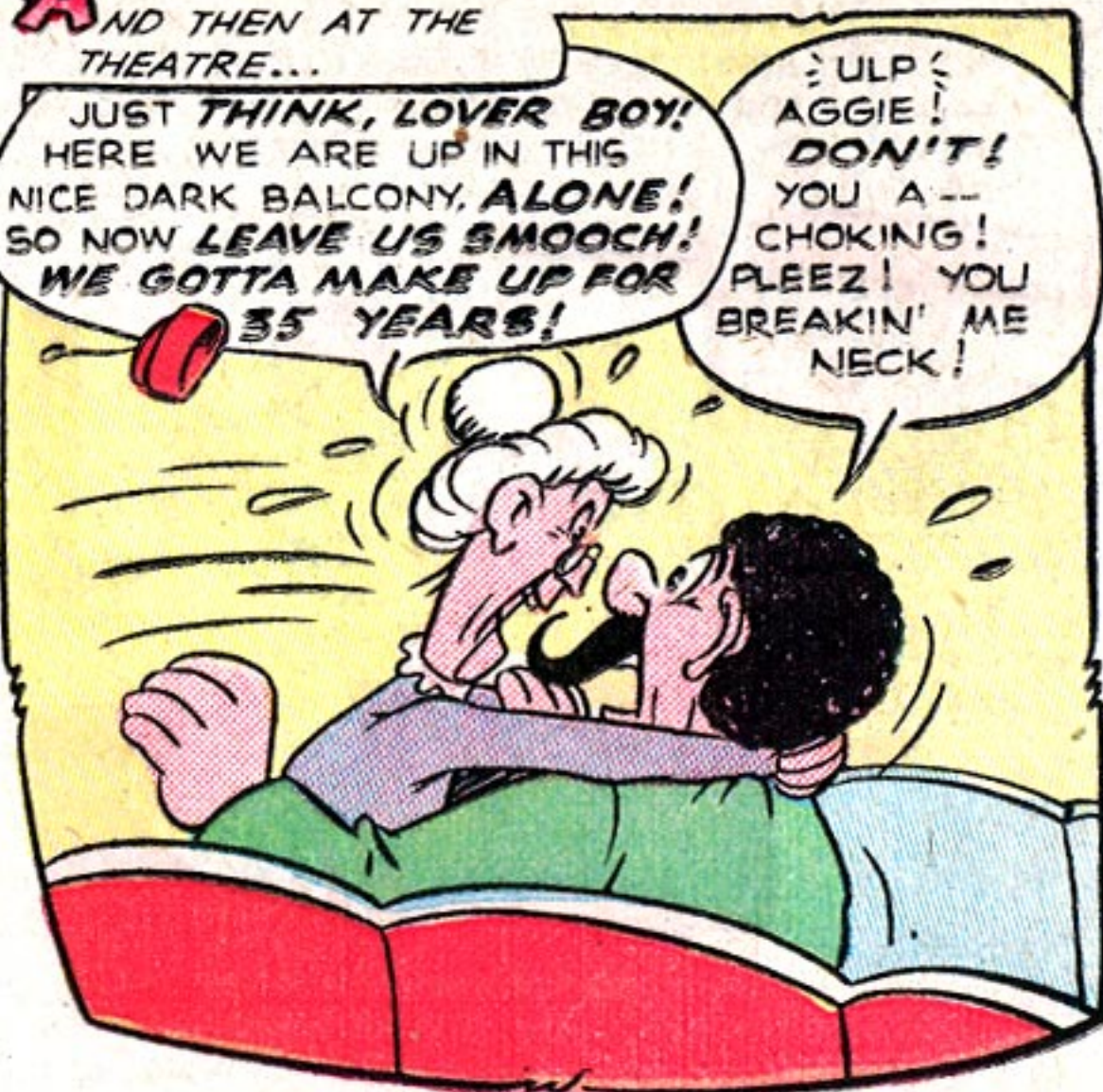
LATER...



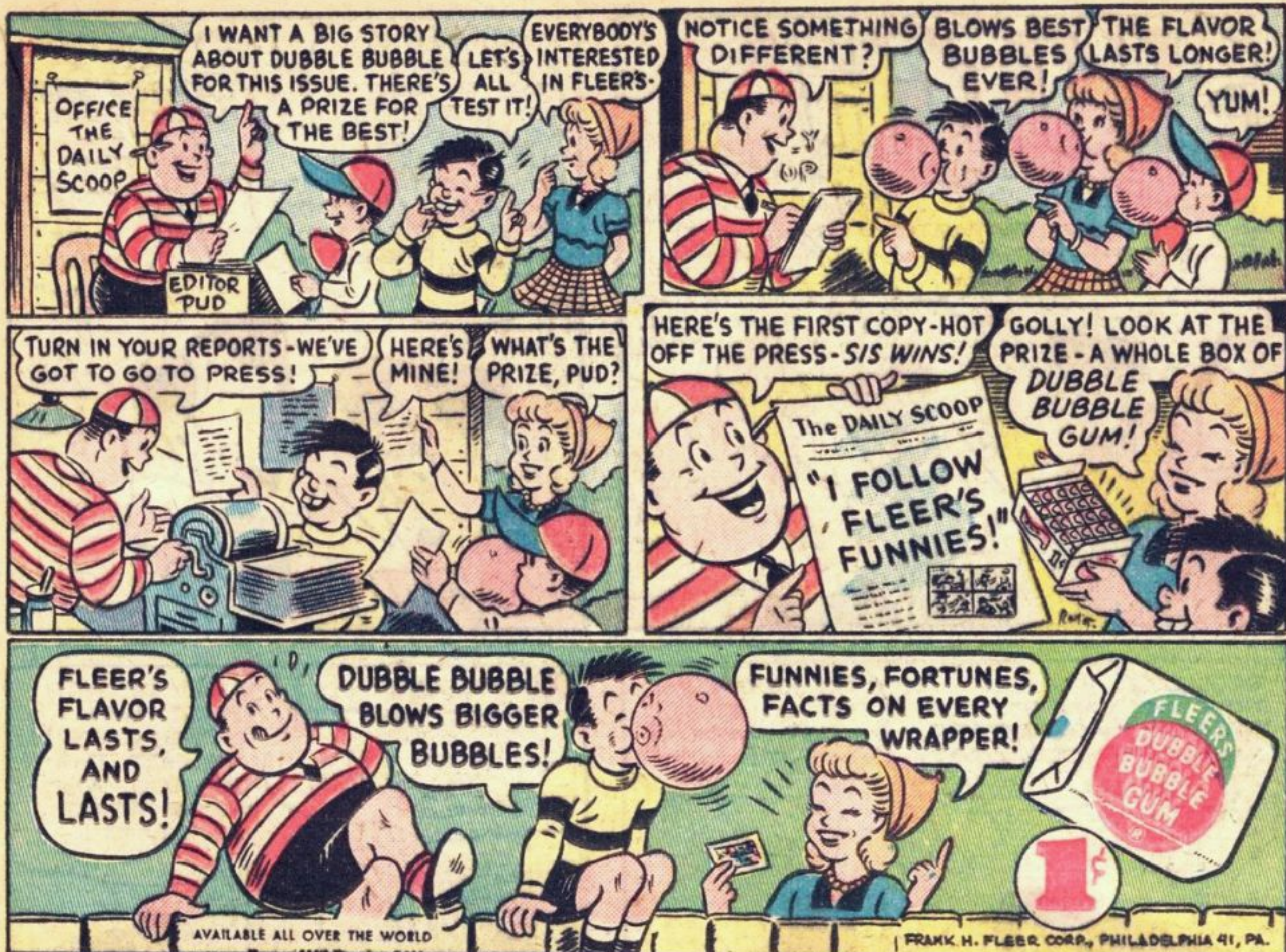
FIVE MINUTES MORE PASS AND...



AND THEN AT THE THEATRE...



* HAVE A JIVE SESSION--BIG TIME...THE END...



For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



Packed with Laughs and Thrills...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...

Read **AMERICAN!**

BETSY and CLEOPATRA

THE FURTHER BETSY read, the more annoyed she became! "A woman who wishes to attract a man," said the book, "should be clever and subtle in her approach! Never, under any circumstances, should she be obvious!"

Betsy reread this passage several times, burning with indignation. Clever and subtle, huh! Giving advice was easy, but how about telling a girl just how to be subtle?

Remembering all her little attempts to attract the attention of a very special senior named Ross, Betsy threw a look of contempt at the book. "I was so subtle, he didn't even notice me!" she recalled. "And I really did try!"

That was true enough. Betsy had smiled at Ross whenever they passed each other in school or on the street, but somehow, he always seemed to be looking the other way. One day, she waited until the senior class let out of school, in the hope that Ross might fall into step with her and take her home, but that was the day he decided to leave by the main entrance. No, not one of Betsy's subtleties had made the least impression on Ross, who seemed, as a matter of fact, to be unaware of her existence!

Still seething with resentment, Betsy read on. "You must call yourself to his favorable attention," the passage continued, "by using all of your wit and ingenuity. Remember how Cleopatra won the greatest ruler of her time, Julius Caesar? She ordered herself to be rolled in a magnificent and costly carpet, which was to be given to the mighty king as a present! When the carpet was enrolled before him, Caesar was enchanted to see the beautiful Cleopatra before him. How her clever-

ness impressed him!"

This was too much for Betsy's patience. Was the authoress seriously suggesting that ... "Yes, mother?" Betsy's train of thought was interrupted by her mother calling.

"Will you get the things off the line in the back yard, dear?" mother requested. "They're good and dry by now and I want to put them away!"

"All right, mother." Still reading, Betsy walked through the living room, across the kitchen and out the back door. She did not lift her eyes from this book, so engrossed was she in the fabulous whopper about Cleopatra.

Which explains why Betsy walked smack into a large blanket which hung over the clothesline, whipped this way and that by the brisk wind. Before she knew what had happened, Betsy and her book were being surrounded by voluminous folds of blanket, which swirled around and around her, imprisoning her completely. The more she struggled to free herself, the tighter the blanket seemed to cling!

"Hey, take it easy," a reassuring voice said from the misty world outside the blanket. "I'll get you out! Hold still and don't fight it. It's bigger than you are!"

Quickly a pair of hands untrolled the blanket...and Betsy, blushing, emerged to face her rescuer. "Ross!" she breathed. "Ross Craig!"

"Who'd you expect to see, Julius Caesar?" he smiled. "Say, you look cute! How about a coke, so you can get over your terrible experience?"

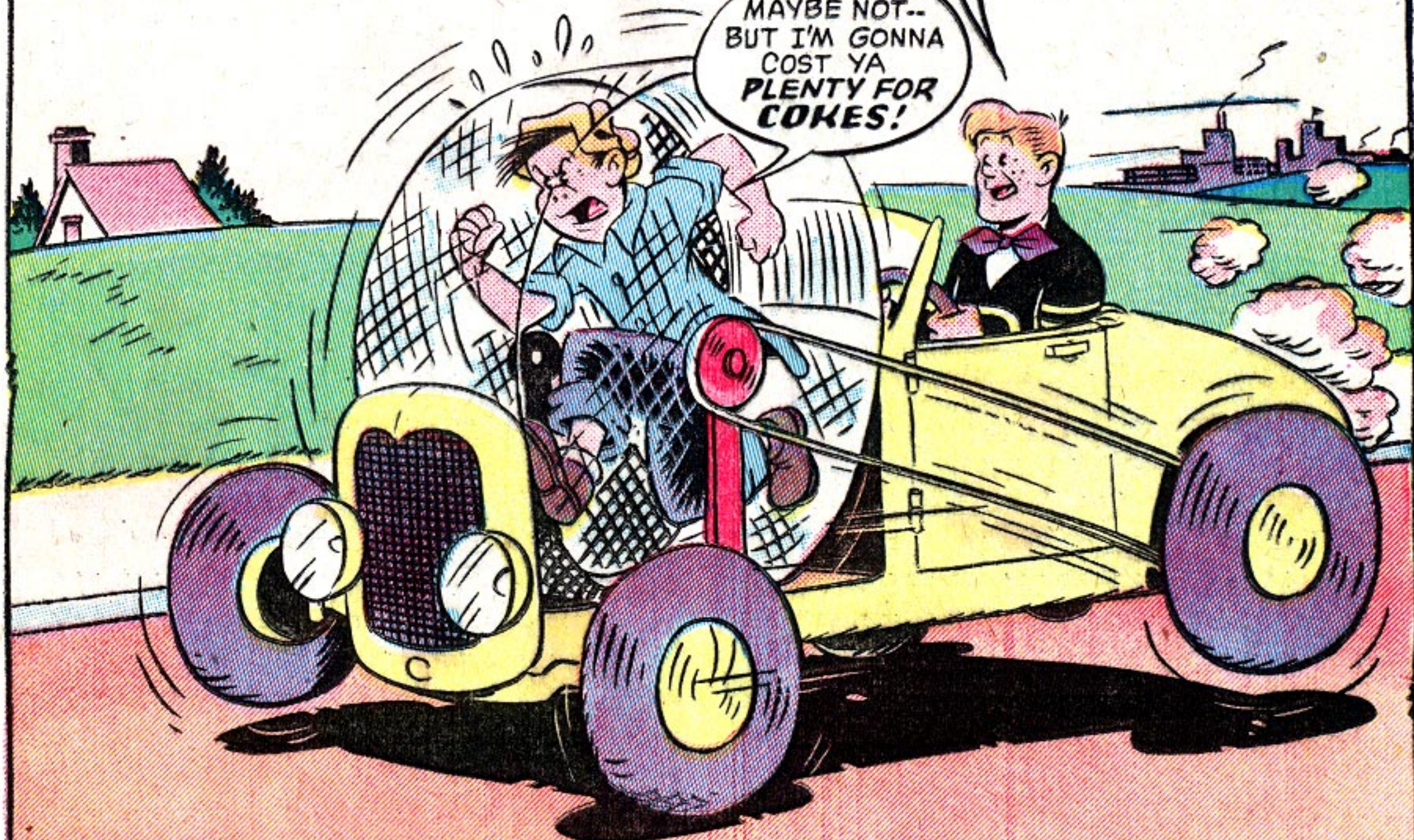
Betsy fell happily into step with her senior! "Tell me," he asked, "do you do that sort of thing often?"

Betsy smiled. "N...no, not exactly." Only when I'm being subtle!"

Natch in Motor Trouble!

HEY! KEEN, JACKSON! YOU'RE THE BEST MOTOR I'VE EVER HAD! ... YA DON'T COST ME ANYTHING FOR GAS!

MAYBE NOT-- BUT I'M GONNA COST YA PLENTY FOR COKES!

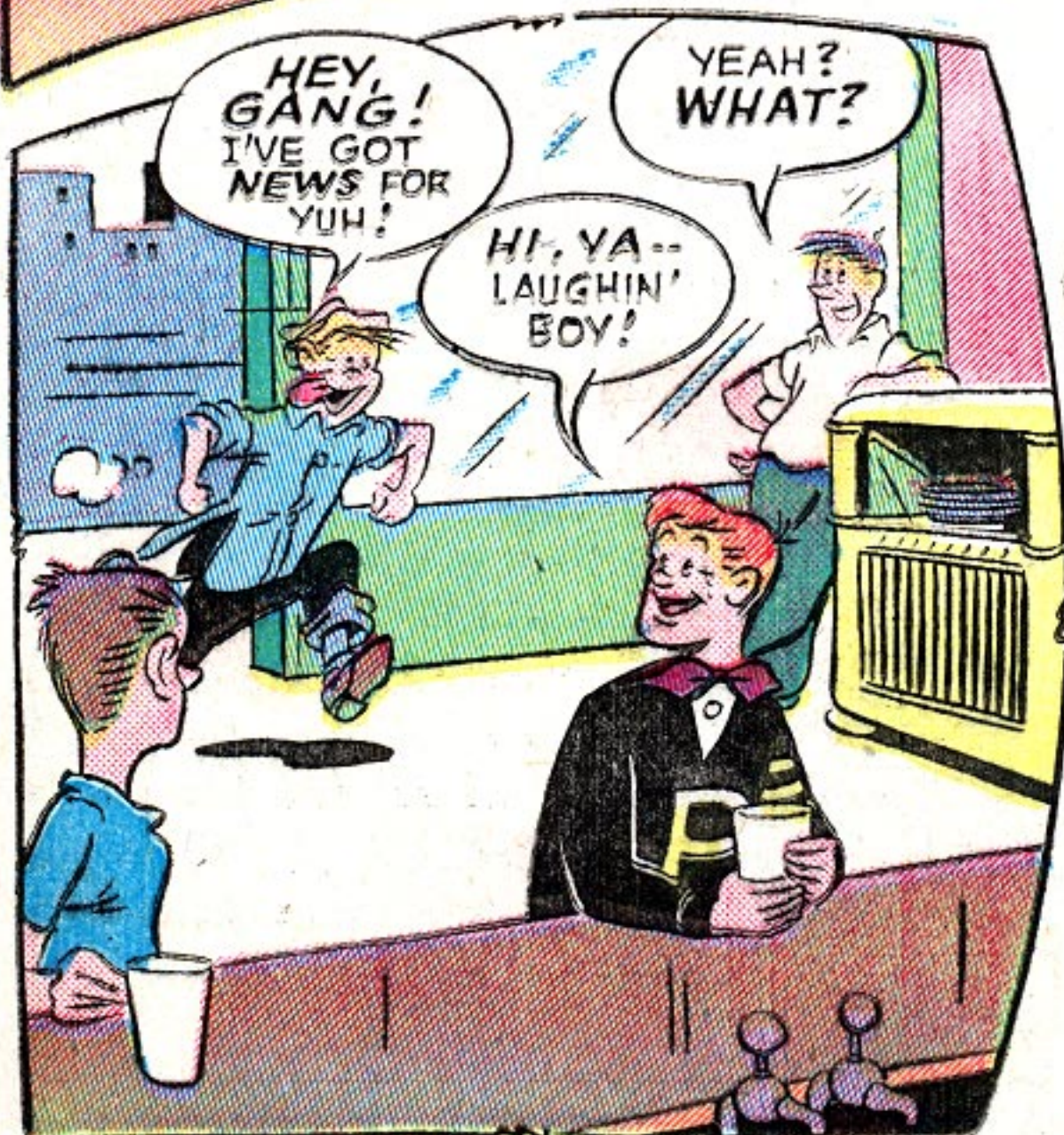


HUBE + QUICK

HEY, GANG! I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YUH!

YEAH? WHAT?

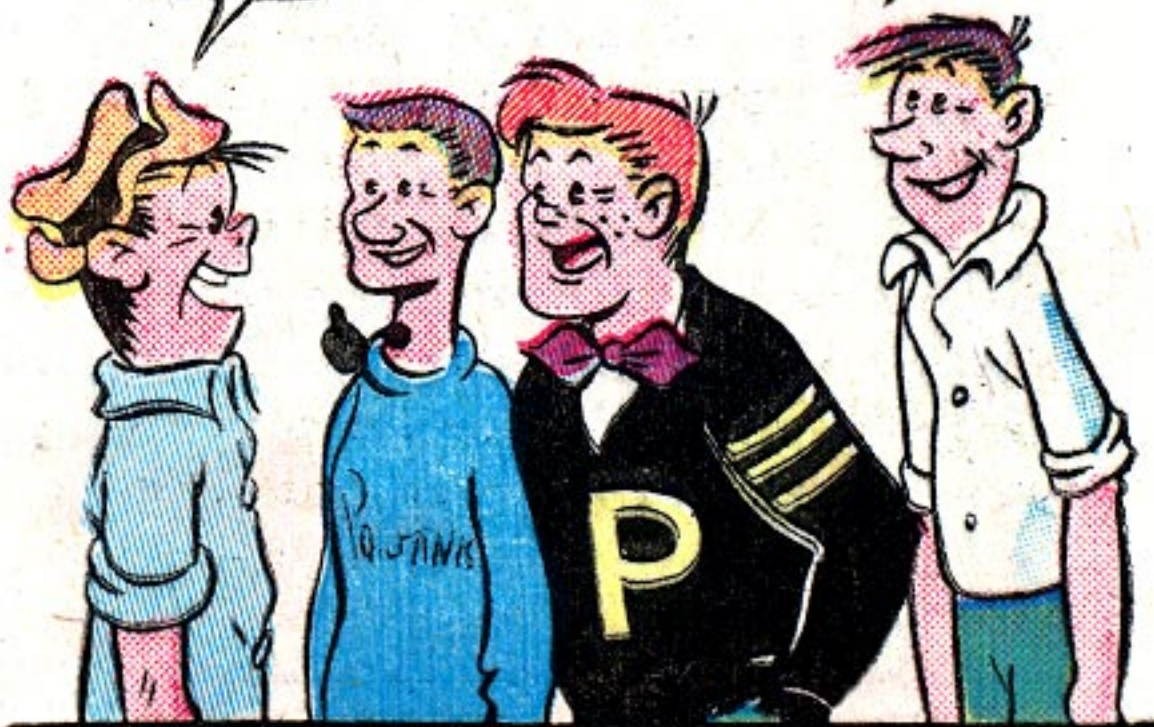
HI, YA-- LAUGHIN' BOY!

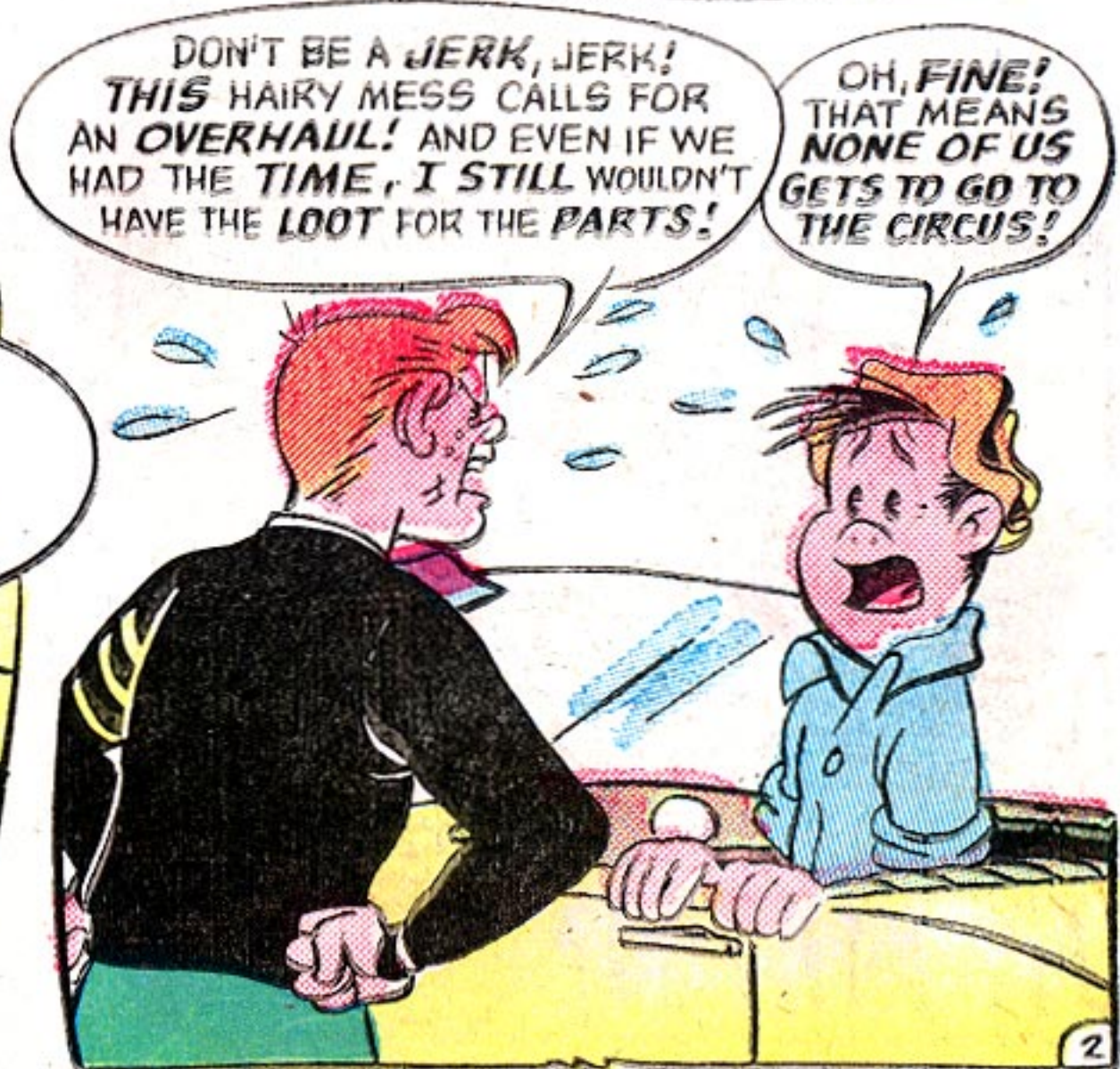
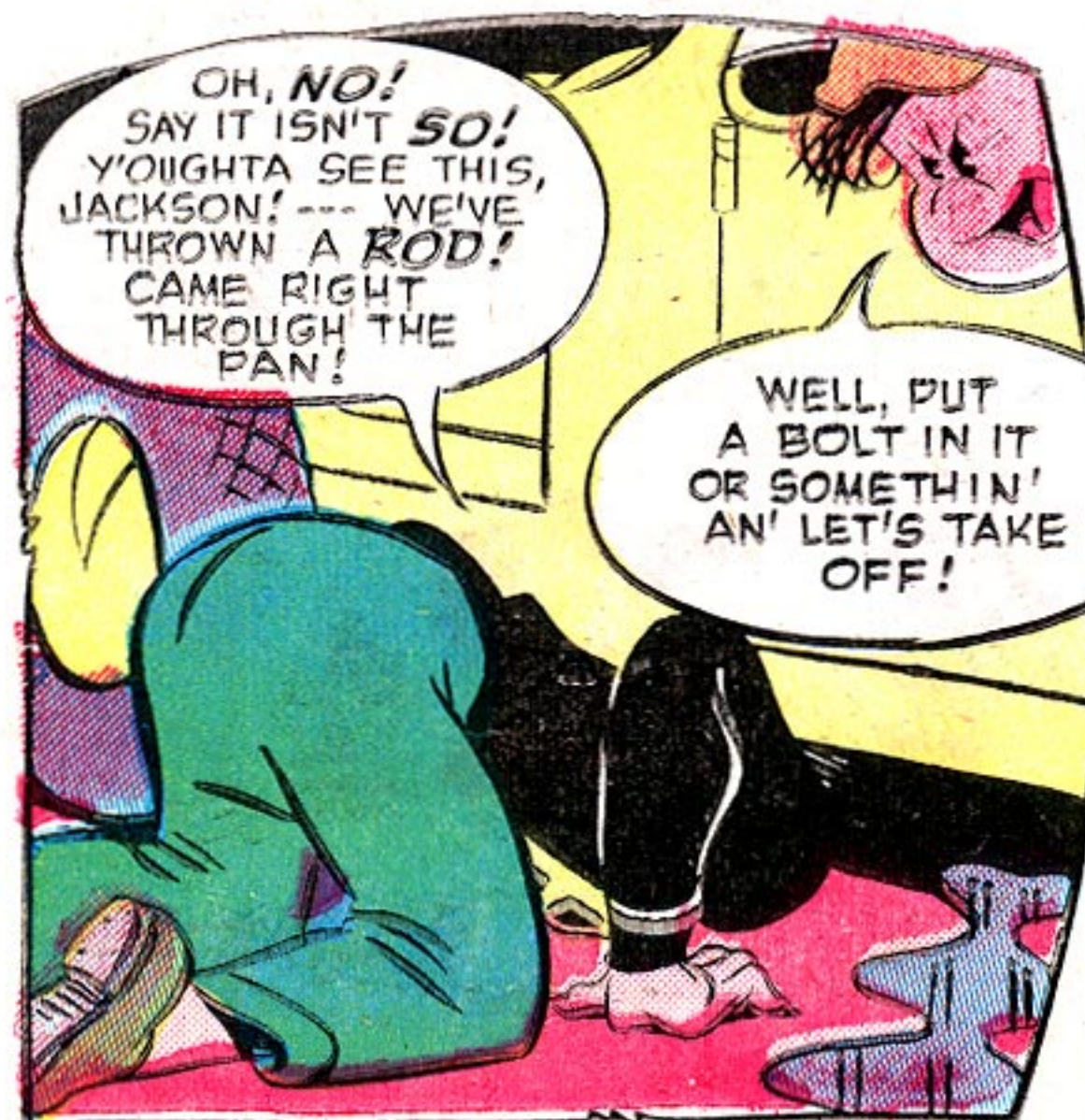
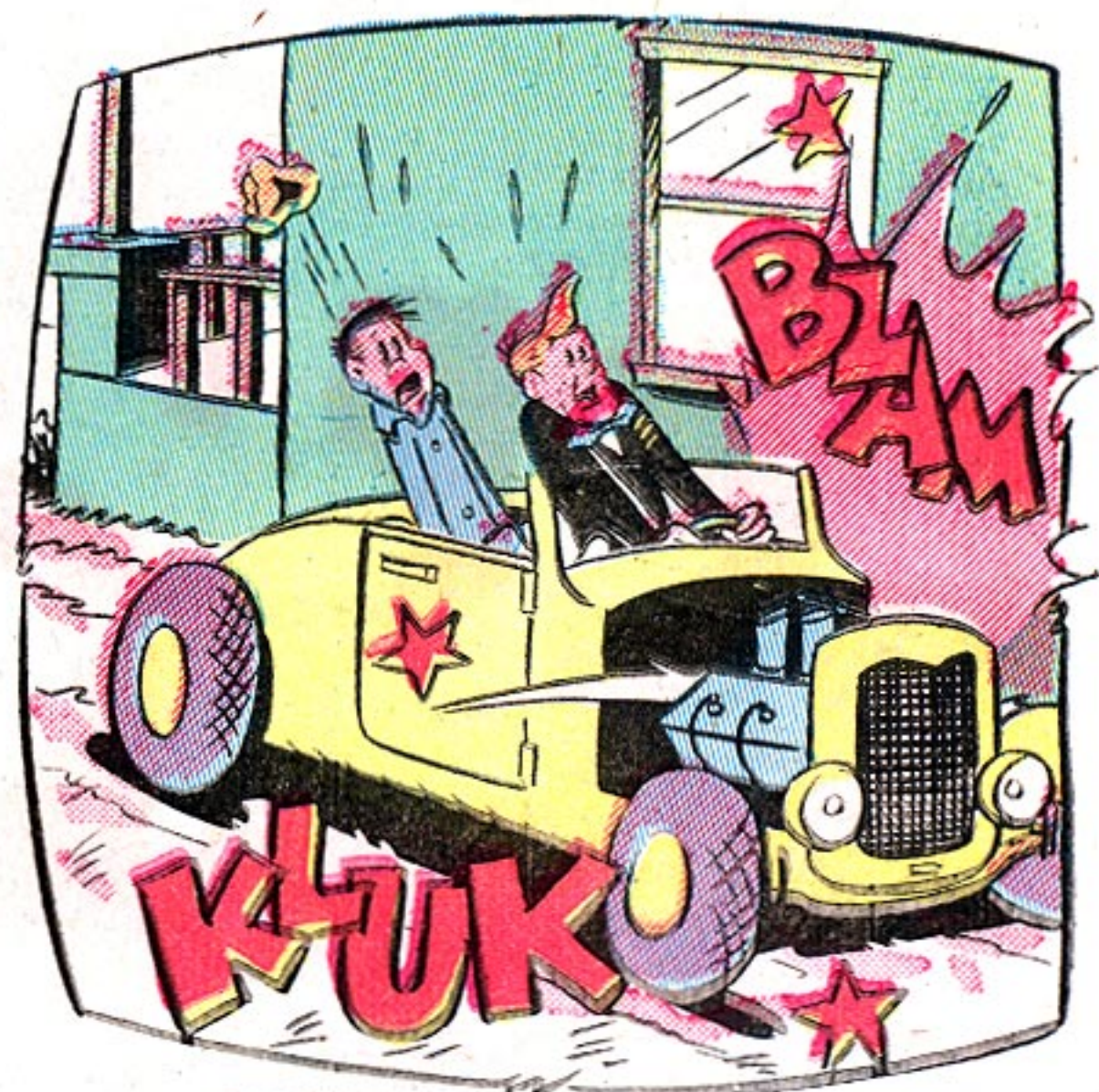
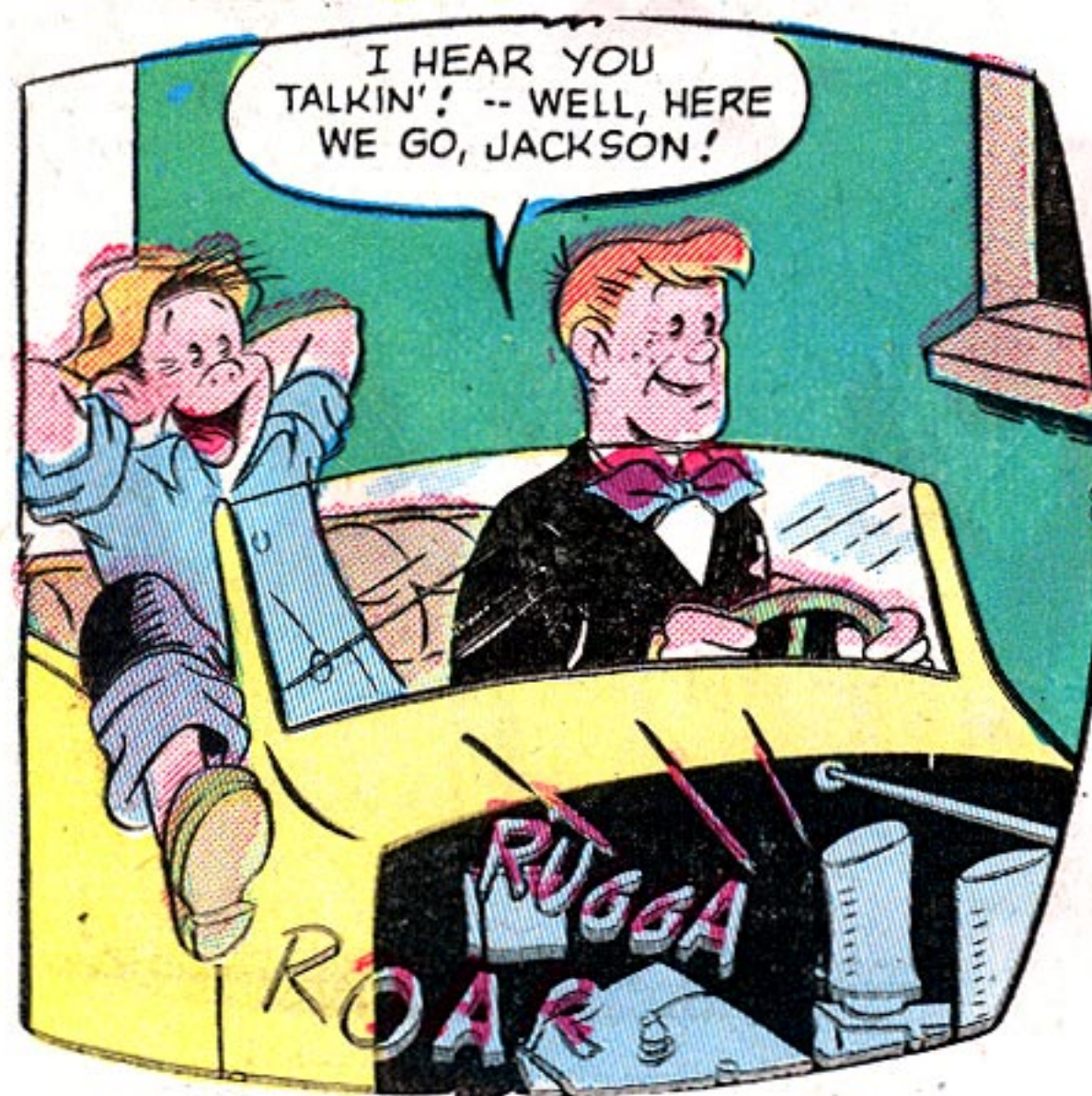
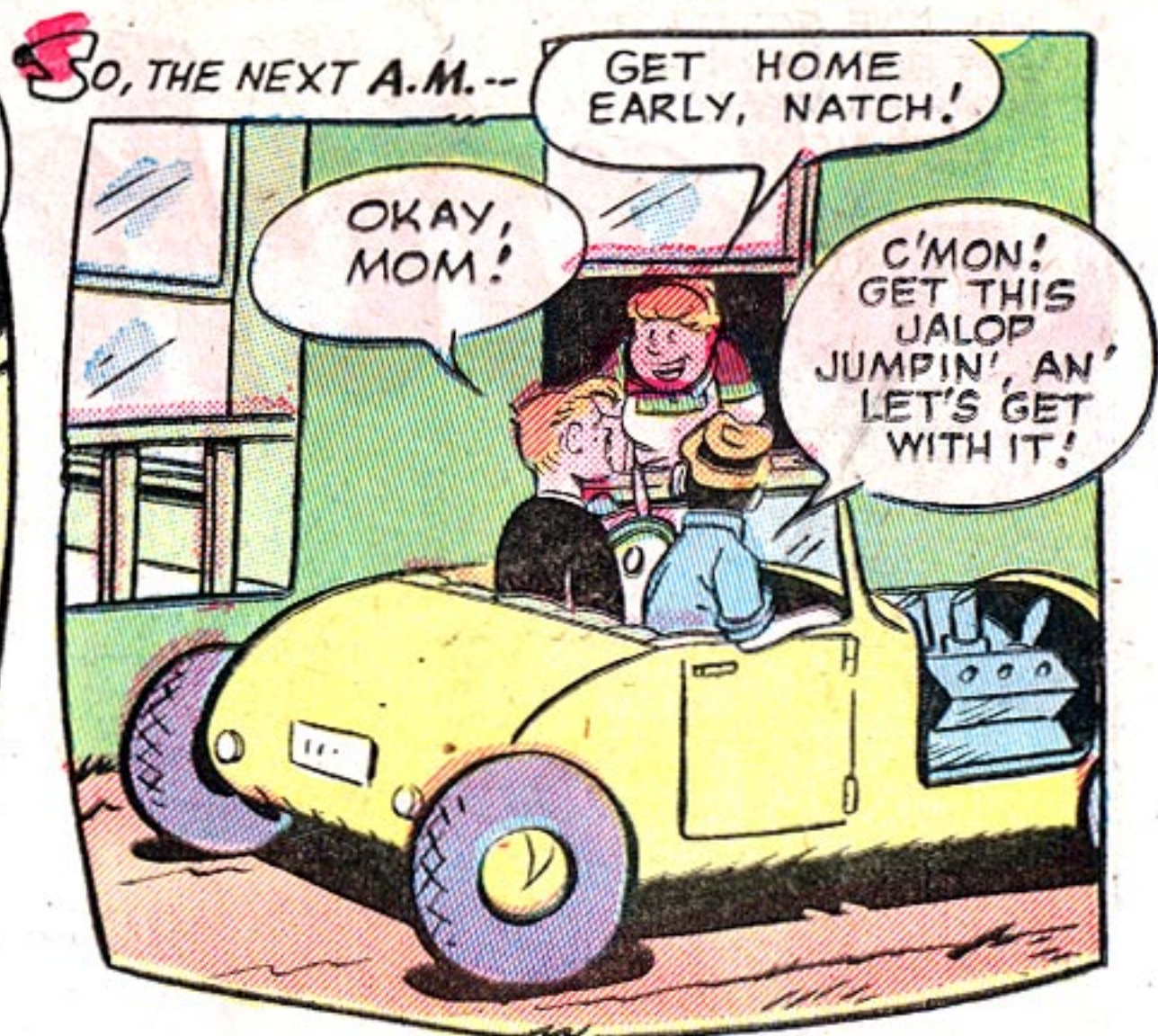
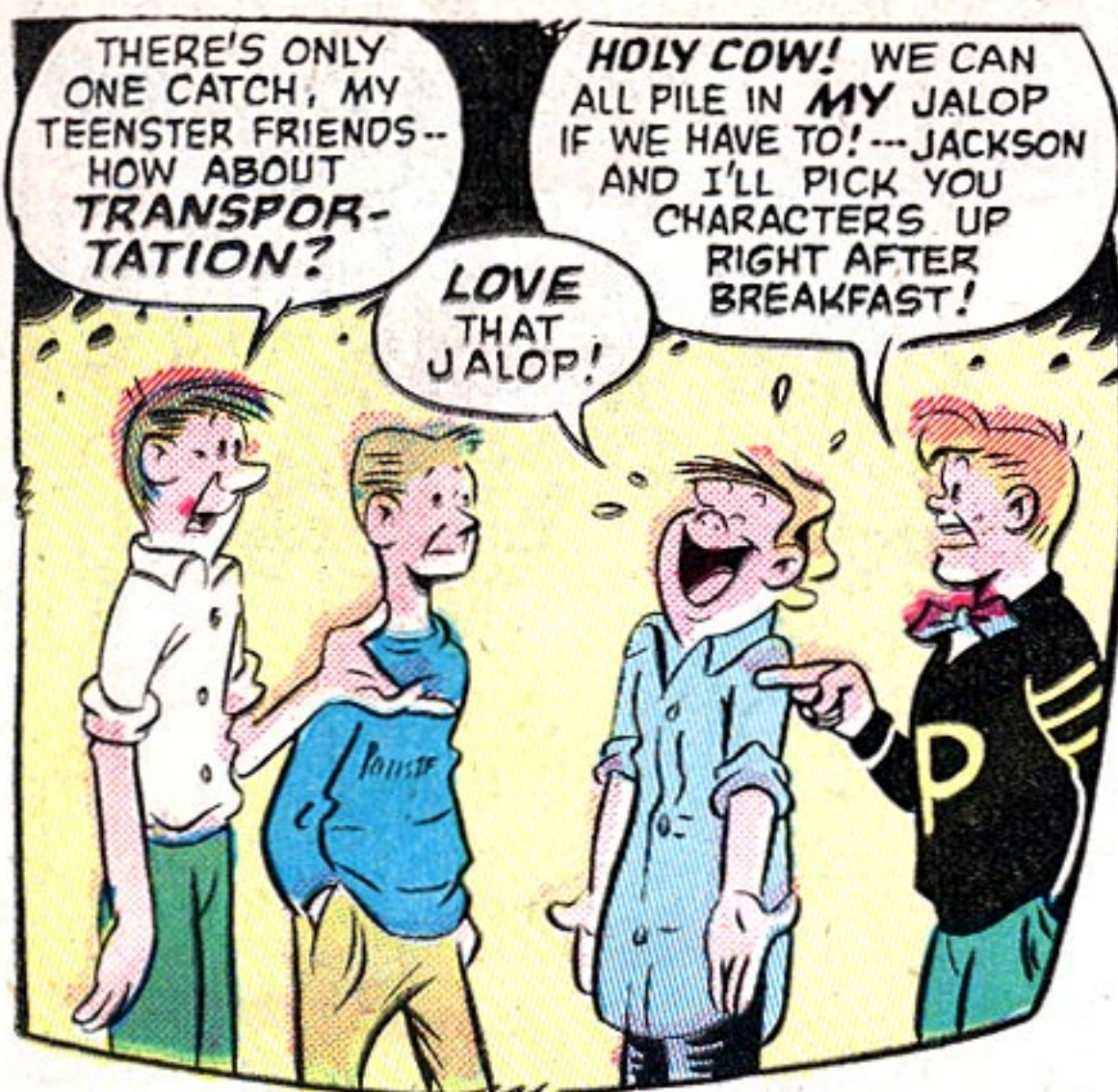


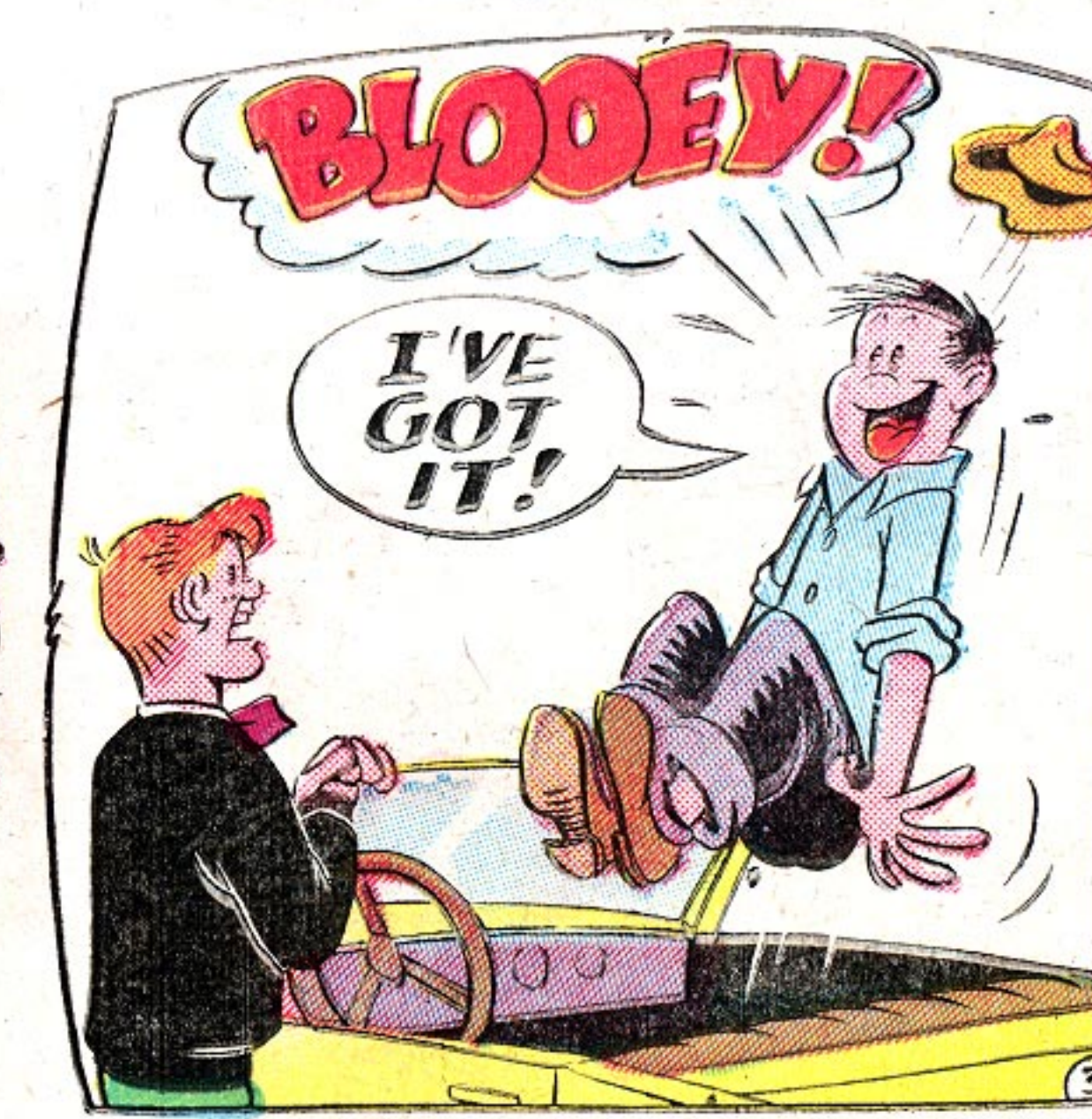
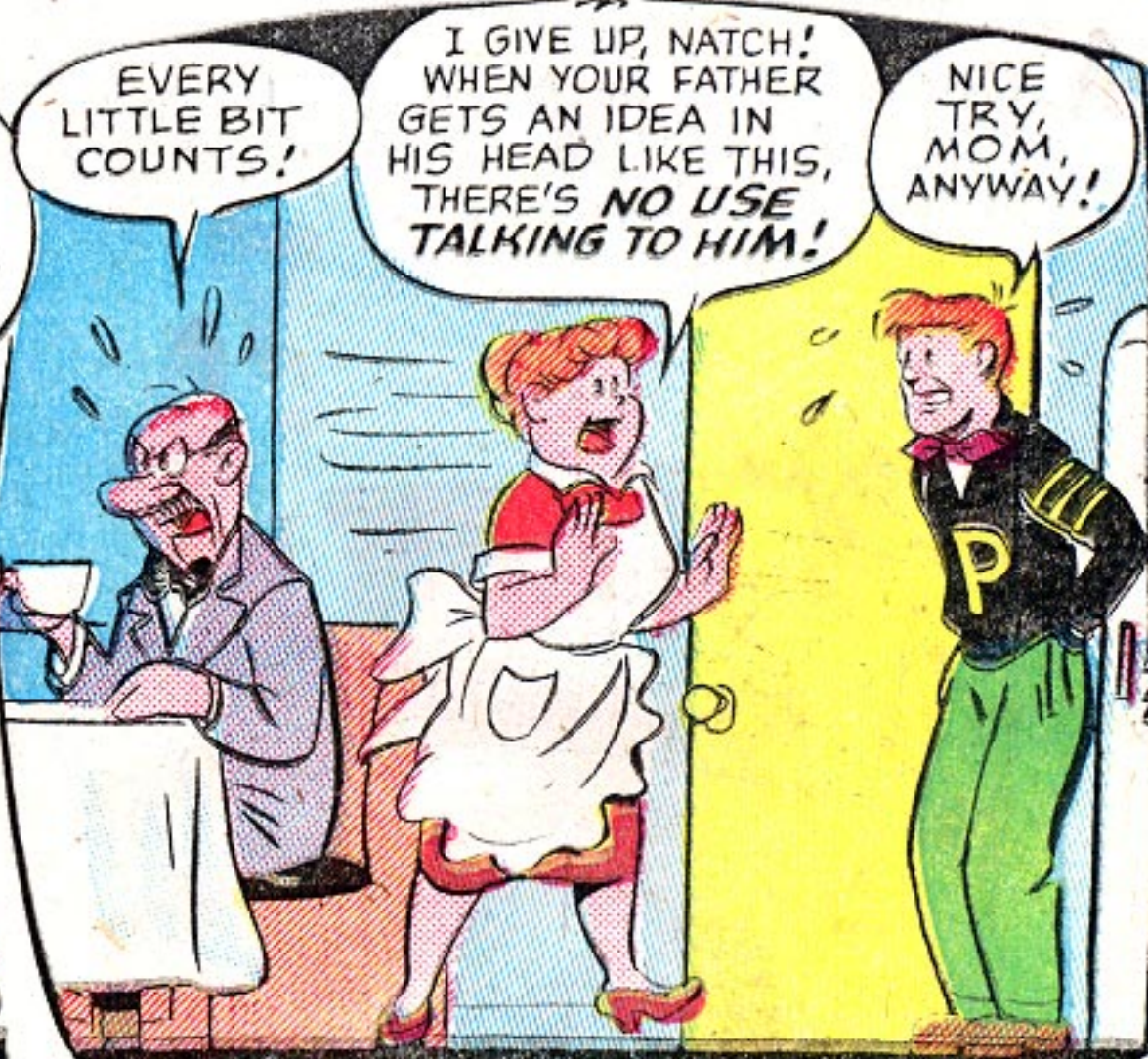
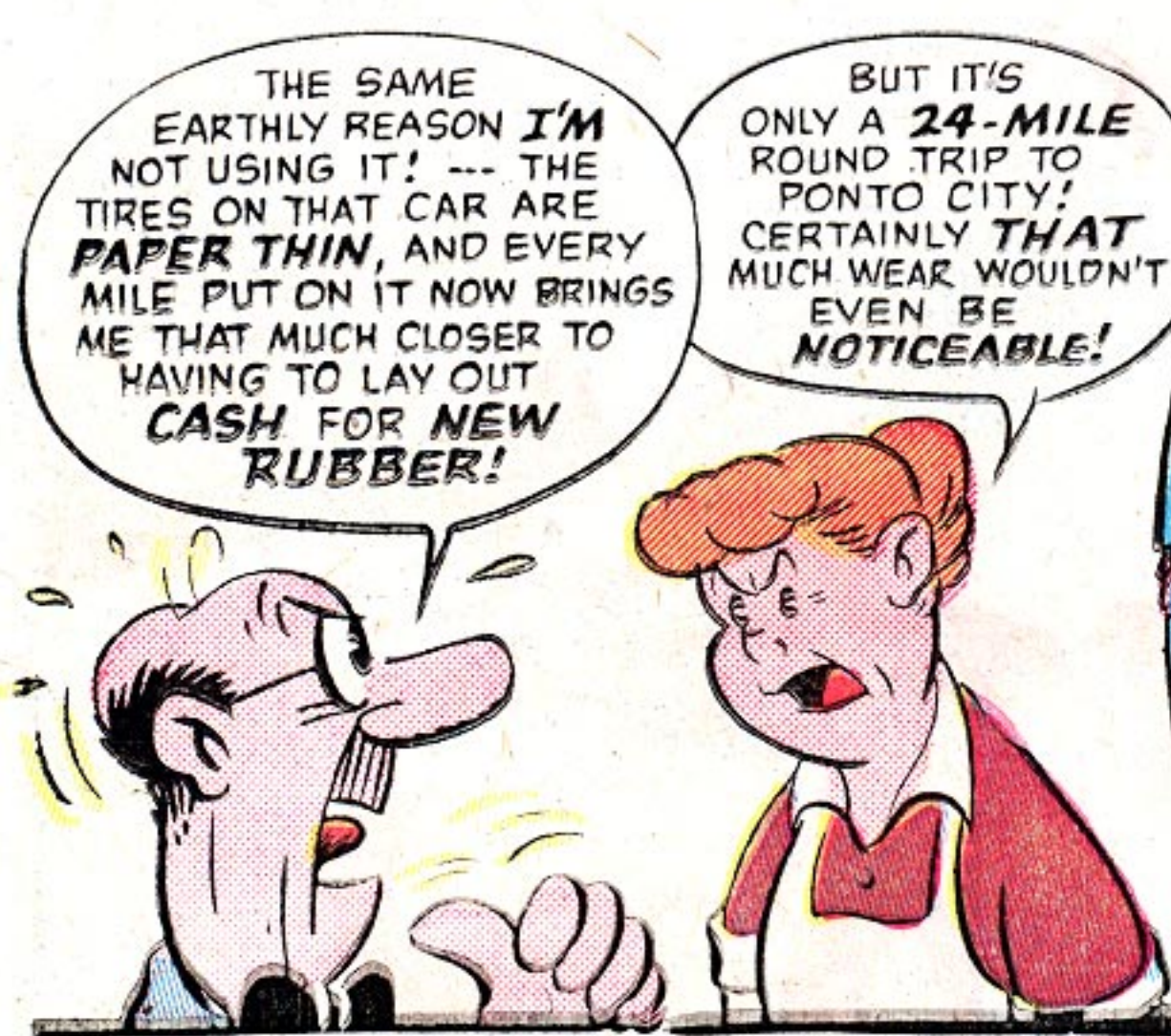
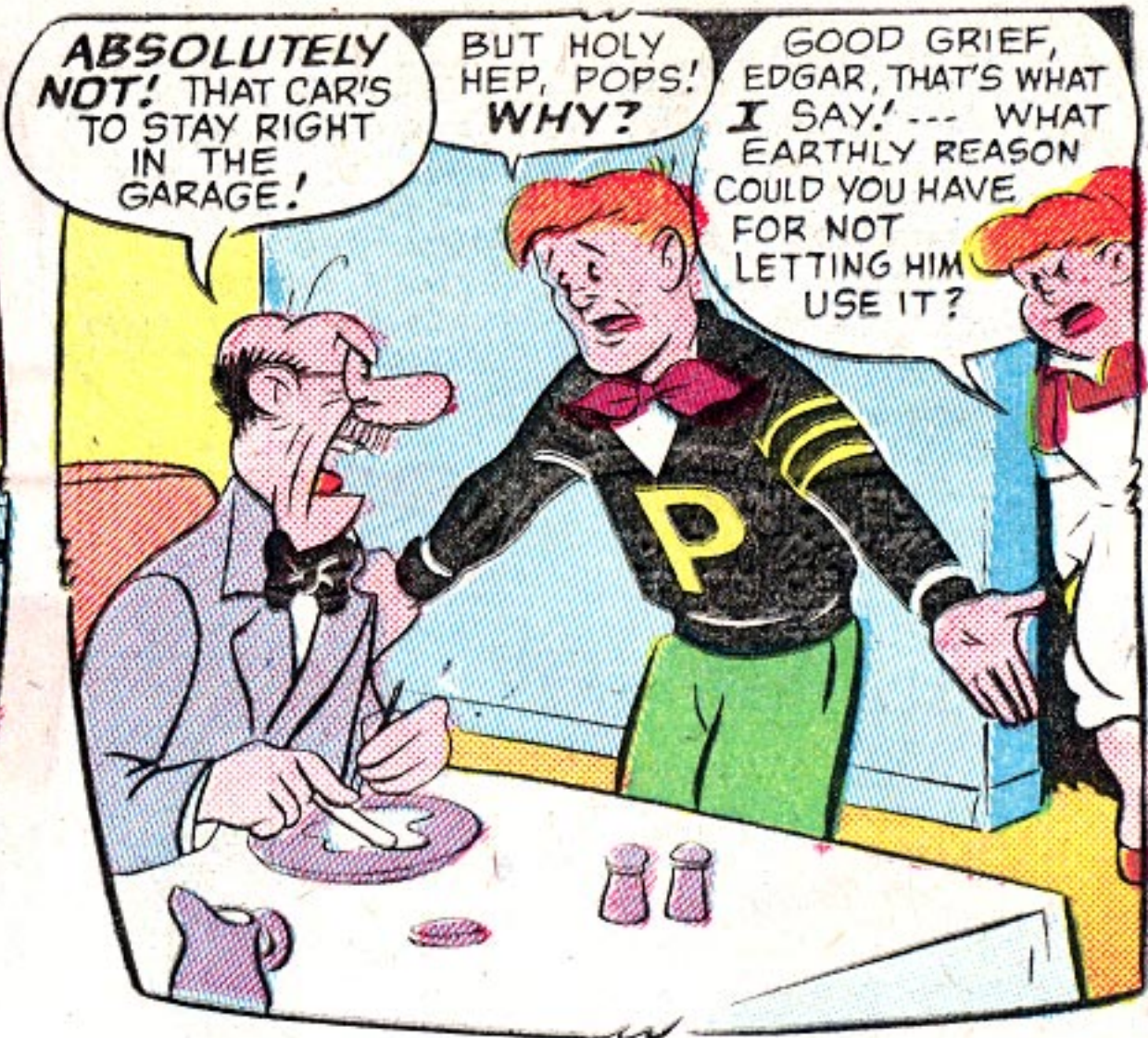
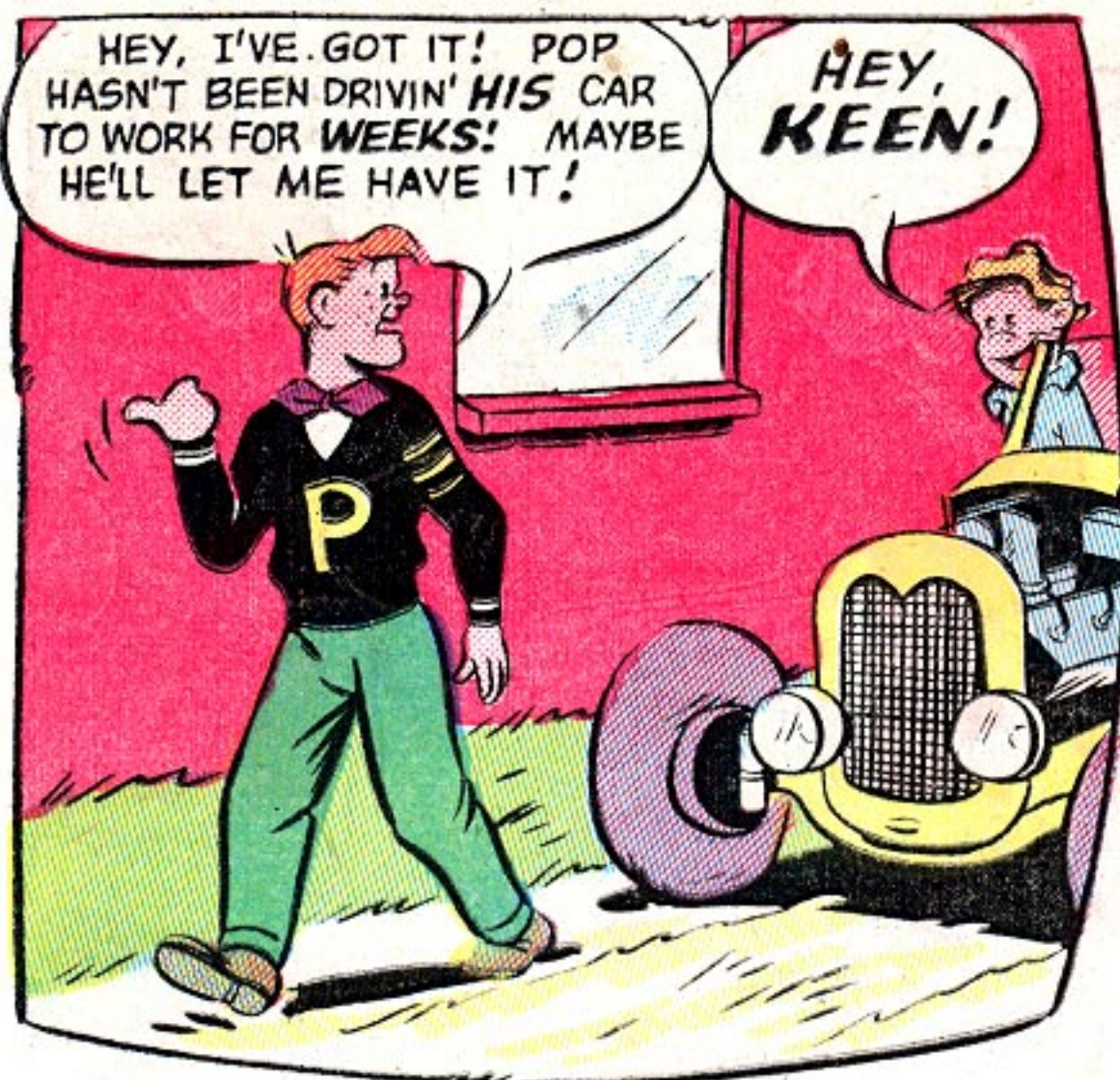
THE ASH BROTHERS CIRCUS THAT PLAYED HERE LAST YEAR IS ARRIVIN' IN PONTO CITY TOMORROW! LET'S ALL GO OVER!

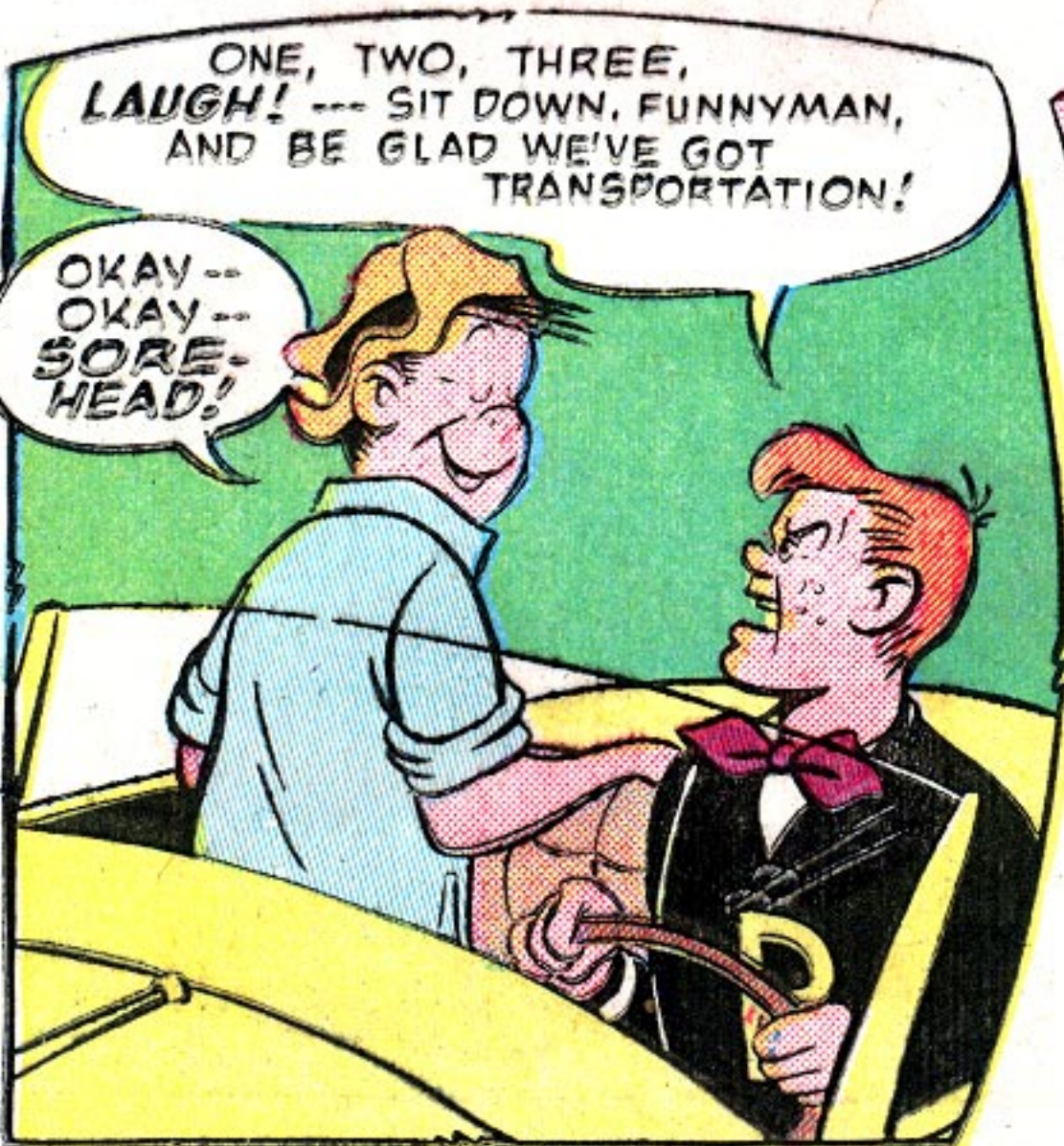
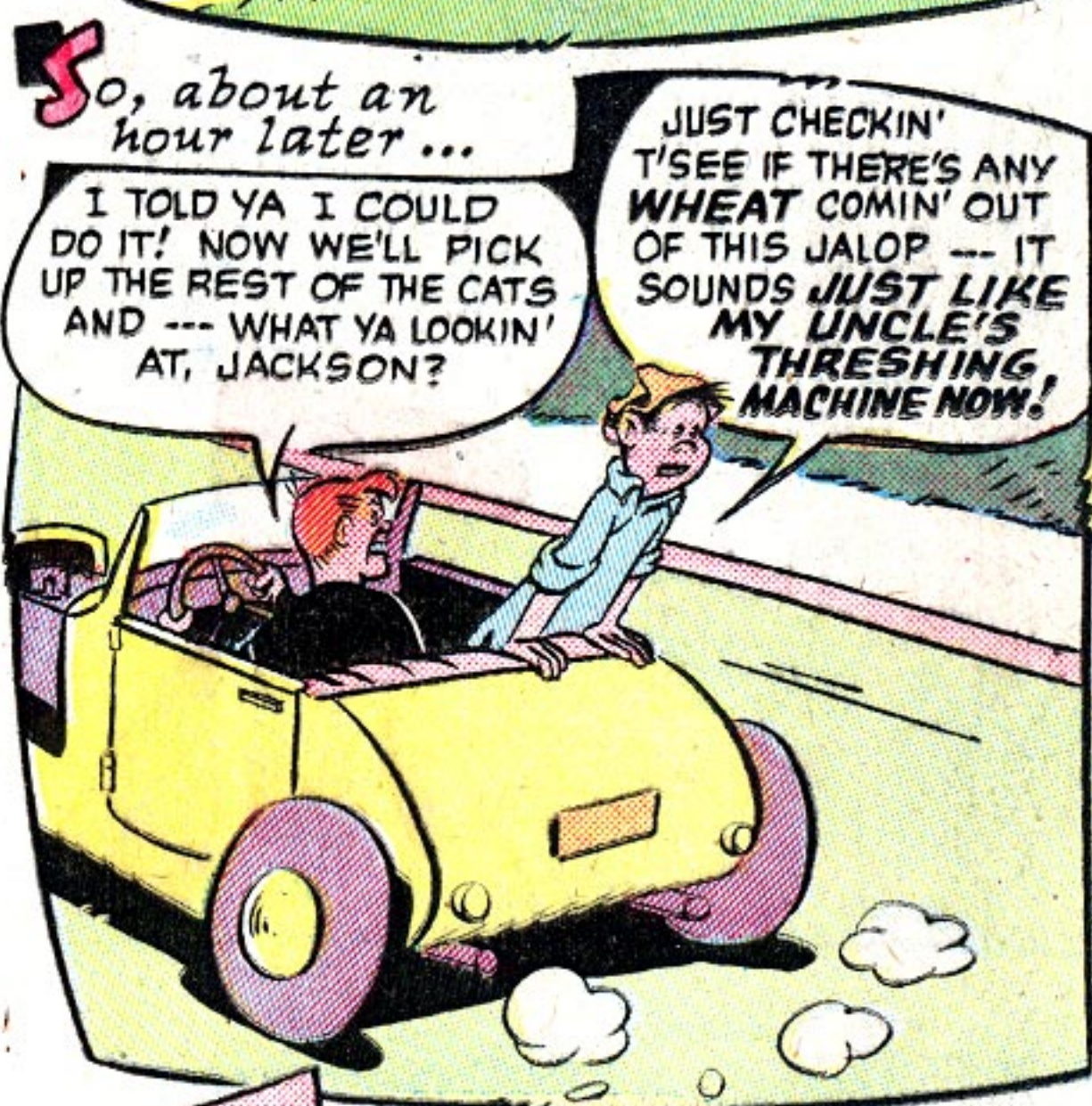
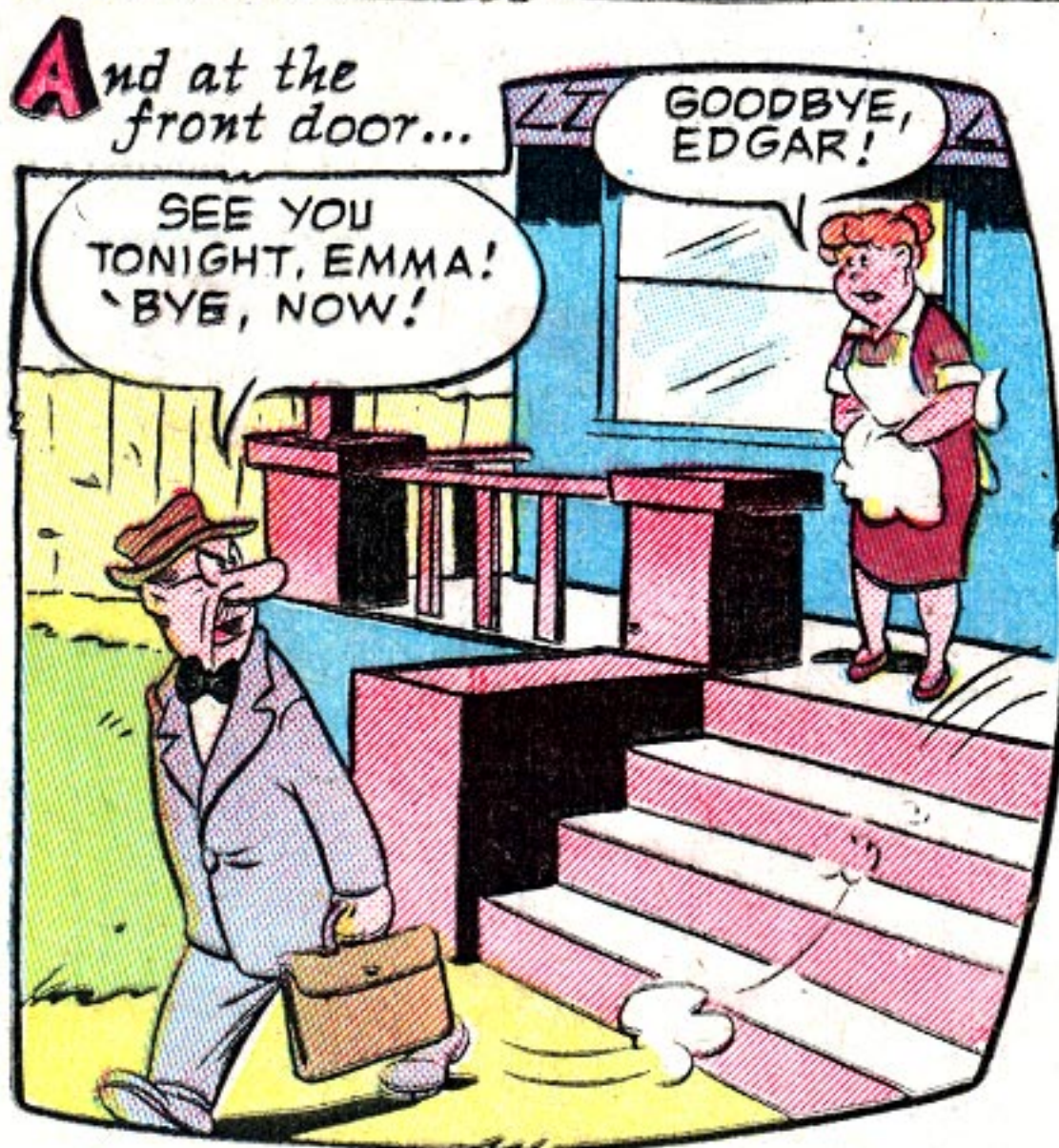
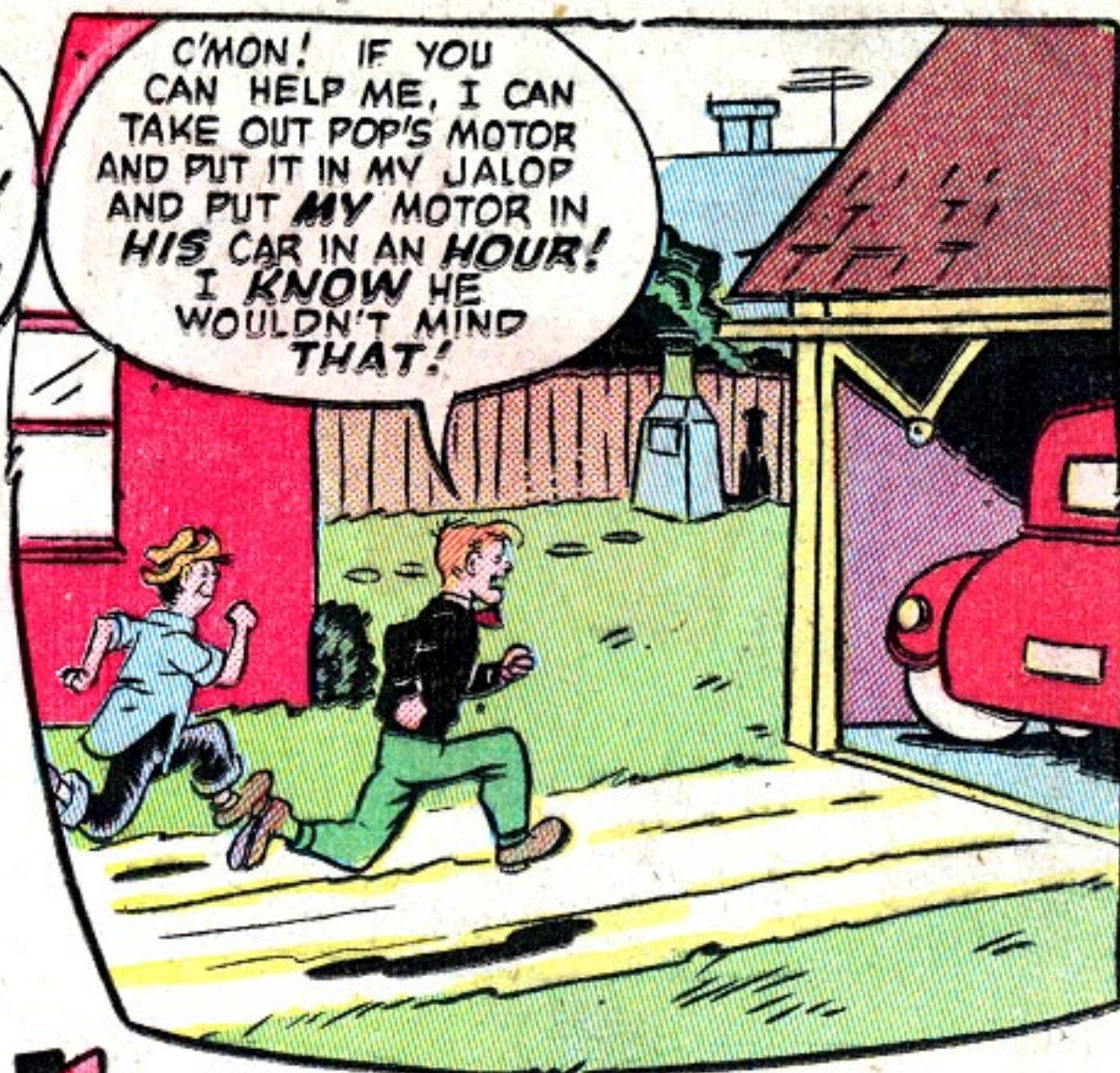
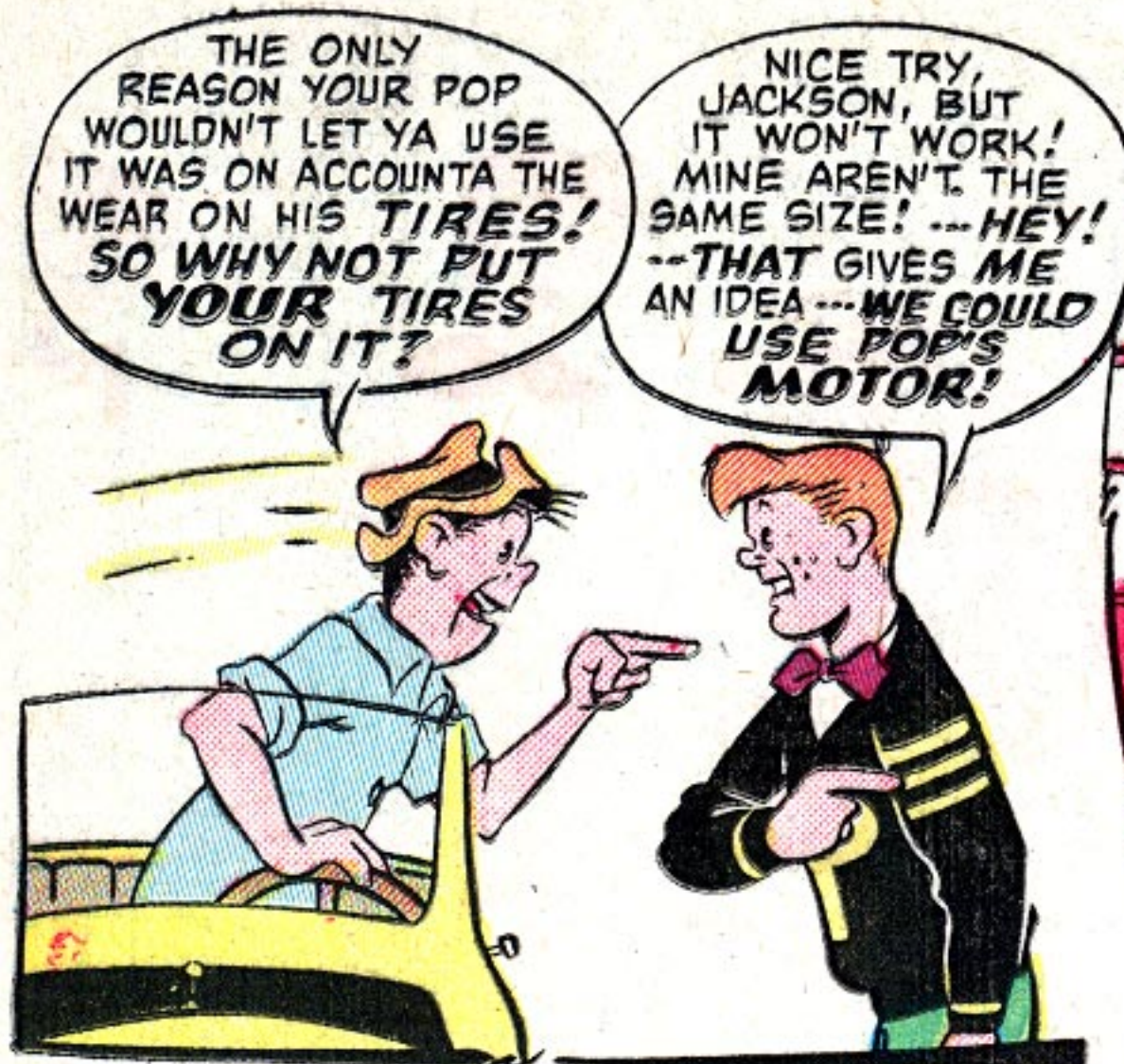
NEAT IDEA, BUBBLEHEAD! ... I REALLY GET MY KICKS WATCHIN' A CIRCUS UNLOAD!

ME, TOO, HEY!

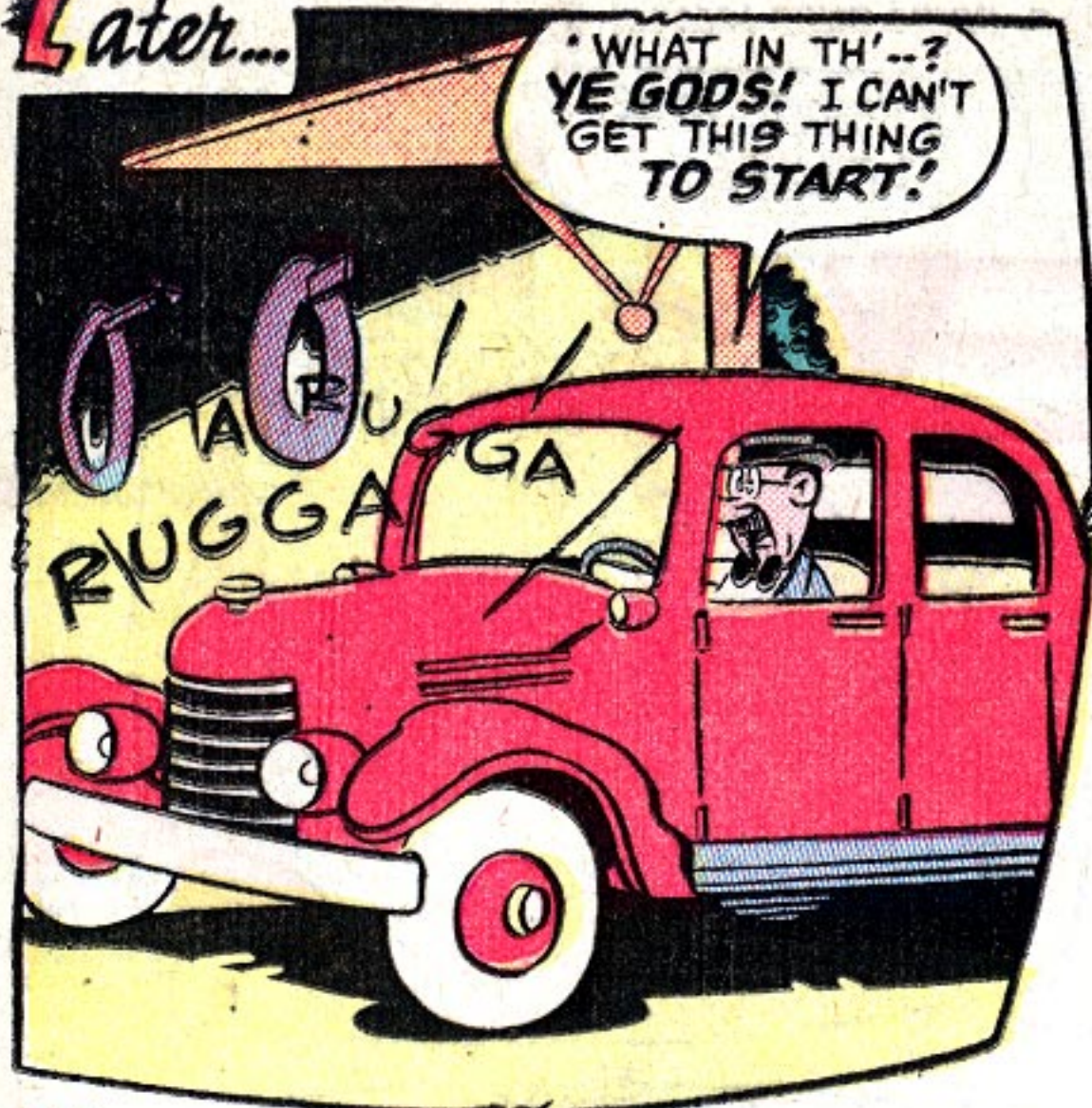




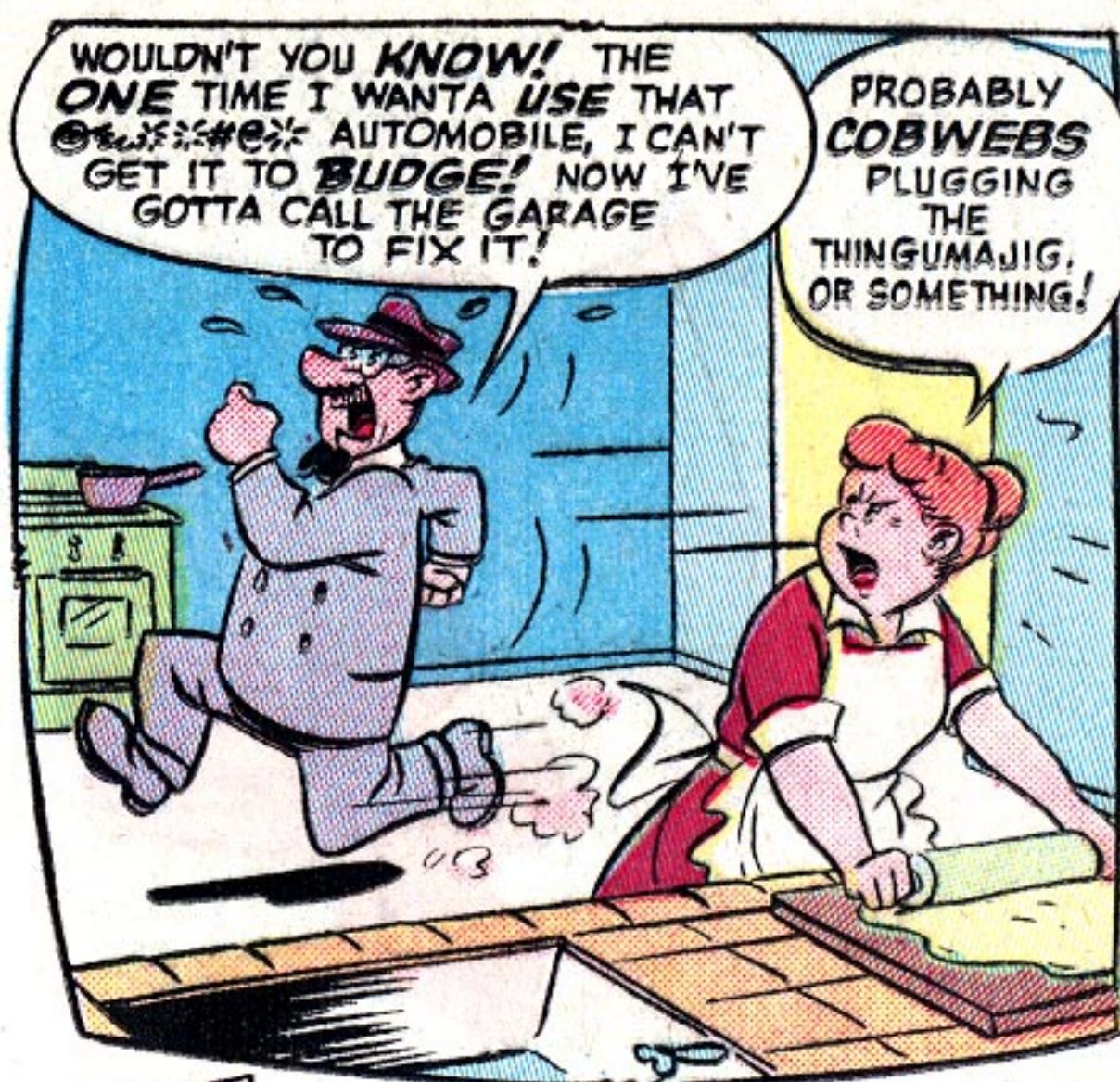




Later...



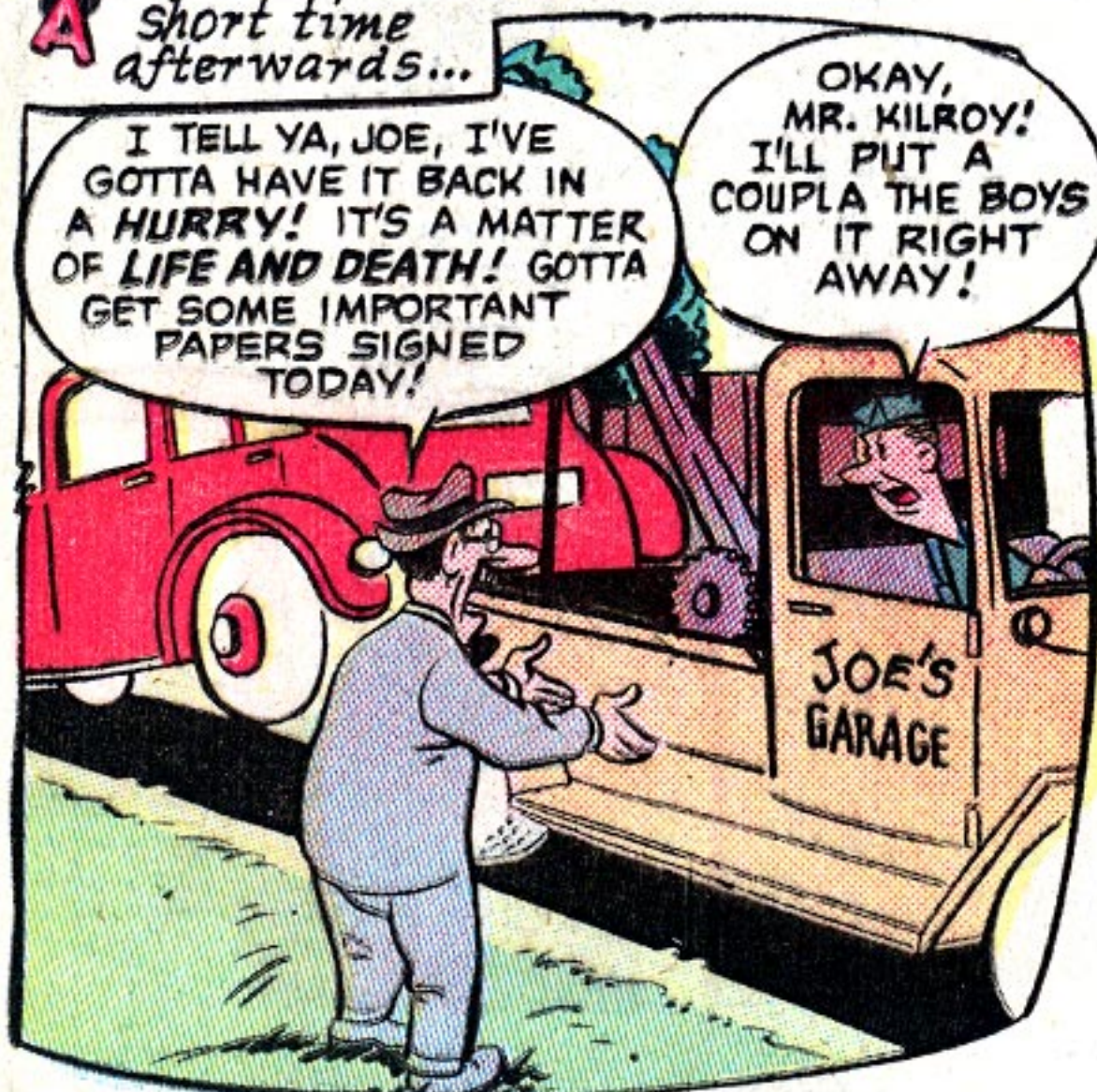
WHAT IN TH'...?
YE GODS! I CAN'T
GET THIS THING
TO START!



WOULDN'T YOU **KNOW!** THE
ONE TIME I WANTA **USE** THAT
~~ONE TIME~~ **AUTOMOBILE**, I CAN'T
GET IT TO **BUDGE!** NOW I'VE
GOTTA CALL THE GARAGE
TO FIX IT!

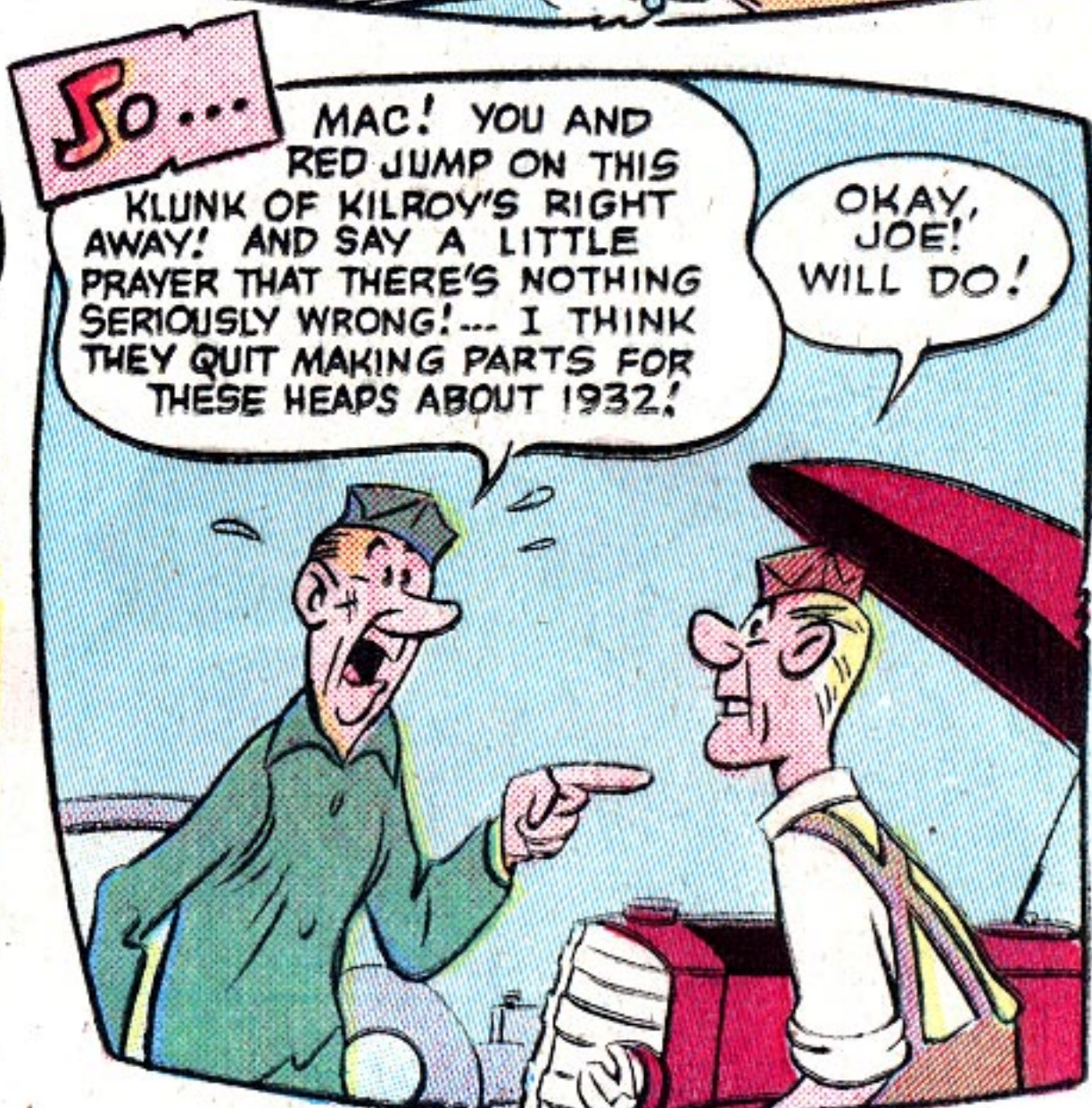
PROBABLY
COBWEBS
PLUGGING
THE
THINGUMAJIG,
OR SOMETHING!

A short time
afterwards...



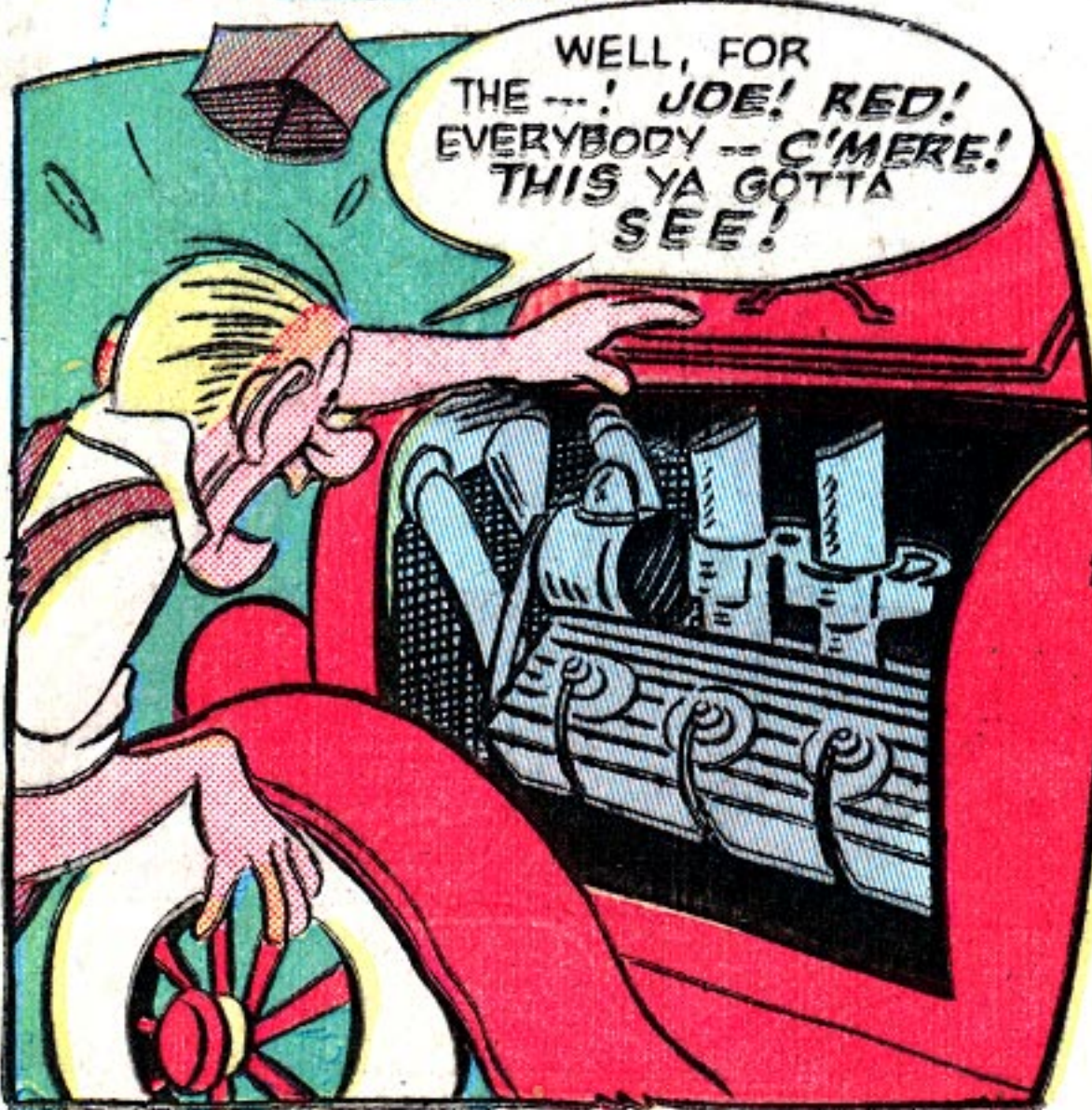
I TELL YA, JOE, I'VE
GOTTA HAVE IT BACK IN
A **HURRY!** IT'S A MATTER
OF **LIFE AND DEATH!** GOTTA
GET SOME IMPORTANT
PAPERS SIGNED
TODAY!

OKAY,
MR. KILROY!
I'LL PUT A
COUPLA THE BOYS
ON IT RIGHT
AWAY!

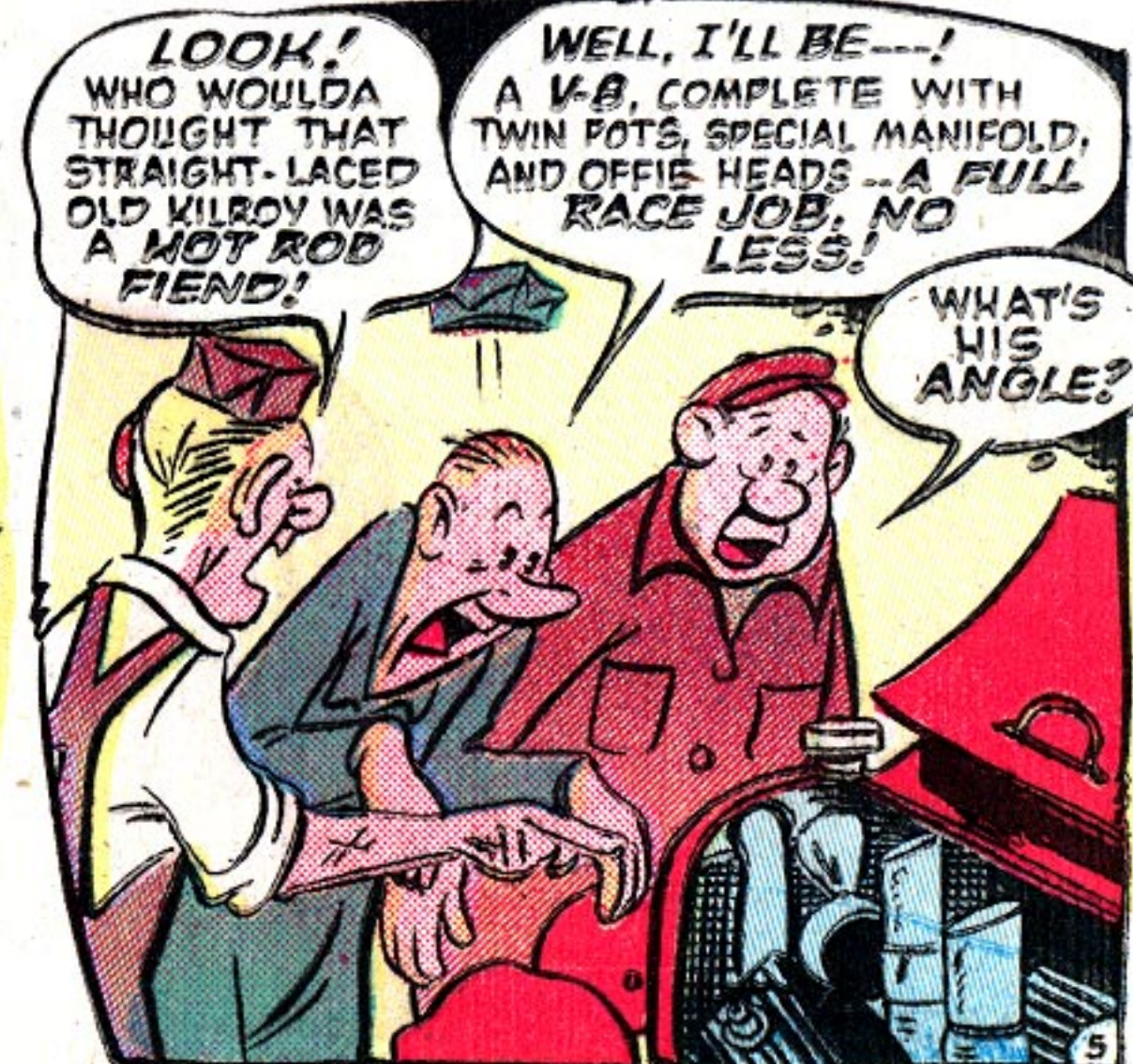


So... MAC! YOU AND
RED JUMP ON THIS
KLUNK OF KILROY'S RIGHT
AWAY! AND SAY A LITTLE
PRAYER THAT THERE'S NOTHING
SERIOUSLY WRONG!... I THINK
THEY QUIT MAKING PARTS FOR
THESE HEAPS ABOUT 1932!

OKAY,
JOE!
WILL DO!



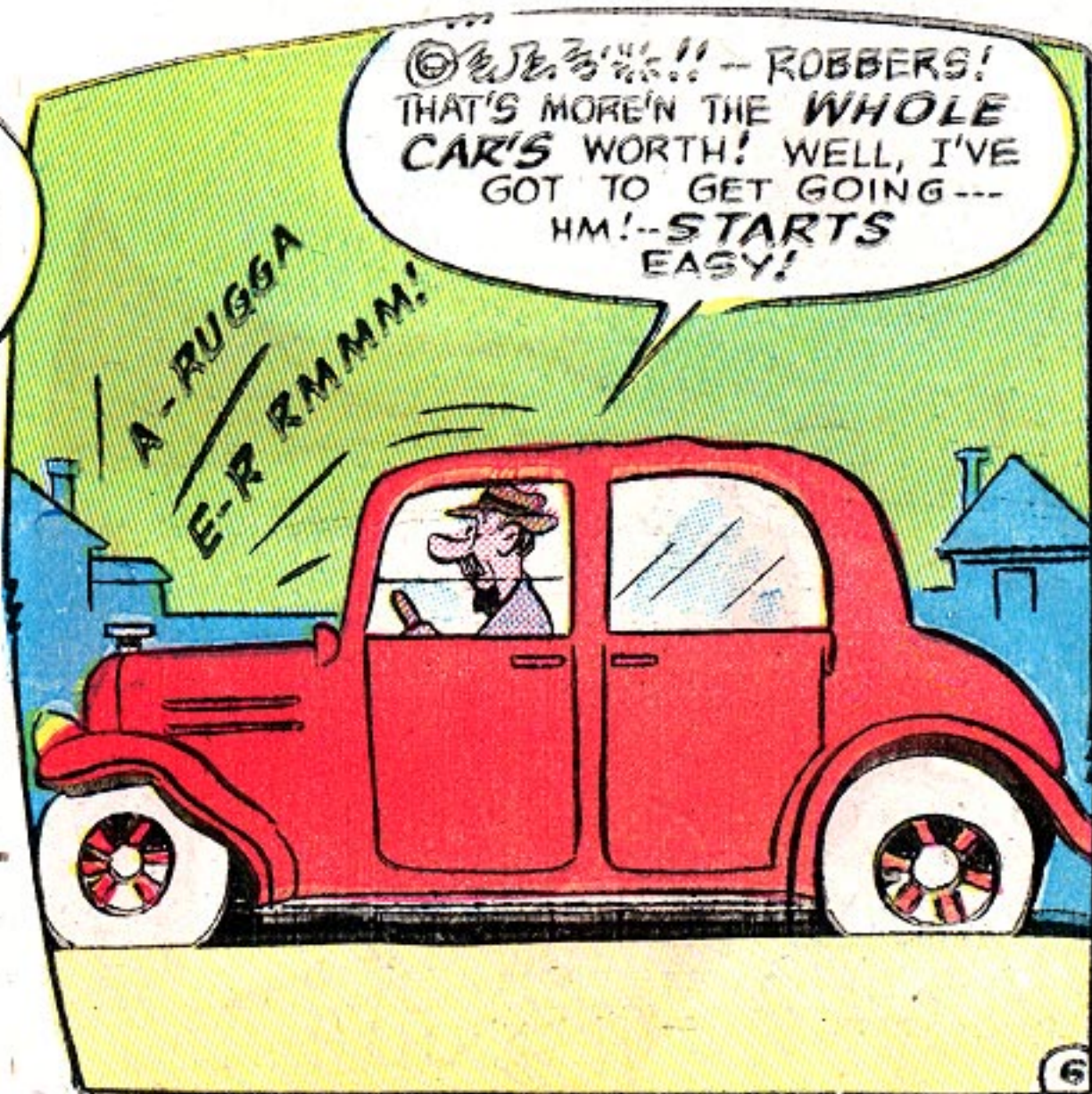
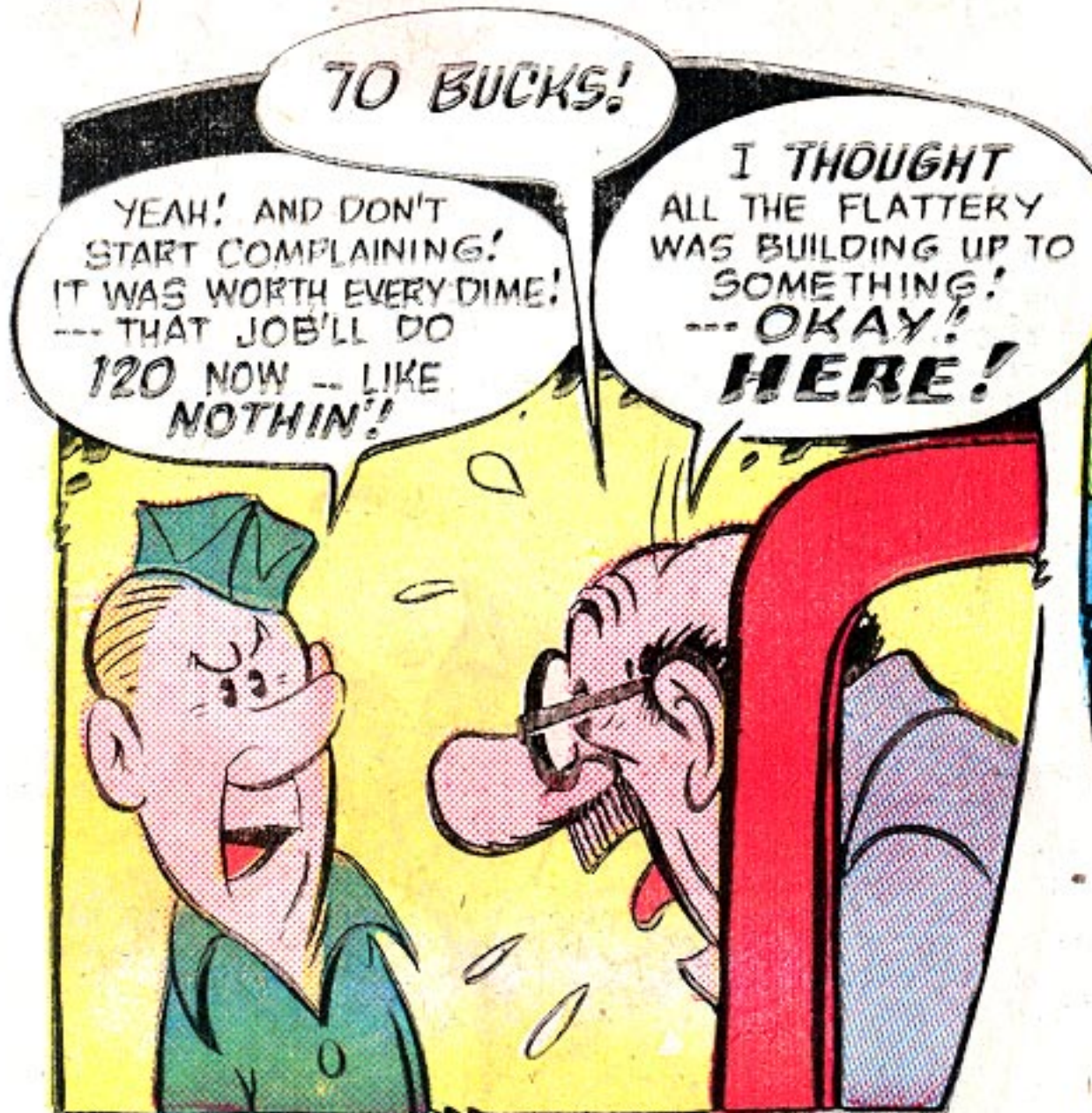
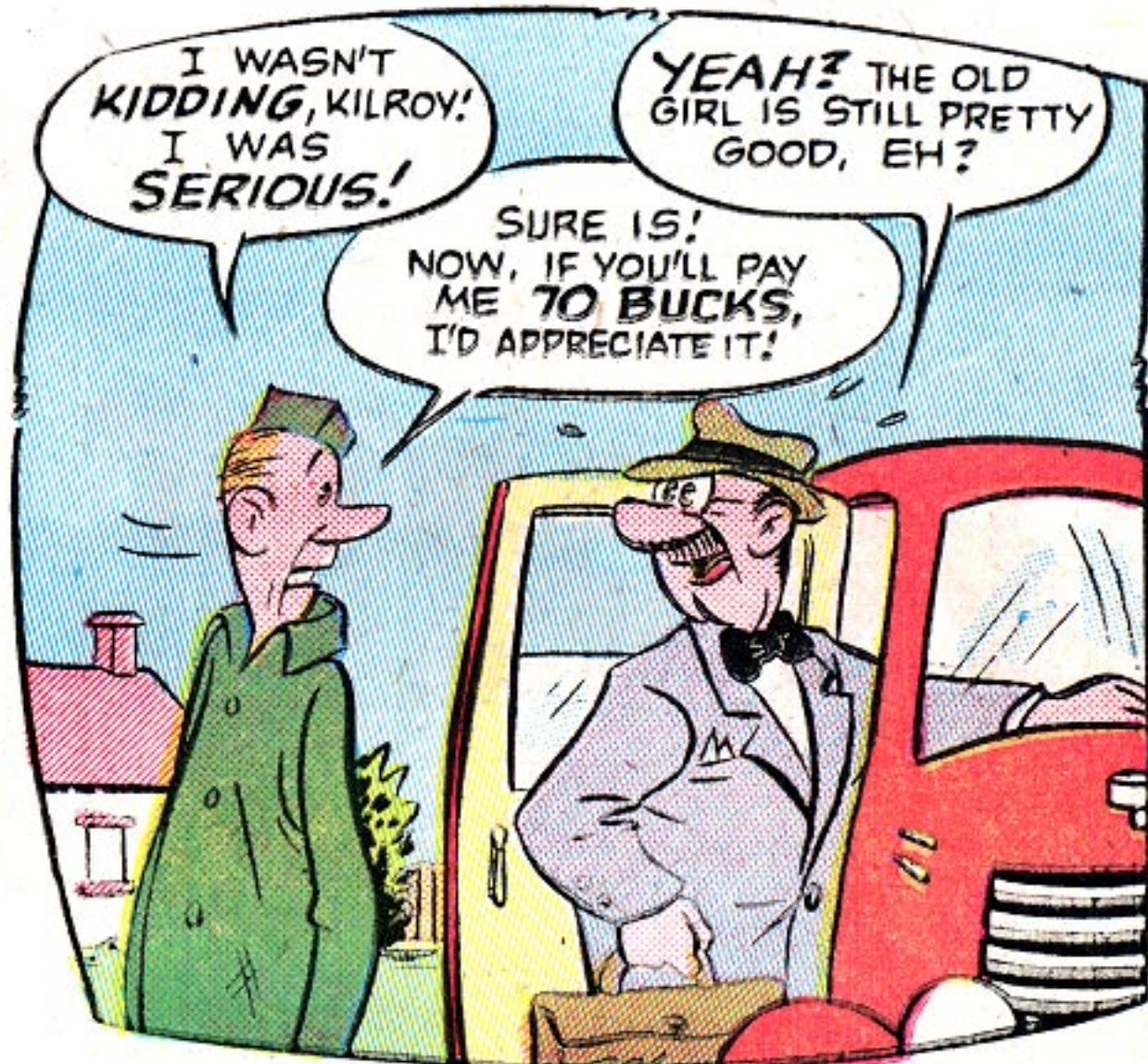
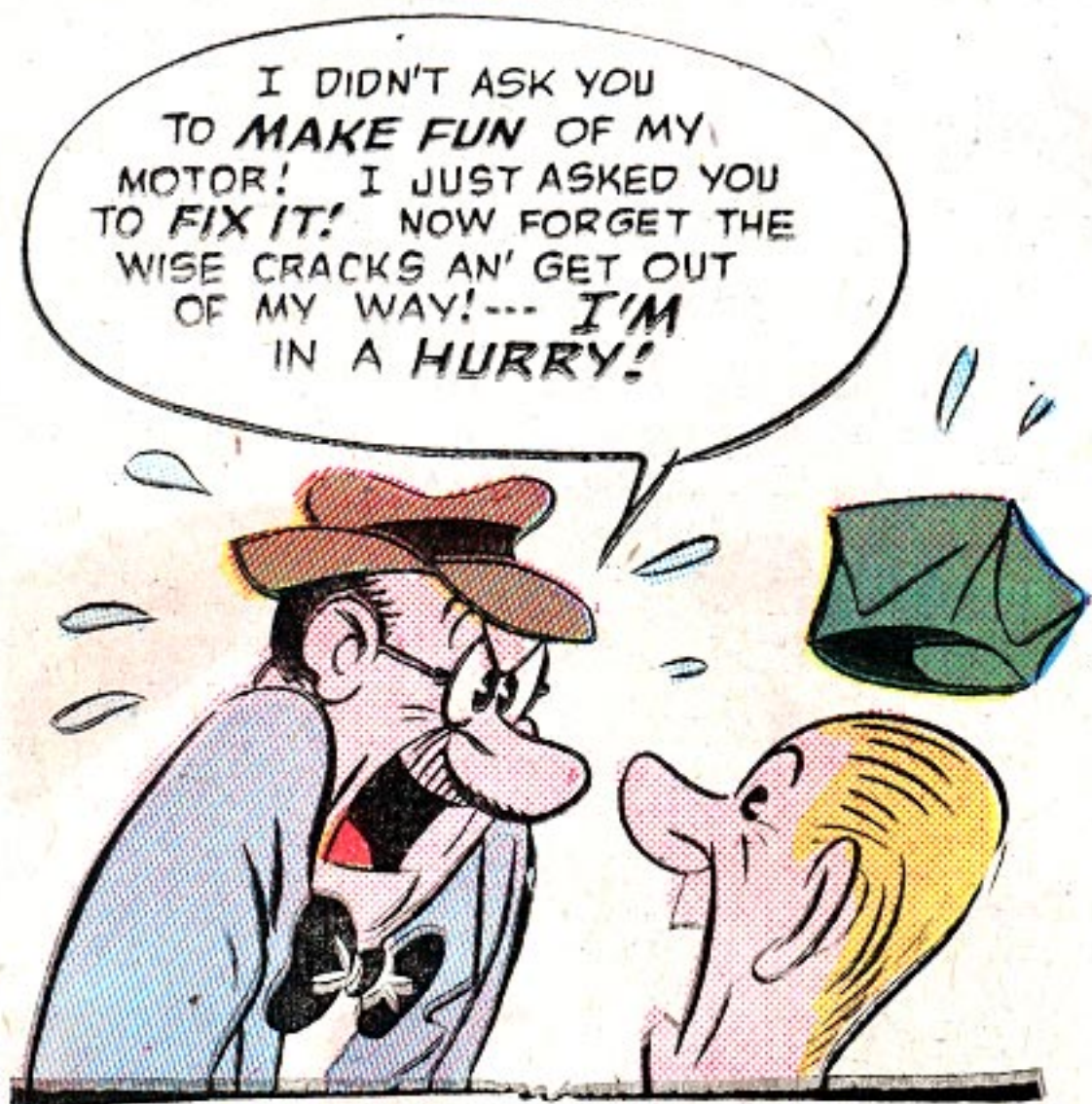
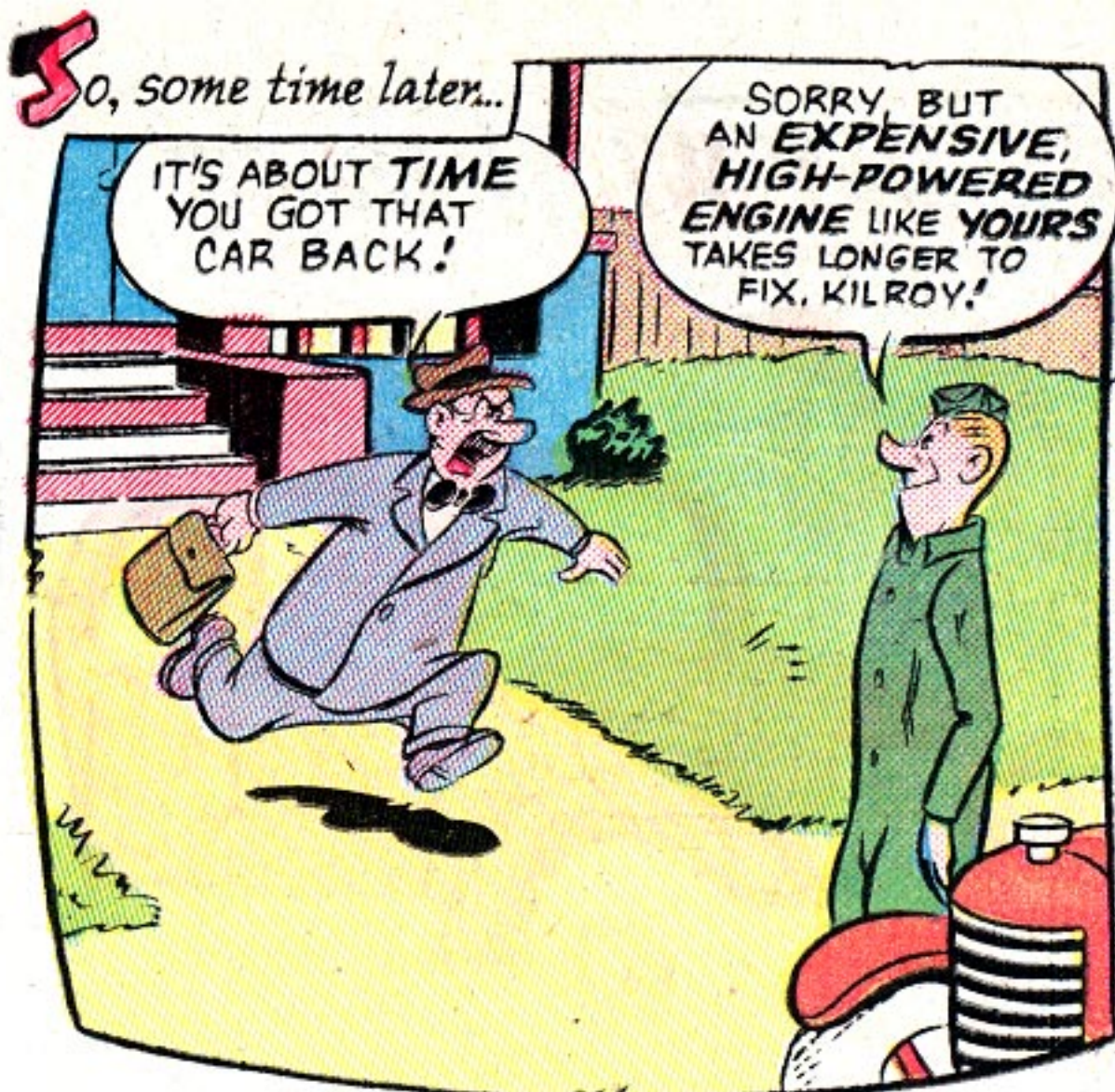
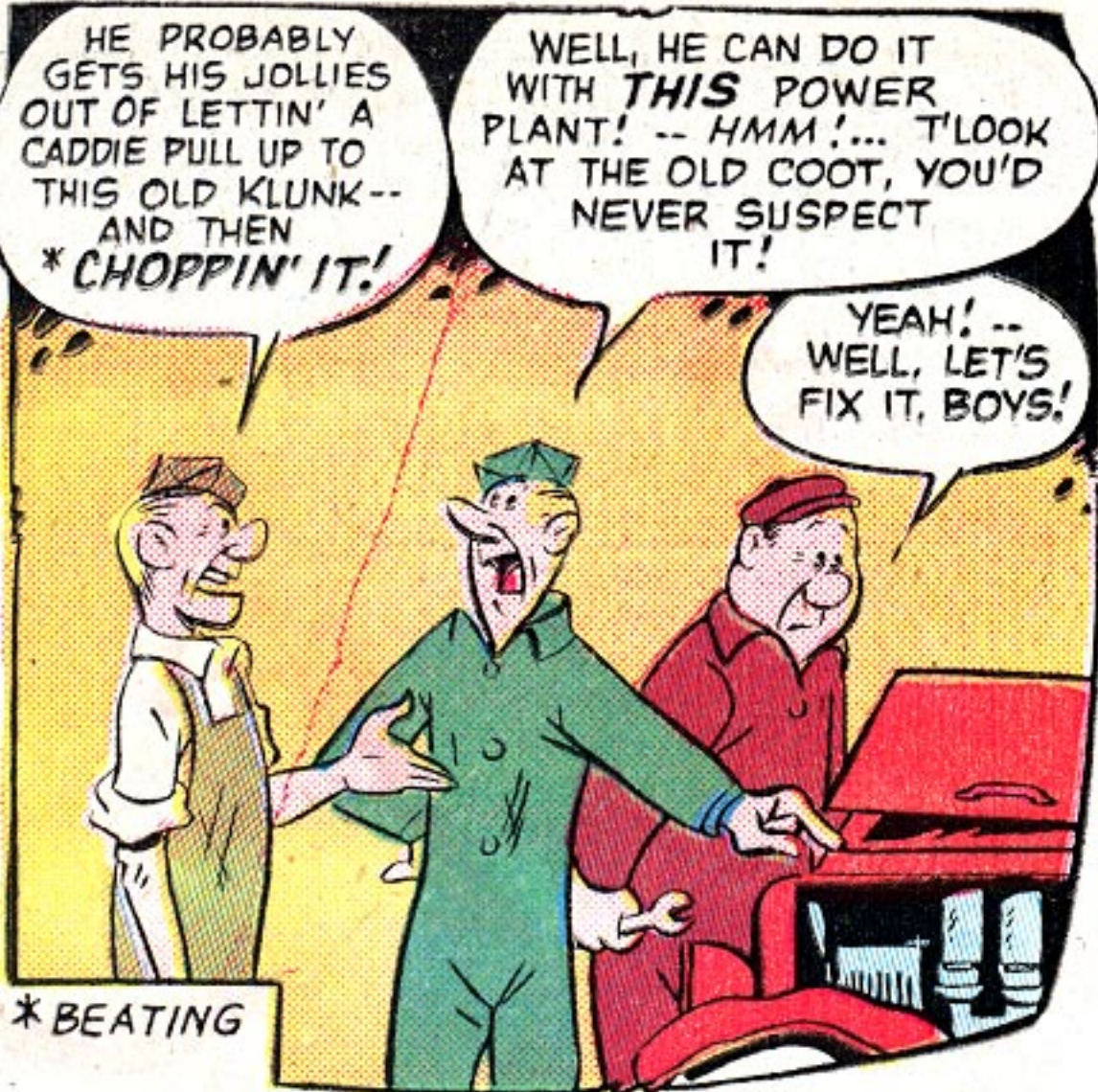
WELL, FOR
THE...! **JOE! RED!**
EVERYBODY -- C'MERE!
THIS YA GOTTA
SEE!



LOOK!
WHO WOULD
THOUGHT THAT
STRAIGHT-LACED
OLD KILROY WAS
A **HOT ROD**
FIEND!

WELL, I'LL BE...!
A **V-8**, COMPLETE WITH
TWIN POTS, SPECIAL MANIFOLD,
AND OFFIE HEADS -- A **FULL**
RACE JOB, NO
LESS!

WHAT'S
HIS
ANGLE?



HEY, WHAT IN--??

ZOOM!

BY JINGO! I OWE JOE AN **APOLOGY!** THIS MOTOR'S GOT MORE PEP THAN IT HAD **NEW!** -- AND LISTEN TO THAT **PURR-- WOW!** HEH-HEH! BET I CAN START DRIVIN' HER AT **50** AGAIN! -- HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO **THAT IN YEARS!**

ALL RIGHT, **SPEEDY,** **PULL OVER!!**

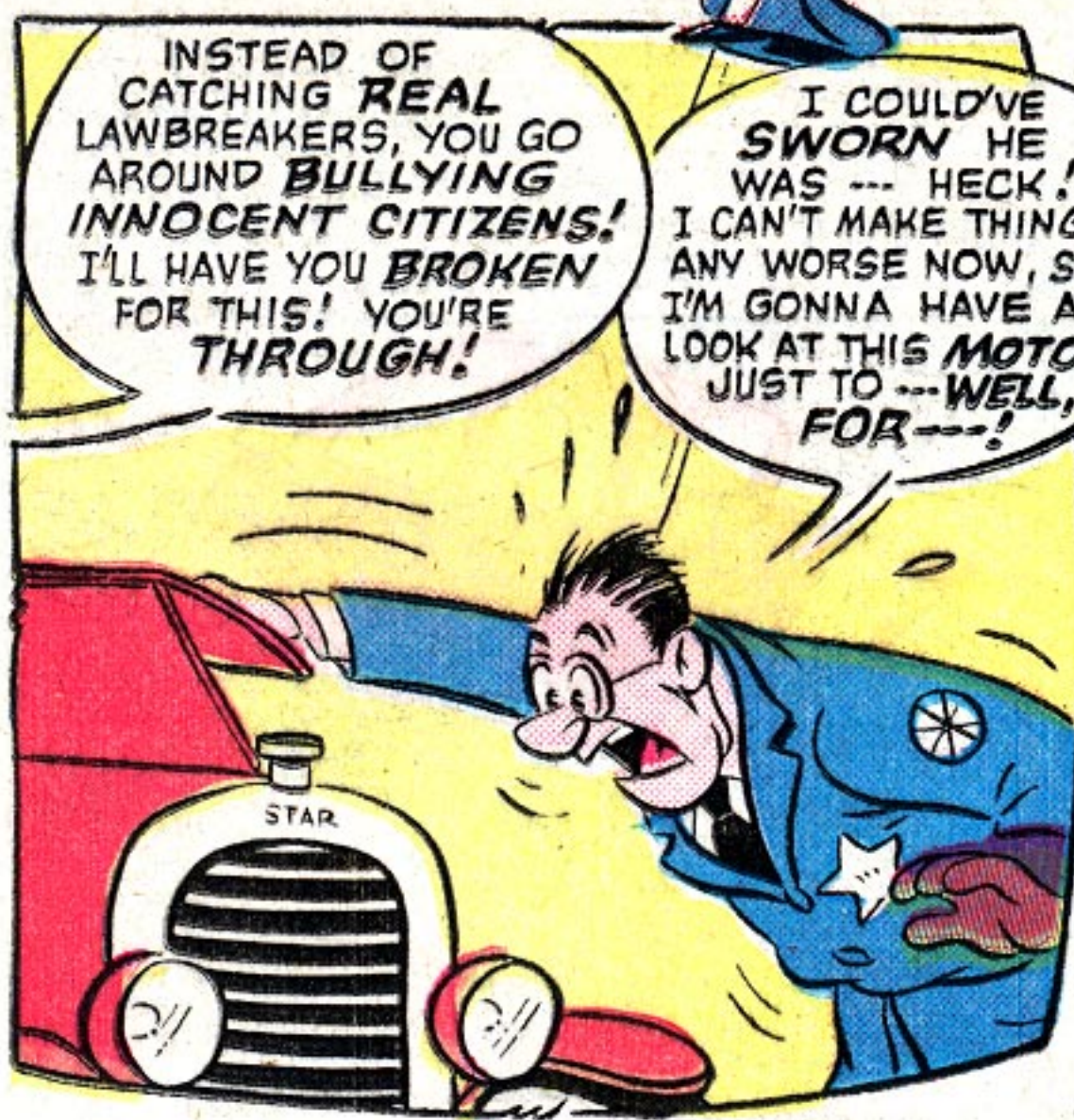
WELL, FER PETE'S SAKE! WHAT'S **THIS** ALL ABOUT? I CERTAINLY WASN'T DOING ANYTHING **WRONG!**

OH, NO? YOU WERE DOING **83 MILES PER HOUR--** AND, BUDDY, **THAT'S WRONG,** AS FAR AS THE **STATE'S** CONCERNED!

SAY! WHAT IS THIS? A **SHAKEDOWN?** YOU'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THIS CAR, **FLATFOOT!** --- IT'S **22 YEARS OLD,** AND IT WOULDN'T DO **83** WHEN IT WAS **NEW!**

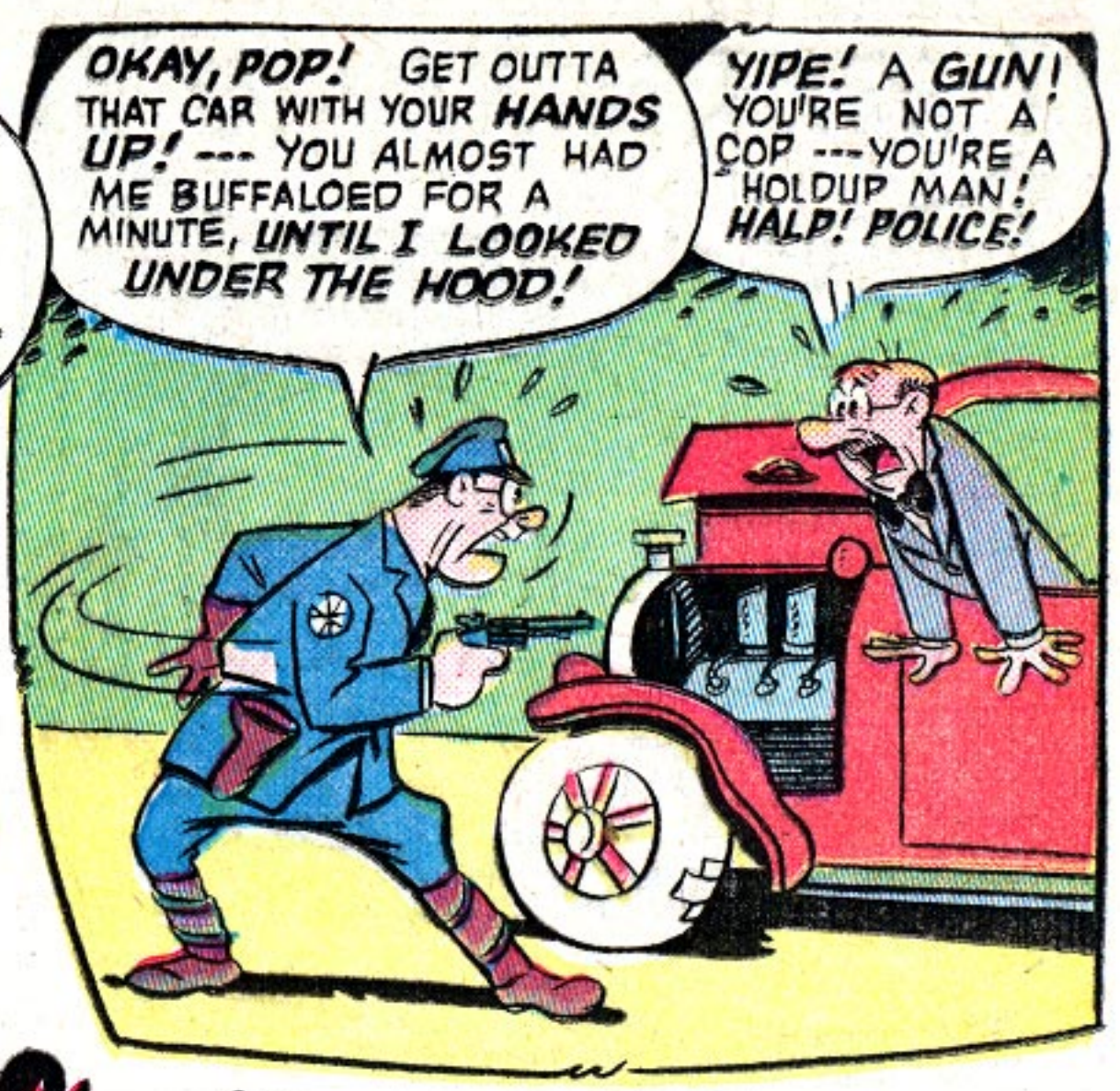
WELL, I'LL BE--! IT'S -- GULP -- AN OLD **4-CYLINDER STAR!** --- BUT -- BUT I **CLOCKED** YOU AND -- GULP -- I'M SORRY, SIR, THERE **MUST BE A MISTAKE** ON MY PART!

OH -- SO NOW YOU'RE **CRAWLING, EH?** THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH SOME OF YOU GUYS! -- PUT A **BADGE** ON YOU AND YOU ACT LIKE THE **GESTAPO!**



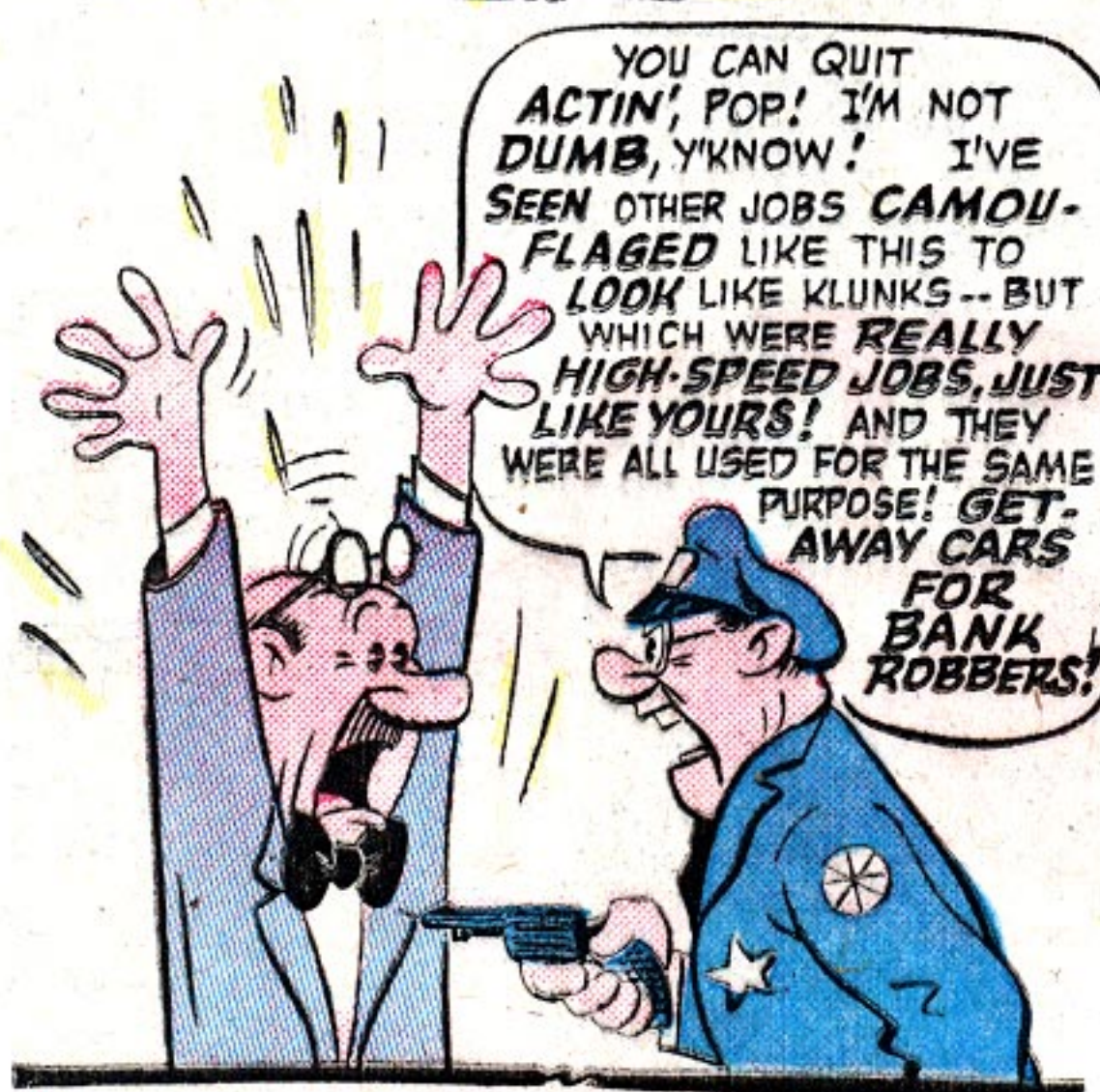
INSTEAD OF CATCHING REAL LAWBREAKERS, YOU GO AROUND **BULLYING INNOCENT CITIZENS!** I'LL HAVE YOU **BROKEN** FOR THIS! YOU'RE **THROUGH!**

I COULD'VE **SWORN** HE WAS --- HECK! I CAN'T MAKE THINGS ANY WORSE NOW, SO I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK AT THIS **MOTOR** JUST TO --- WELL, FOR ---!

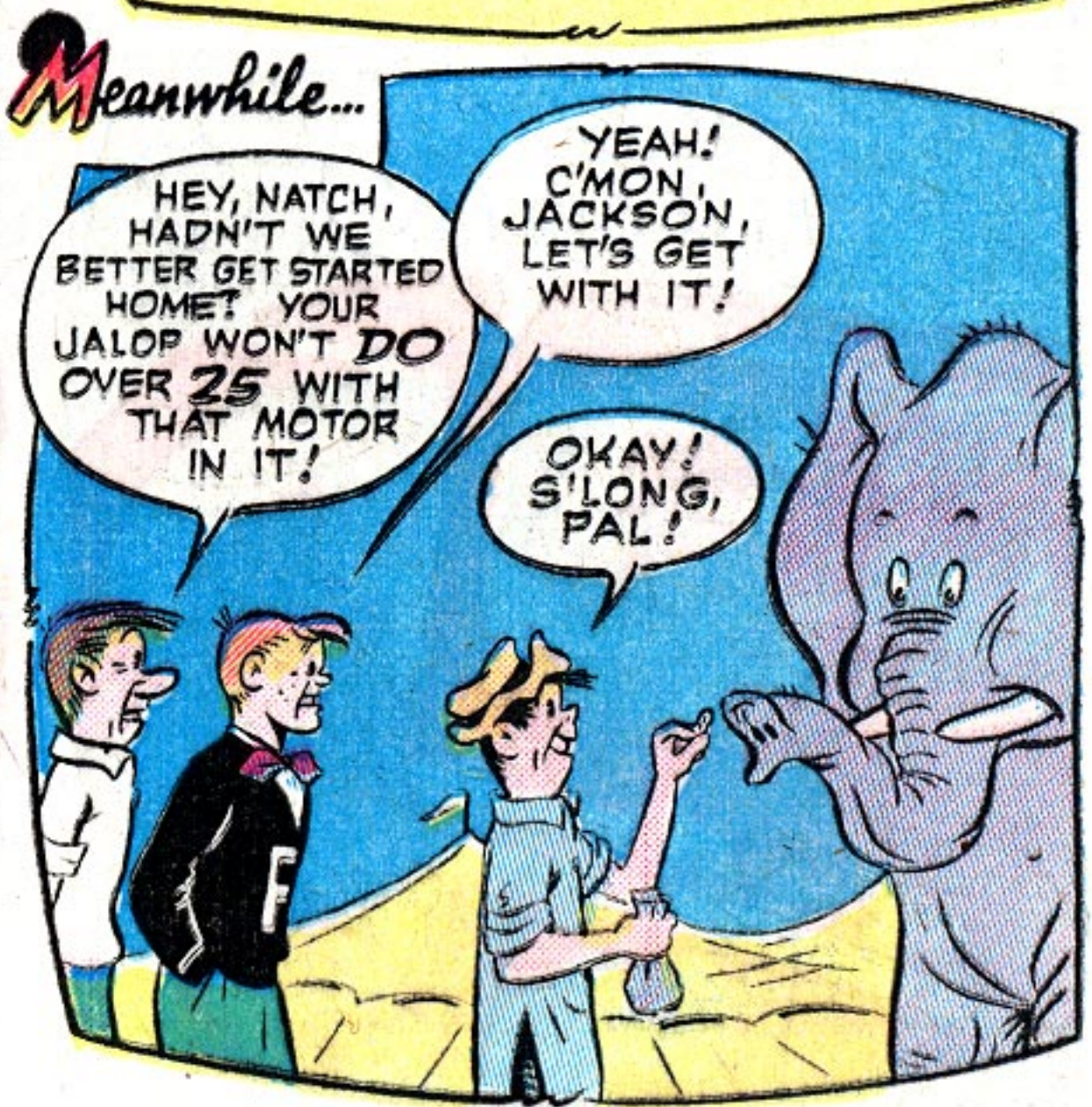


OKAY, POP! GET OUTTA THAT CAR WITH YOUR **HANDS UP!** --- YOU ALMOST HAD ME **BUFFALOED** FOR A MINUTE, UNTIL I LOOKED **UNDER THE HOOD!**

YIPE! A GUN! YOU'RE NOT A **COP** --- YOU'RE A **HOLDUP MAN!** **HALP! POLICE!**



YOU CAN QUIT **ACTIN', POP!** I'M NOT **DUMB, Y'KNOW!** I'VE SEEN OTHER JOBS **CAMOUFLAGED** LIKE THIS TO LOOK LIKE **KLUNKS** -- BUT WHICH WERE **REALLY HIGH-SPEED JOBS, JUST LIKE YOURS!** AND THEY WERE ALL USED FOR THE SAME PURPOSE! **GET AWAY CARS FOR BANK ROBBERS!**

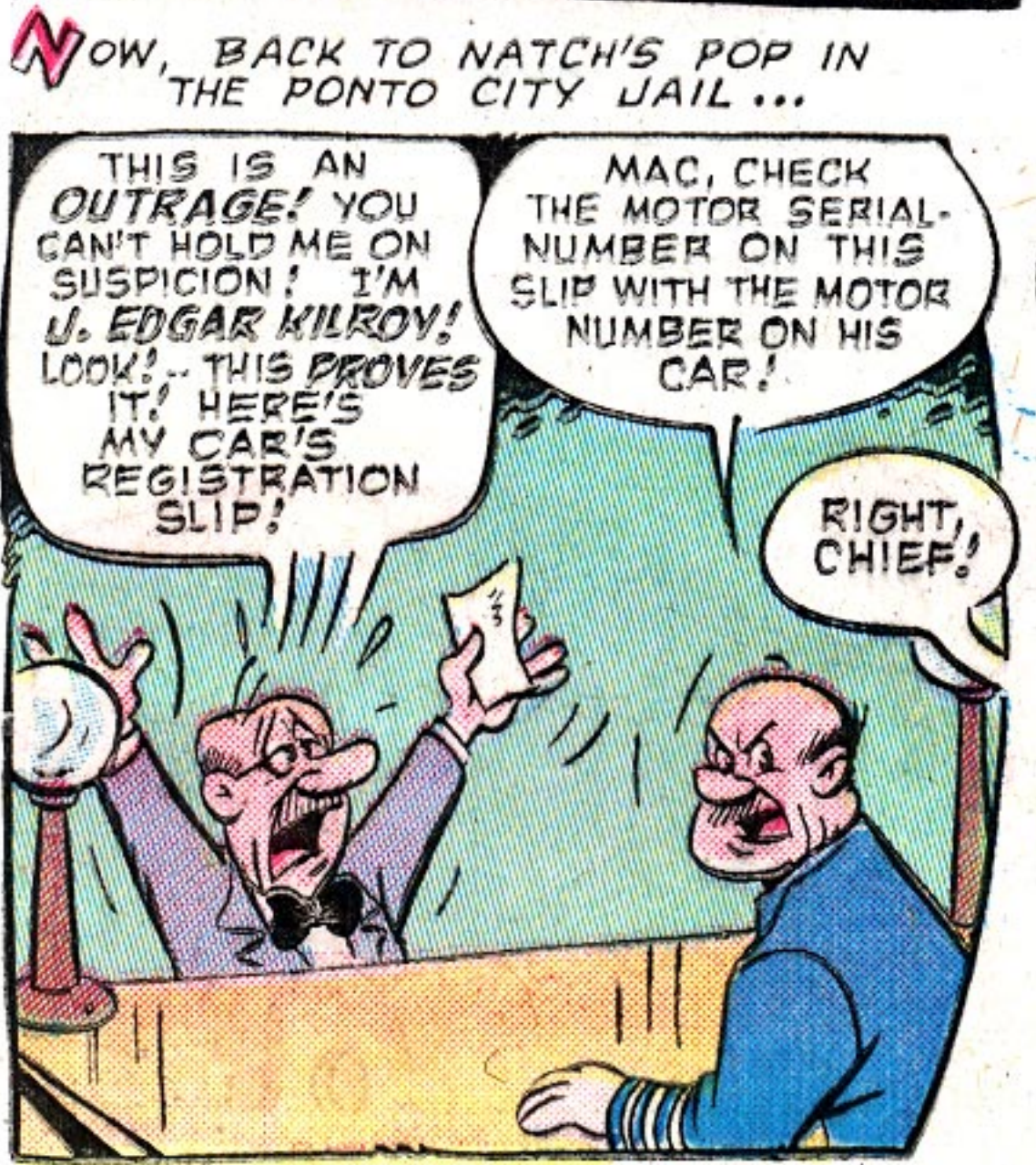


Meanwhile...

HEY, NATCH, HADN'T WE BETTER GET STARTED HOME? YOUR JALOP WON'T **DO** OVER **25** WITH THAT **MOTOR** IN IT!

YEAH! C'MON, JACKSON, LET'S GET WITH IT!

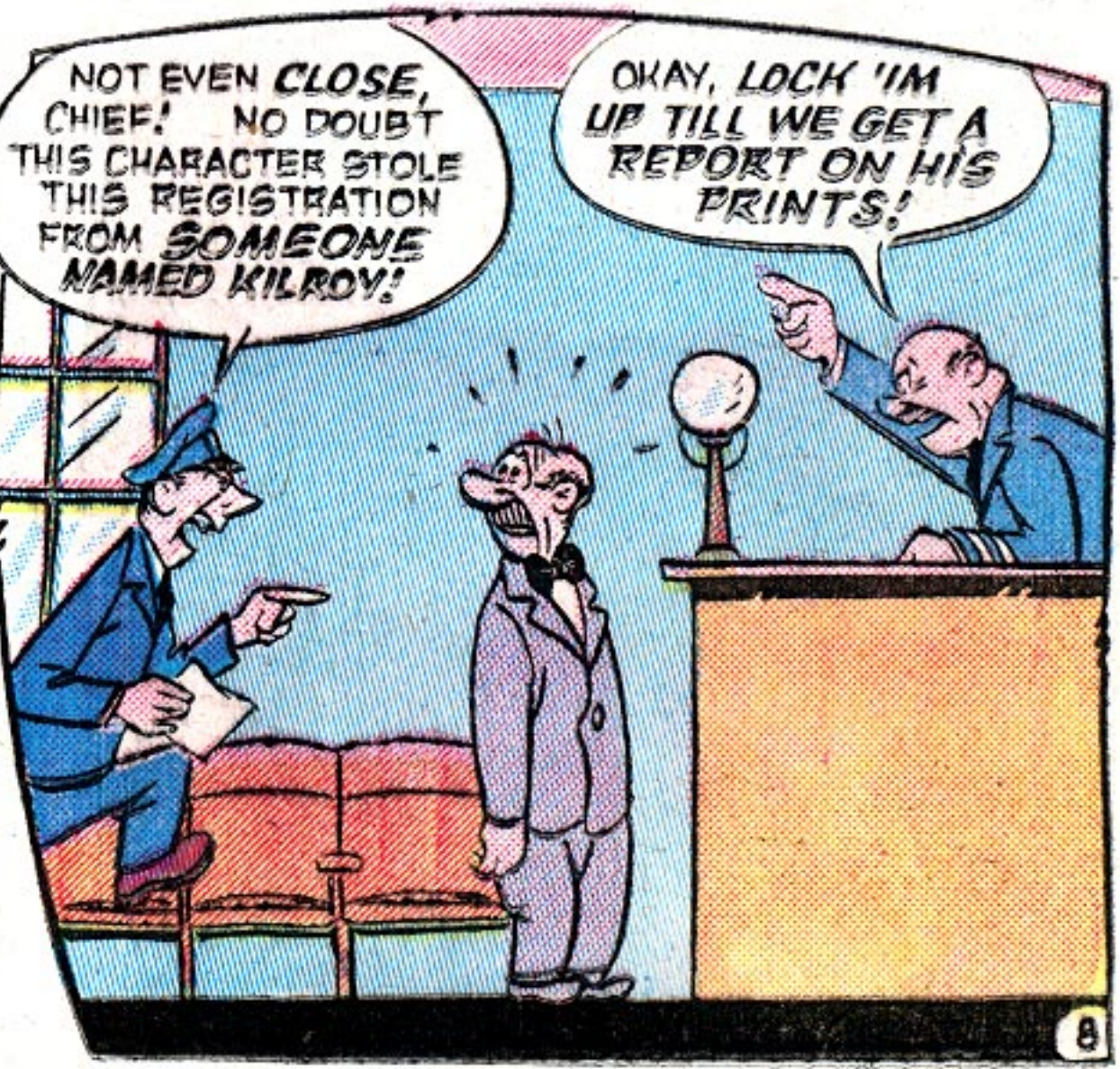
OKAY! S'LONG, PAL!



THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE!** YOU CAN'T HOLD ME ON SUSPICION! I'M **J. EDGAR KILROY!** LOOK! -- THIS **PROVES** IT! HERE'S MY CAR'S **REGISTRATION SLIP!**

MAC, CHECK THE MOTOR SERIAL-NUMBER ON THIS SLIP WITH THE MOTOR NUMBER ON HIS CAR!

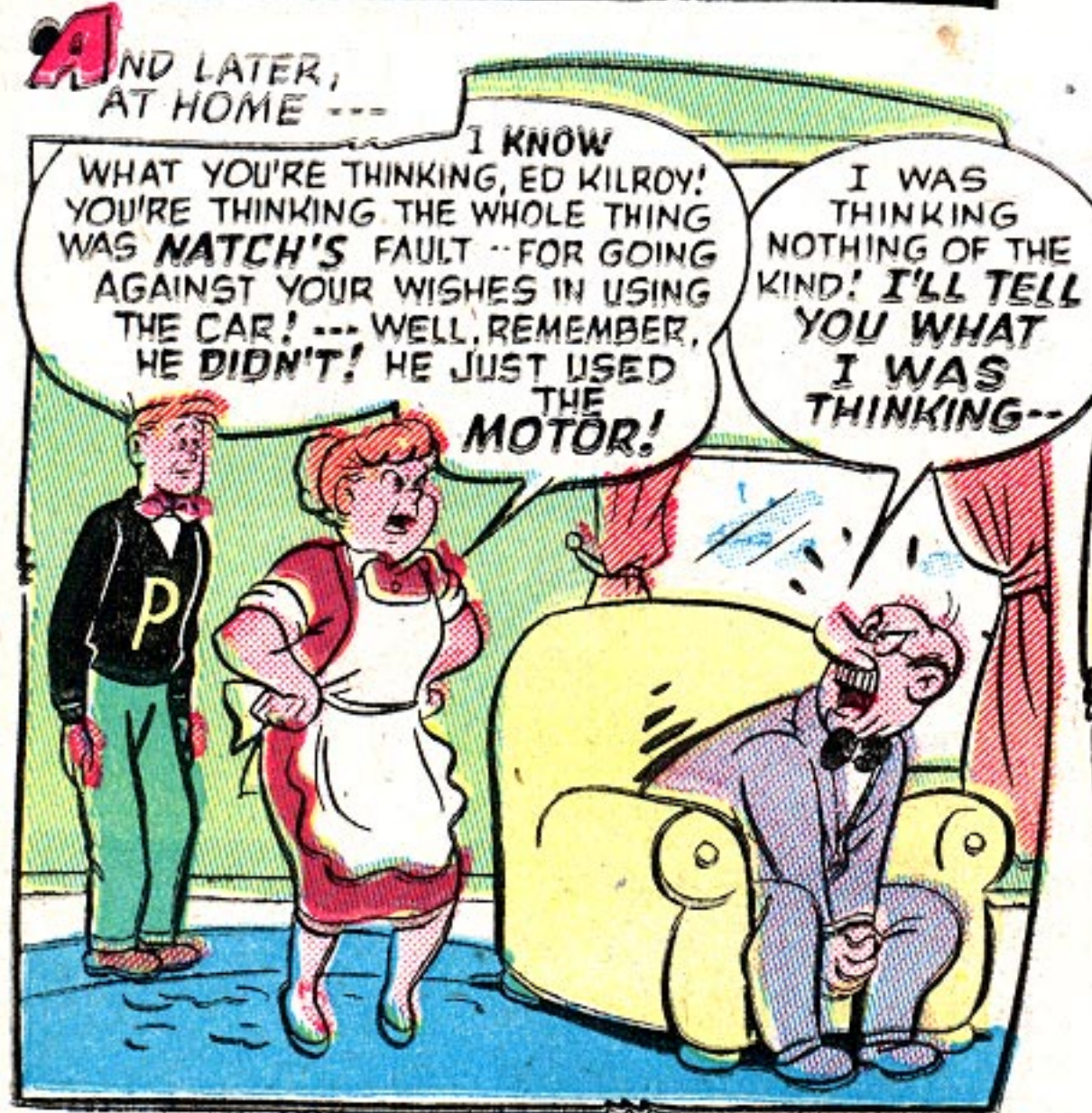
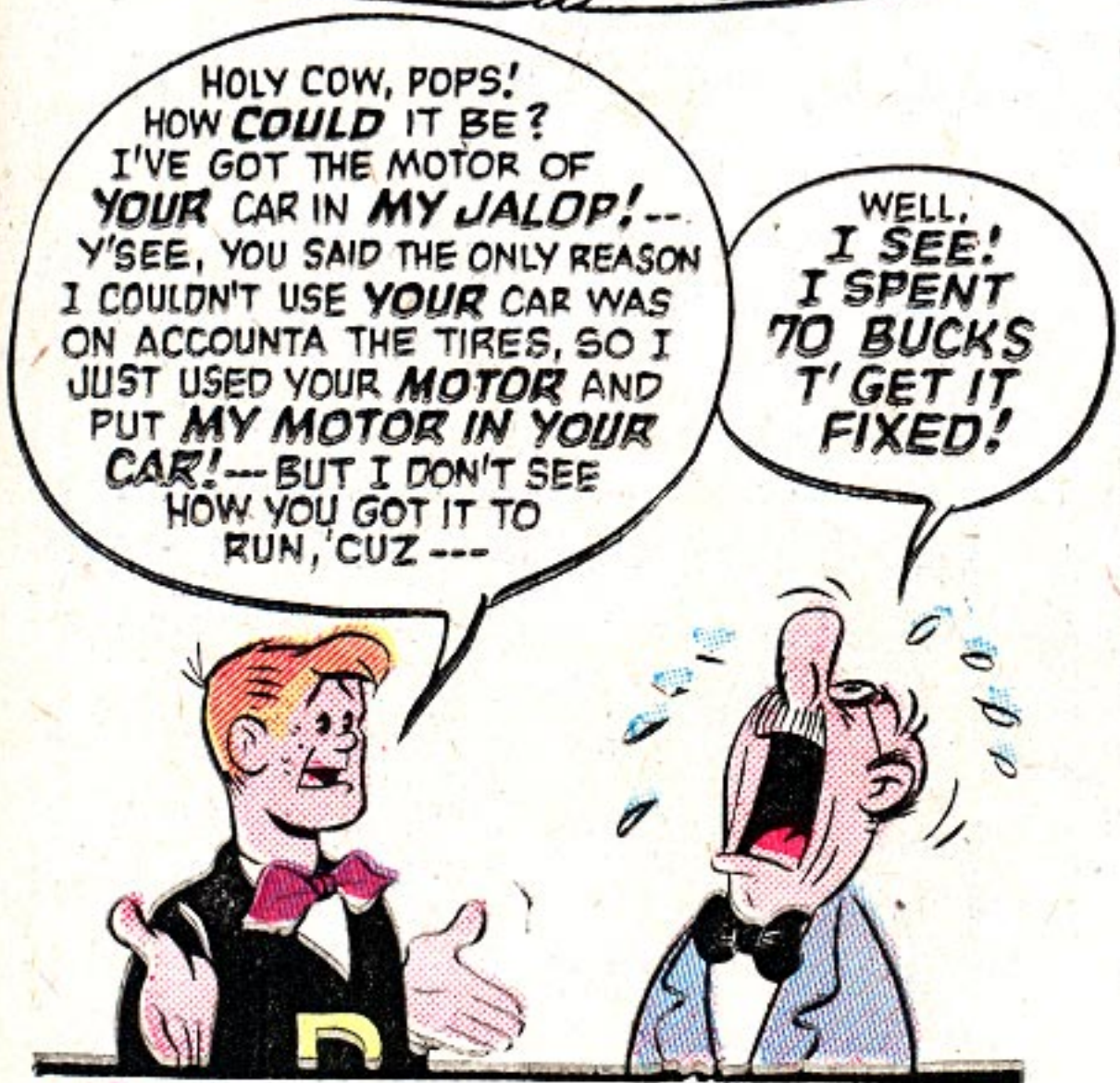
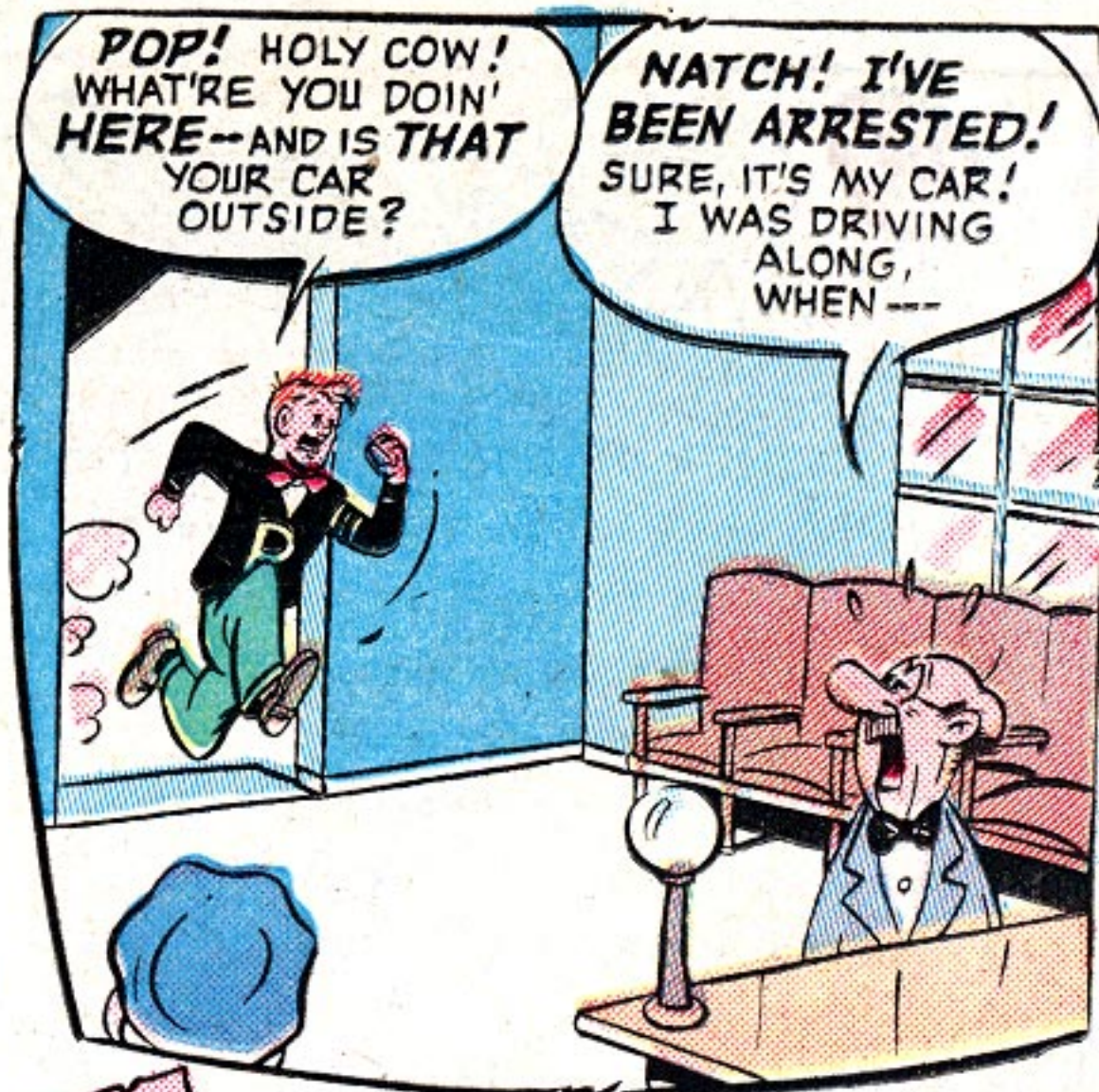
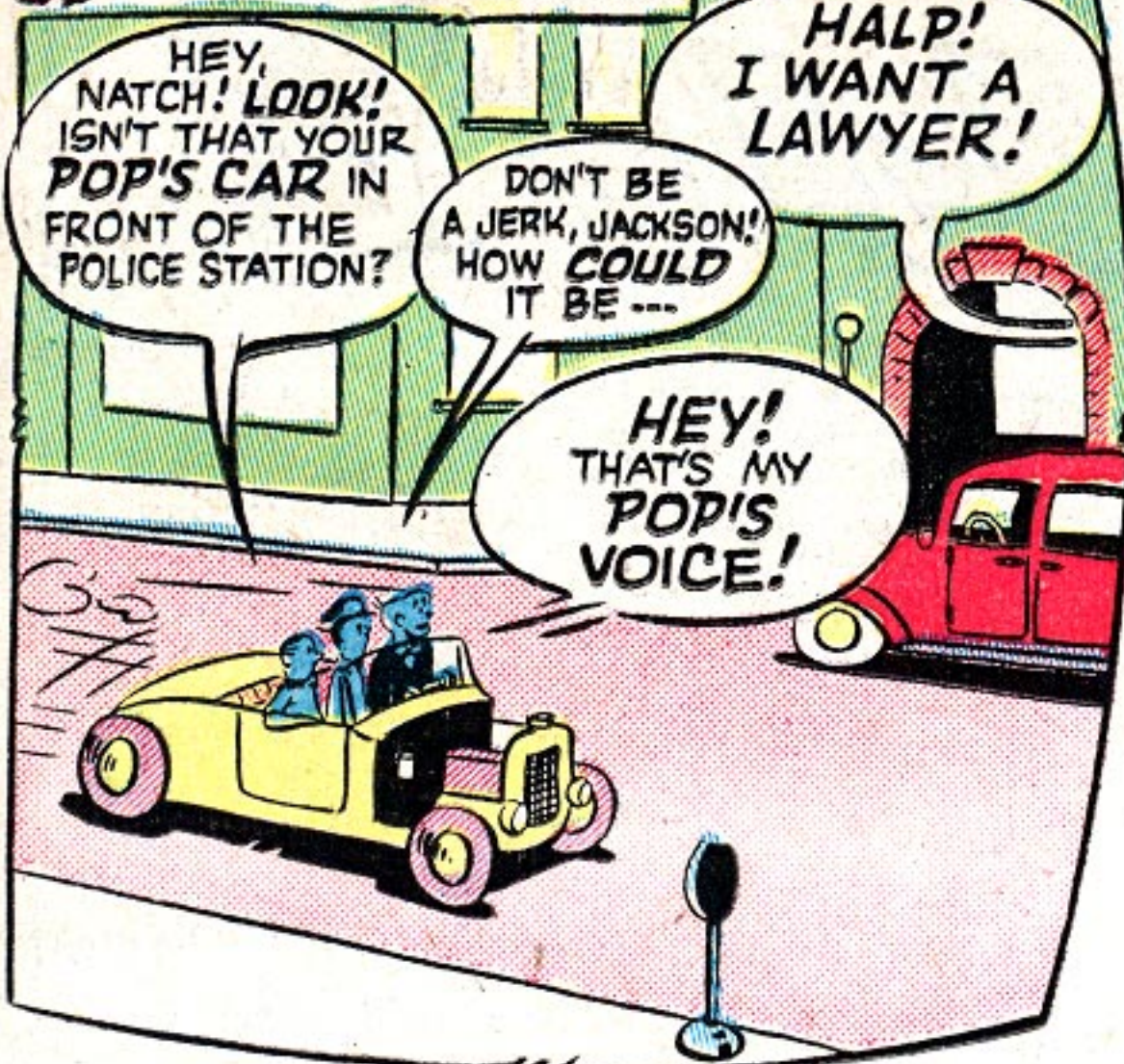
RIGHT, CHIEF!



NOT EVEN **CLOSE, CHIEF!** NO DOUBT THIS CHARACTER STOLE THIS **REGISTRATION** FROM **SOMEONE NAMED KILROY!**

OKAY, LOCK 'IM UP TILL WE GET A REPORT ON HIS PRINTS!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...



IN *Real* LIFE

“OH, YOU!” MARJORIE said scornfully to Beanie. “All you ever care about are things like going to the movies or some dumb dance or maybe having a coke! That’s all!”

“Well, golly, what else is there?” Beanie, bewildered, demanded, “I mean besides school and stuff like that! What’s wrong with movies and cokes and malts and things like that?”

“Nothing *really*!” Marjorie admitted. “They’re necessities, I guess. But have you ever thought of...*romance*? That’s what girls want, Beanie! *Real* romance! Now, take someone like...”

“Errol Flynn!” Beanie supplied the name he had heard so often.

“Yes, Errol Flynn!” Marjorie’s eyes grew soft as she uttered the magic name. “Now, there’s someone really dashing and dangerous! I’ll bet he doesn’t just plod along and tell a girl she’s cute or super! He’s daring!”

Beanie looked disgusted. “I’ll call for you right after dinner,” he said. “Let’s make the first show. I’ve got a math exam tomorrow!”

All through dinner, Marjorie kept thinking of Errol Flynn. How would he ask a girl out, for instance? In some utterly *different* way, she imagined, like dropping a love-note from a helicopter or sending it by a snow-white carrier pigeon.

It was almost time for Beanie to call, she noted idly, most of her mind still on the dashing movie star. Suddenly, Marjorie sat bolt upright and stared at the living room window. Could she believe her eyes! Hurtling over the ledge and into the room was Beanie, a devil-may-care smile on his face!

“Beanie, what’s wrong with the

door?” she gasped.

“I preferred to leap through the window!” he replied grandly. “Come, come, girl, don’t stand there staring! Aren’t we off to the cinema?”

“Beanie...you...your *bat*!” Marjorie said weakly.

“Ah, yes, dashing, isn’t it?” It was a battered old felt hat that had been angled rakishly on Beanie’s crew cut, making him look rather strange.

Suddenly, Beanie flung himself to his knees in front of Marjorie, his arms held out imploringly. “You’re lovely, breathtaking, divine!” he emoted. “I adore you, do you hear me? *Adore* you!”

Marjorie blushed a deep red, for her mother and dad were in the doorway, laughing so hard that tears streamed from their eyes. Beanie was being silly and it certainly was embarrassing.

“Have I no hope?” he sobbed. “Say something, I beg of you!”

“Get up!” Marjorie said. “What’s gotten into you, Beanie?”

“I’m being romantic, dashing, darling!” Beanie explained, not stirring. “Just like Errol Flynn!”

“Please get up,” Marjorie begged, conscious of mother’s smile and dad’s half-smothered guffaw.

“But I thought you *wanted* me to be like Errol Flynn!” Beanie protested, still not stirring.

“Somehow, it’s different in the movies,” Marjorie said slowly, as though making a discovery. “In *real* life, it’s better to act...well...*normal*!”

“That’s all I wanted to hear!” Beanie exclaimed, tossing the silly hat into the air. “Come on, Marjorie! Movies first...then malts!”



BE SURE TO HAVE
Cracker Jack

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT
PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-
PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT
IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!

LOOK FOR
THE SURPRISE
NOVELTY IN
EVERY BOX



THE MORE
YOU EAT...
THE MORE
YOU WANT!

Announcing

OPERATION: **PERIL**



... NEWEST AND GREATEST
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE
EVER PUBLISHED!

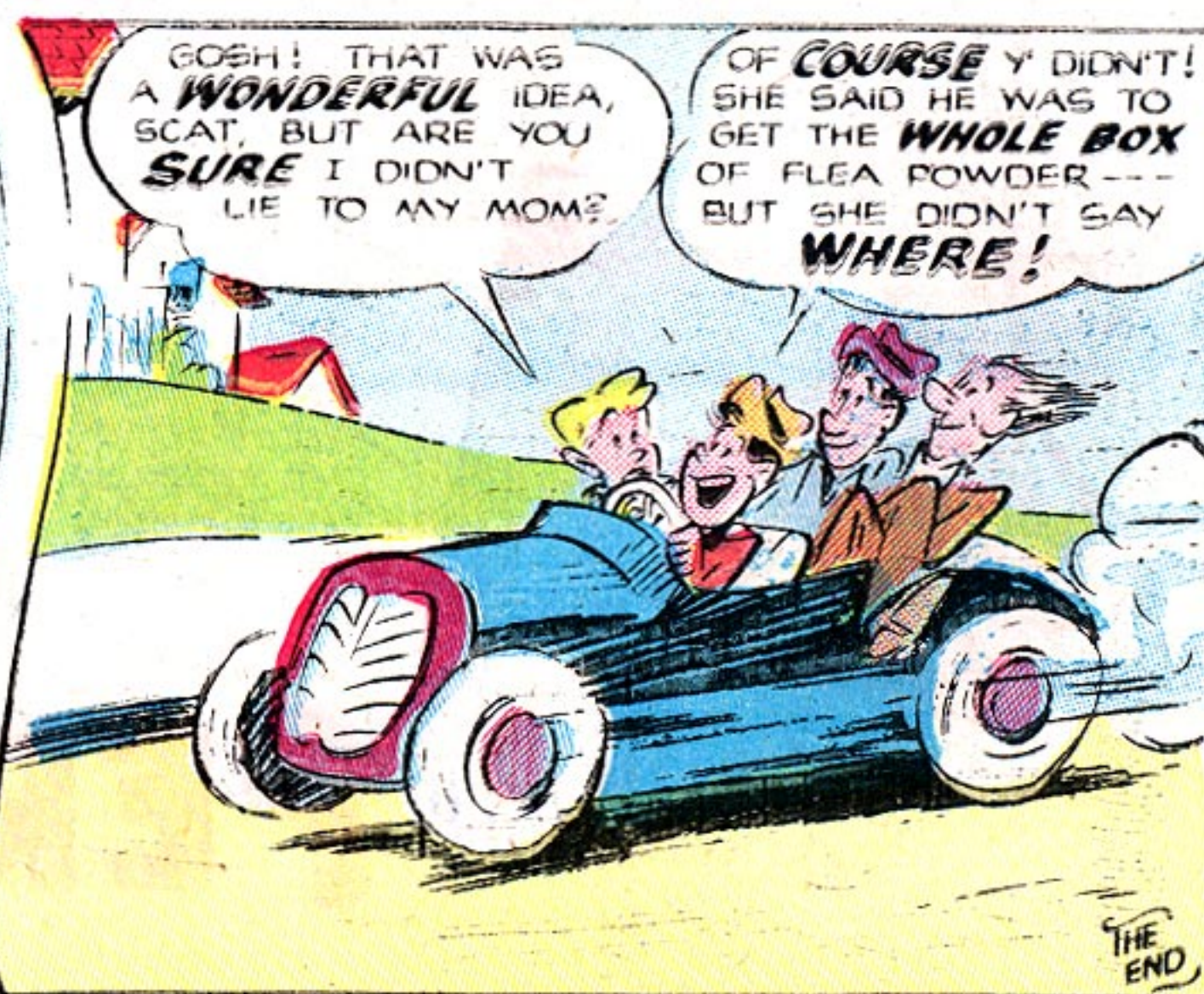
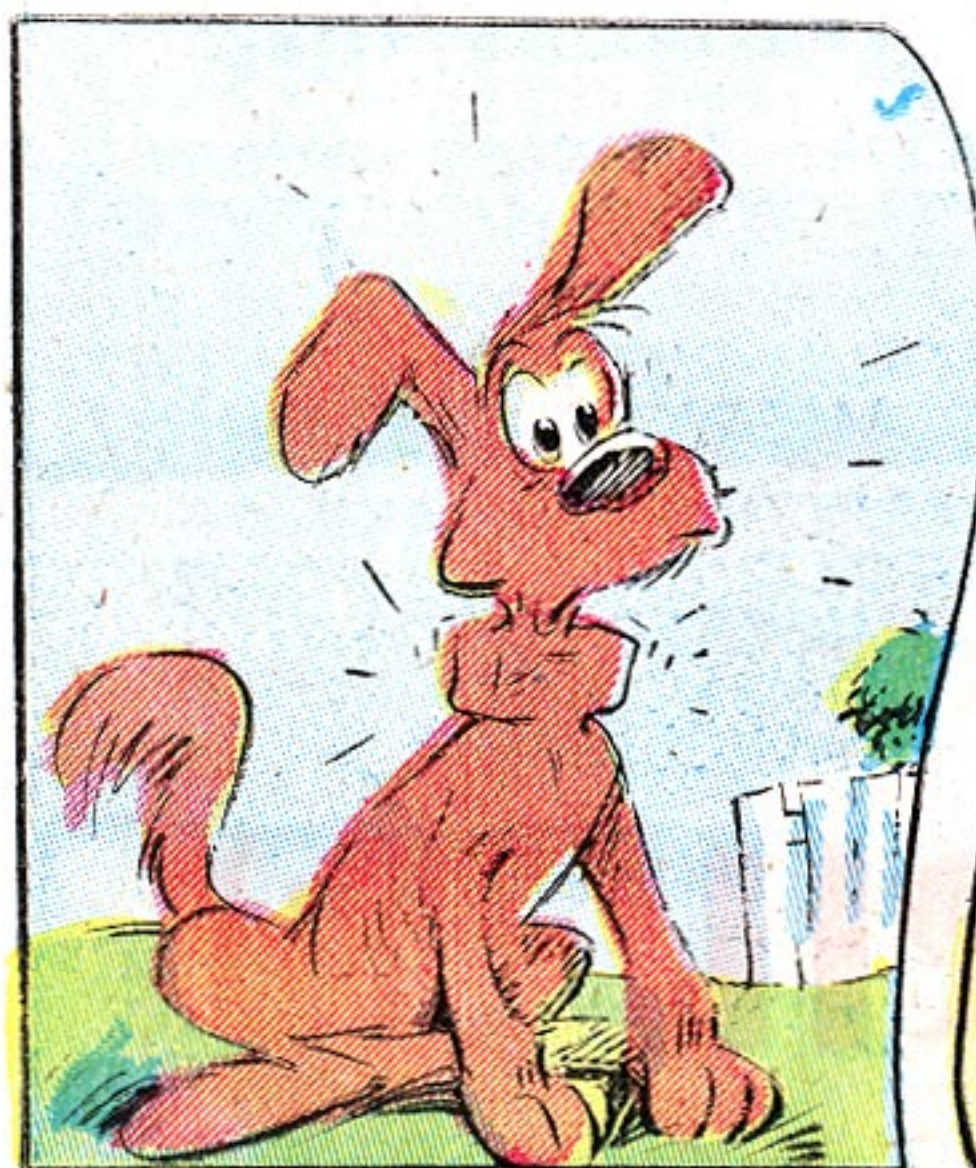
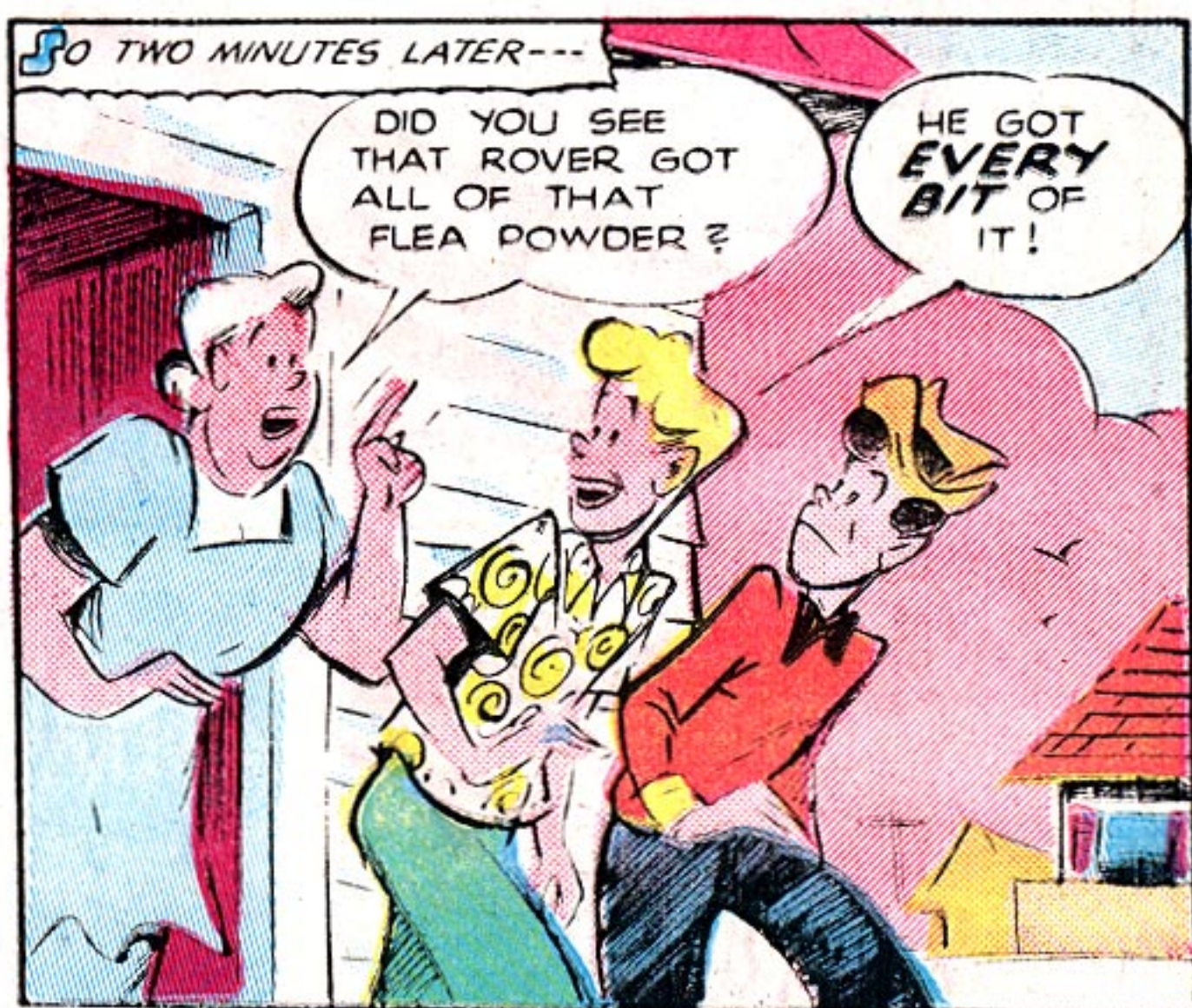
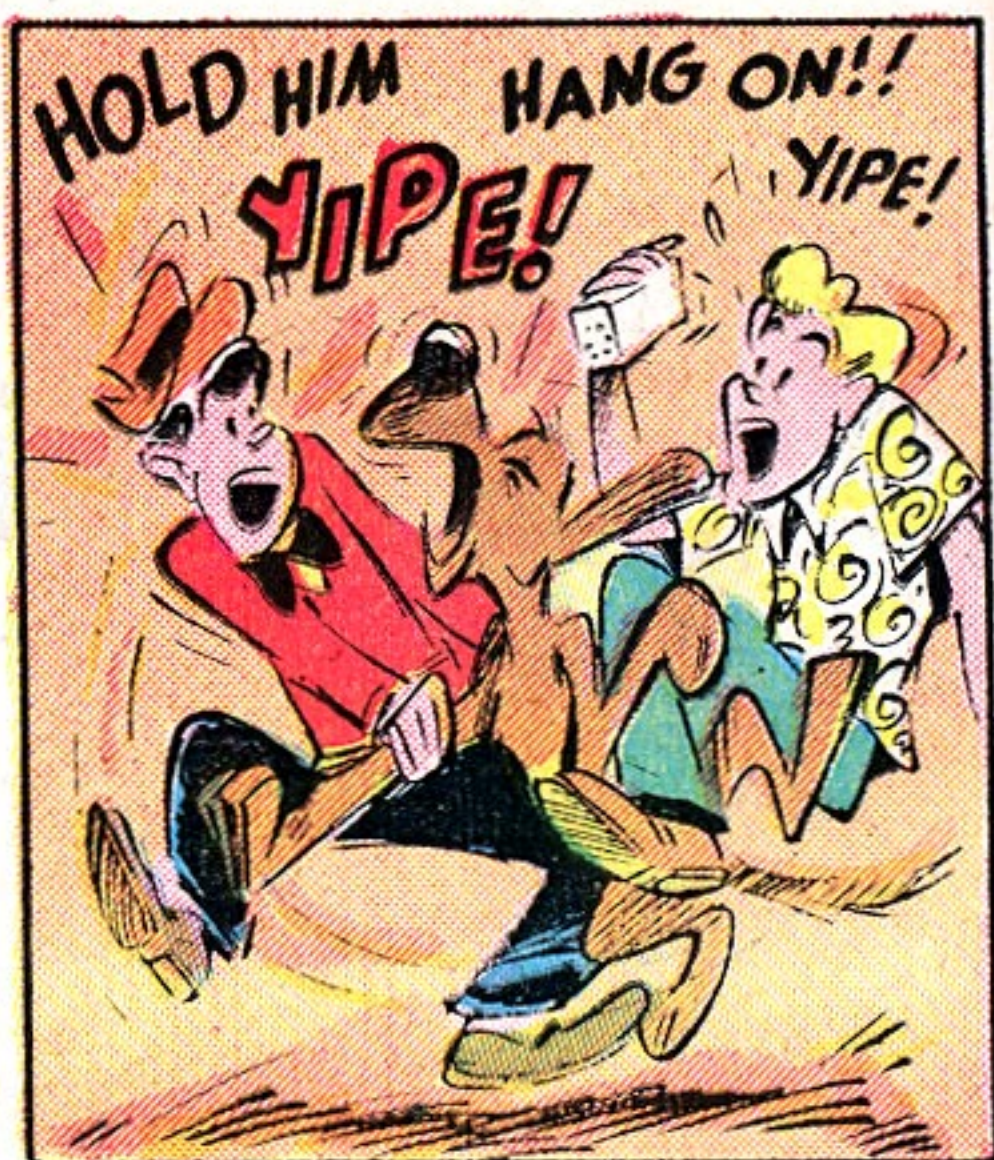
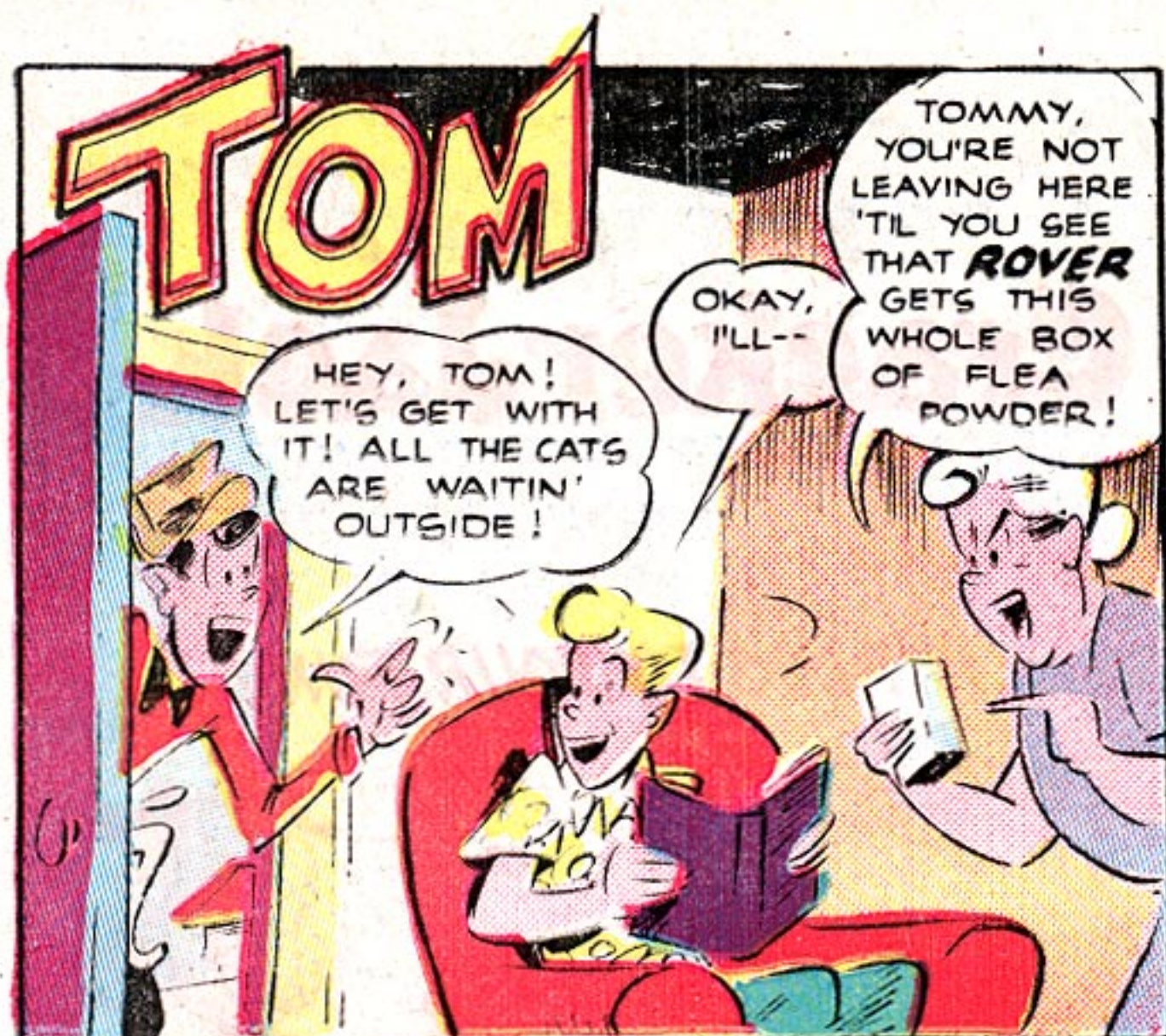
NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

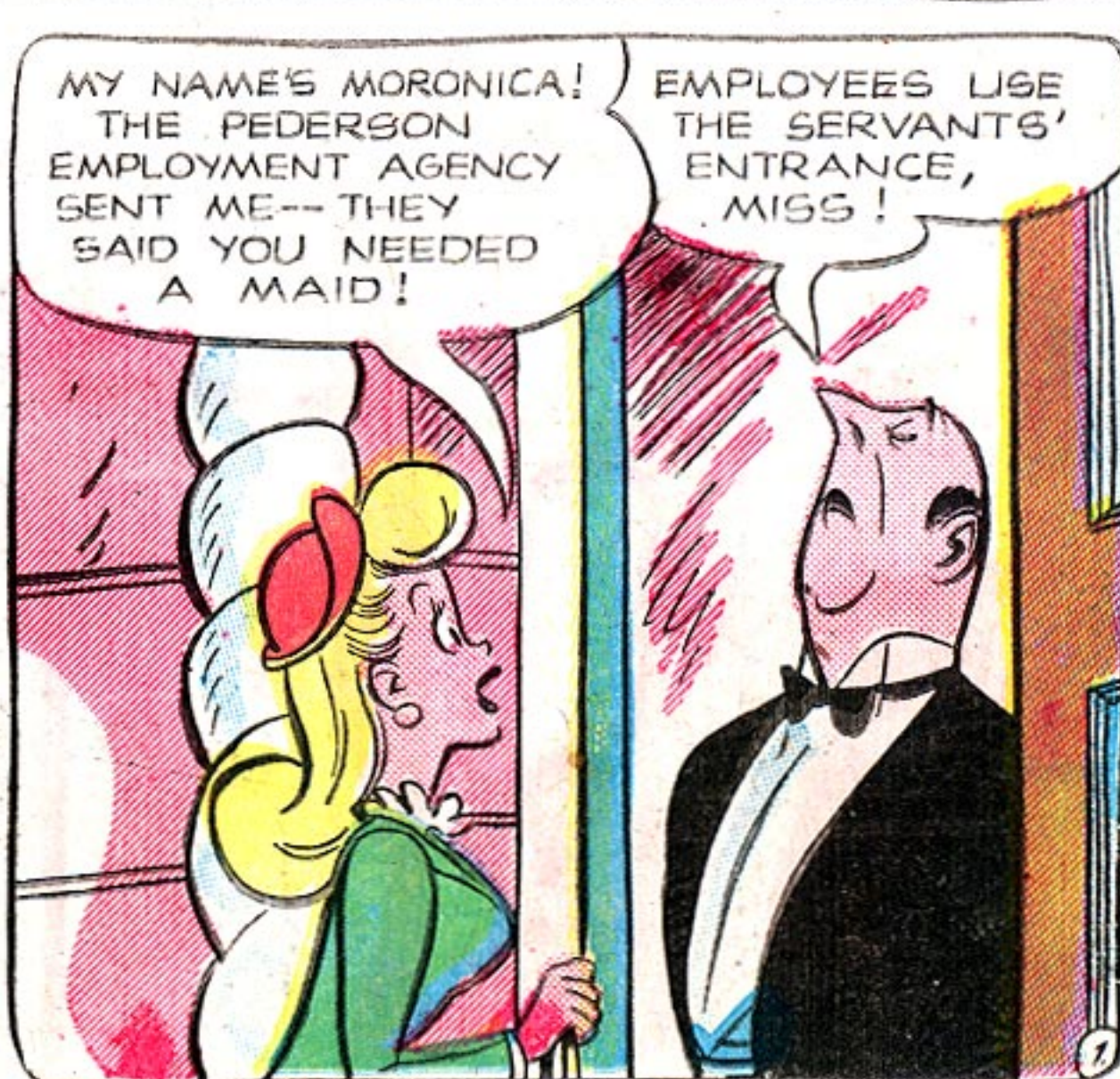
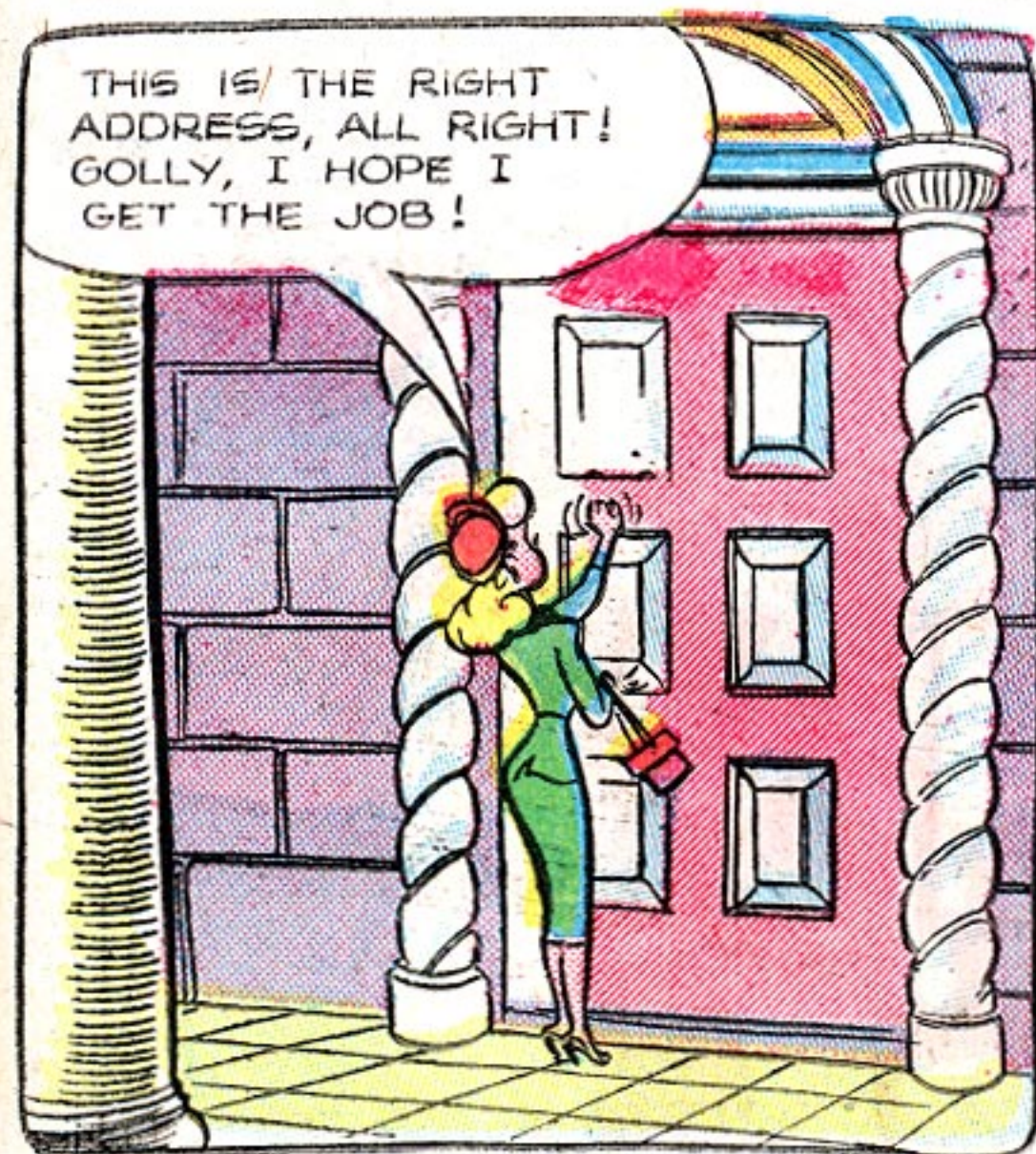
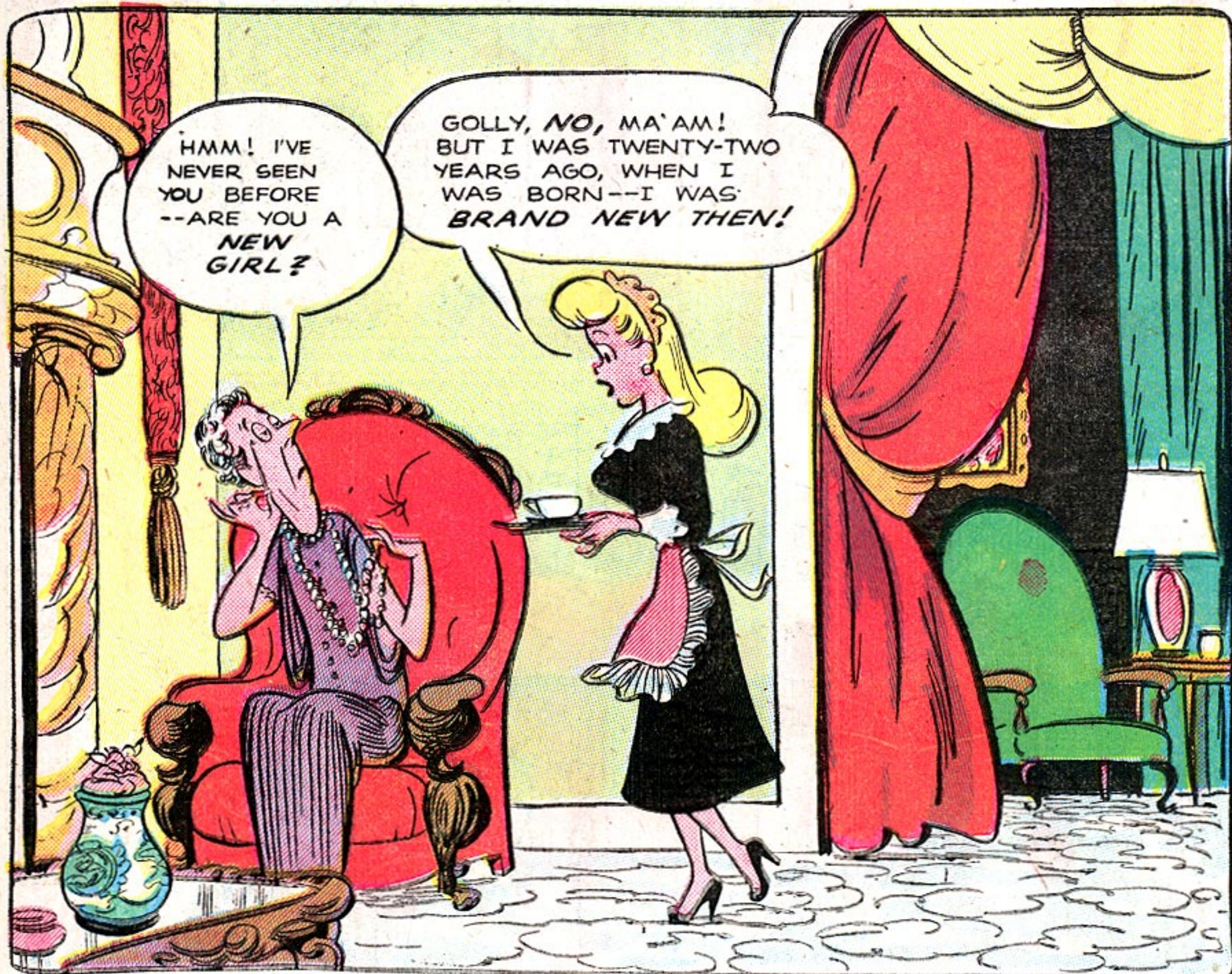
OPERATION: **PERIL**

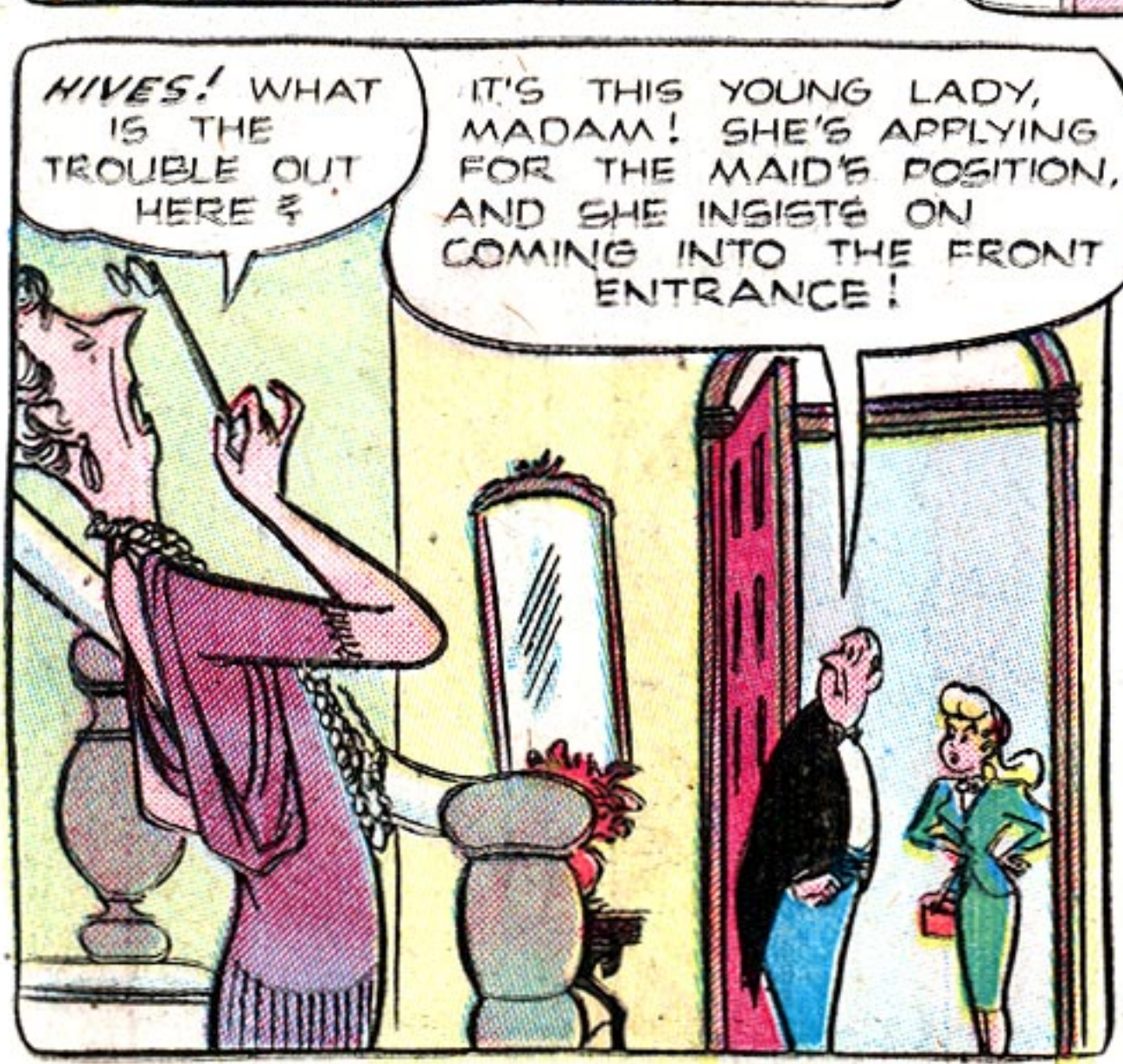
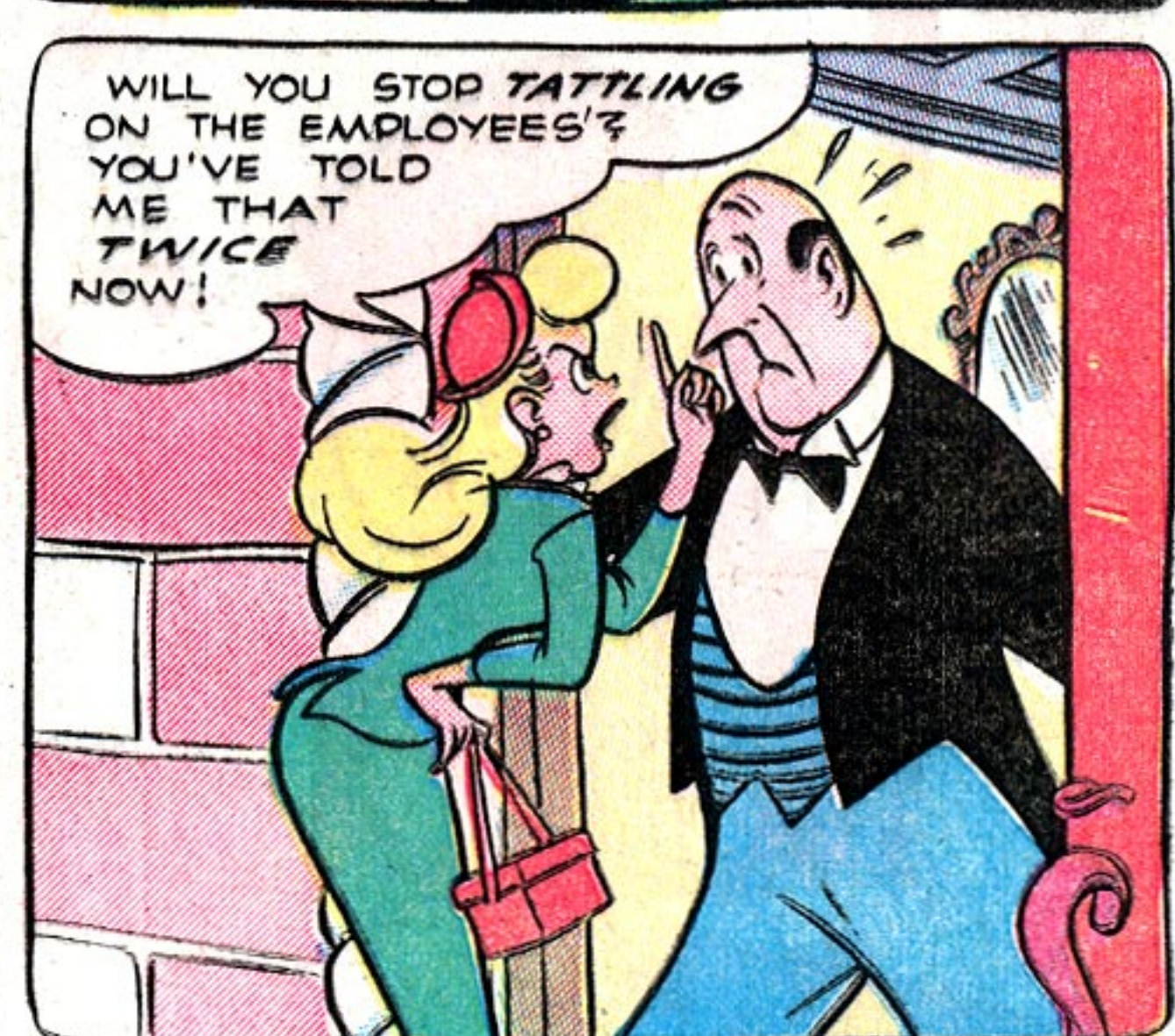
10¢ ON
ALL
STANDS

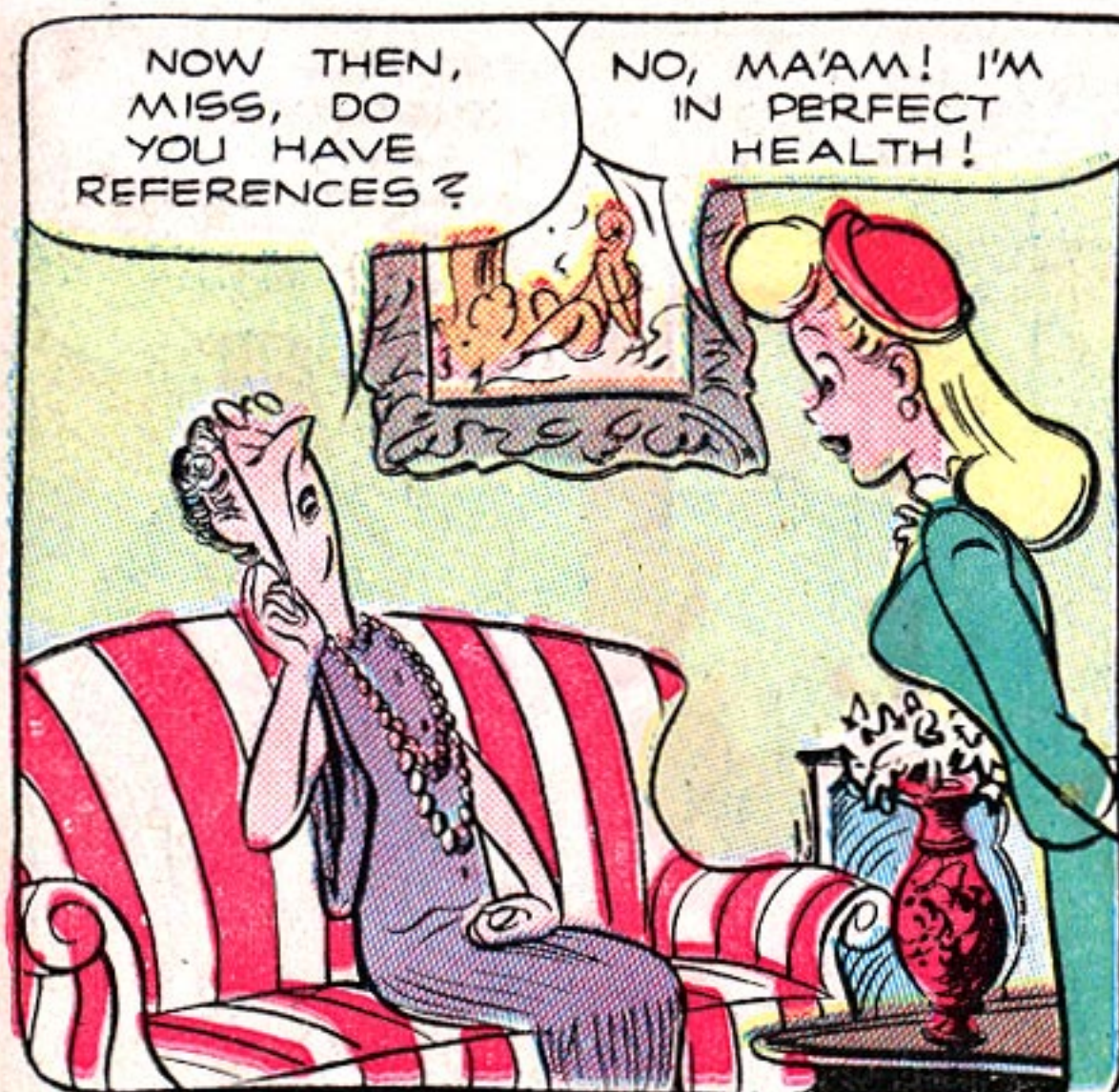


MORONICA

MISS NIT-WIT
of 1951

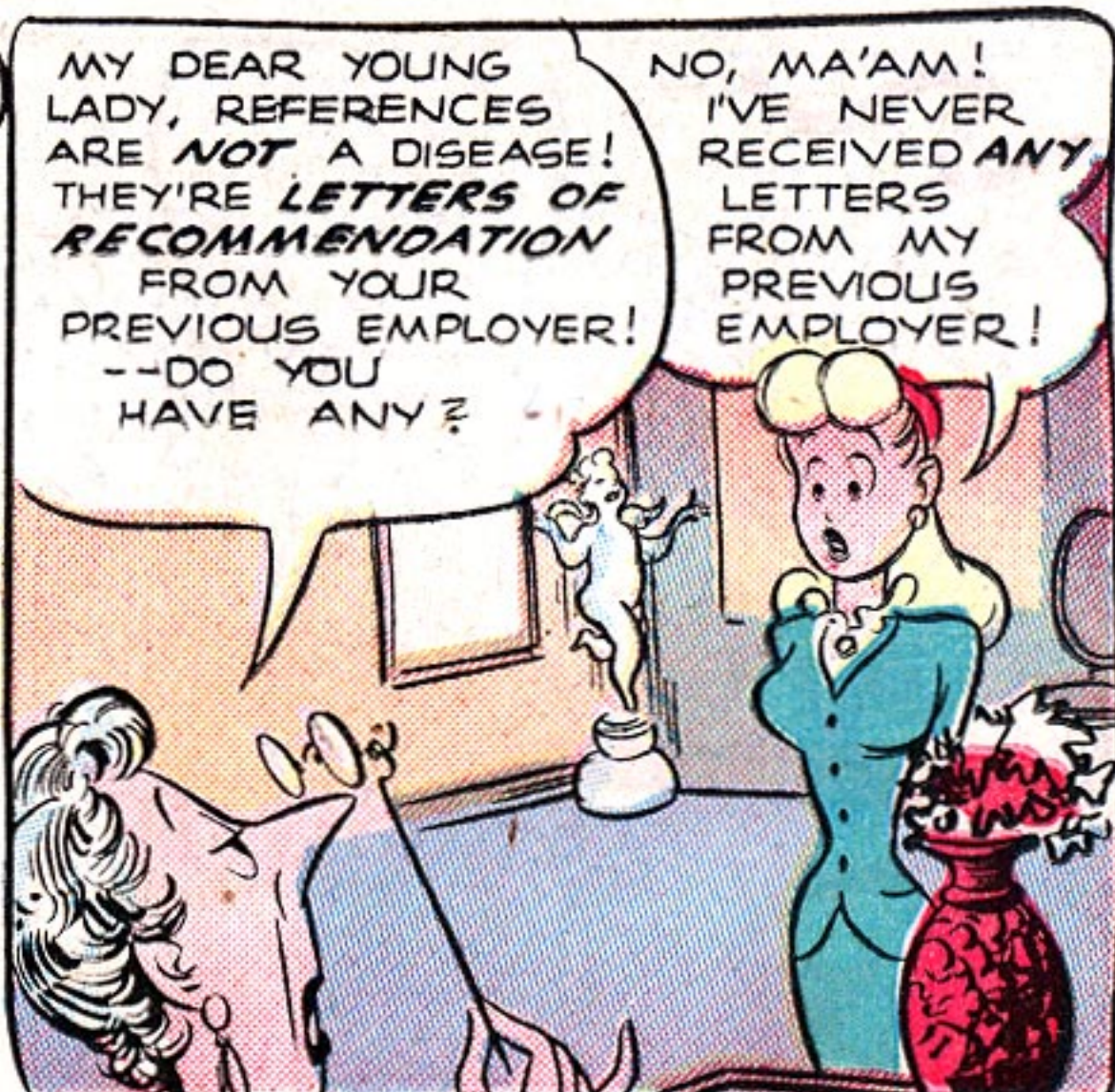






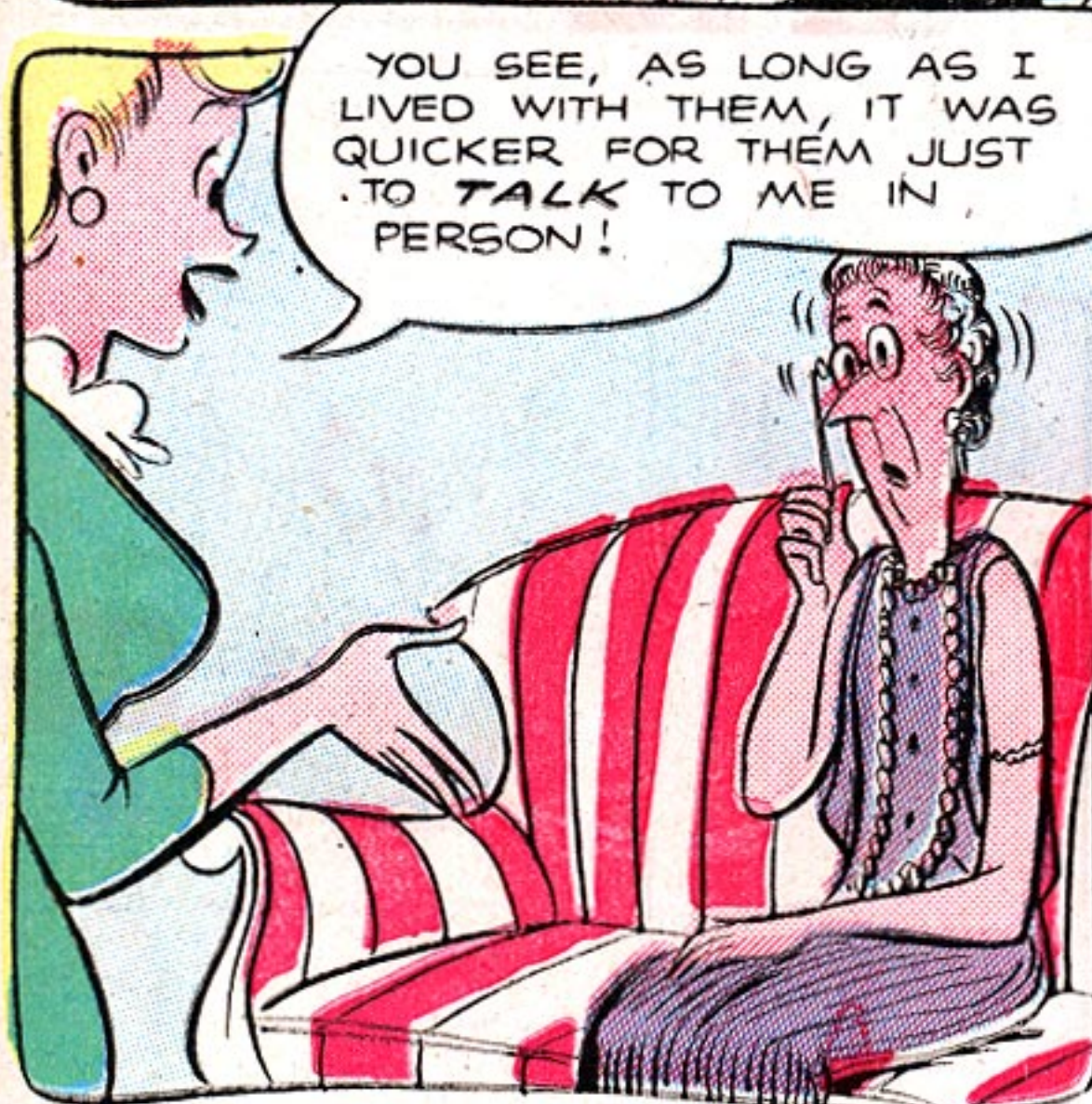
NOW THEN, MISS, DO YOU HAVE REFERENCES?

NO, MA'AM! I'M IN PERFECT HEALTH!

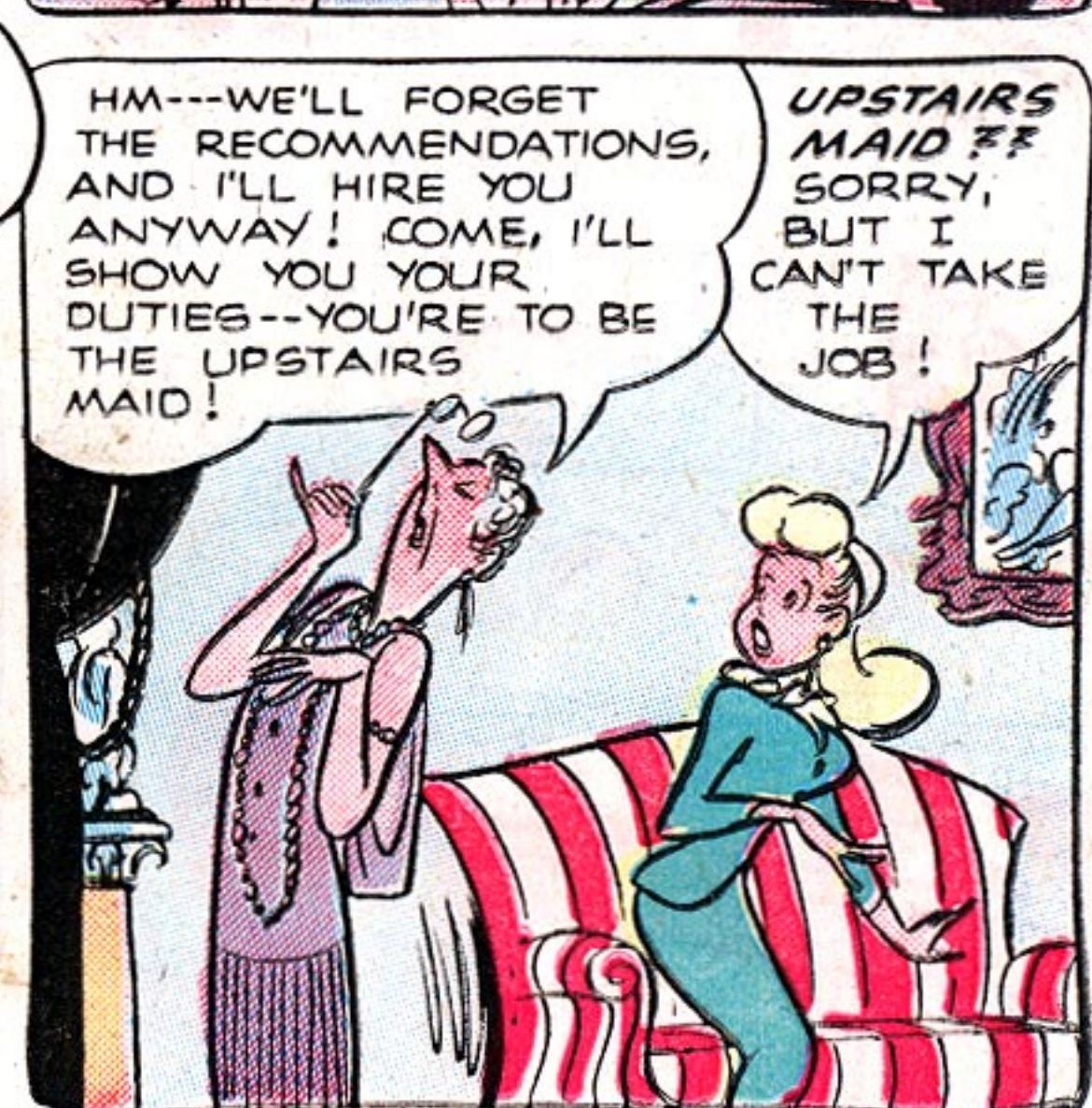


MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, REFERENCES ARE *NOT* A DISEASE! THEY'RE *LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION* FROM YOUR PREVIOUS EMPLOYER! --DO YOU HAVE ANY?

NO, MA'AM! I'VE NEVER RECEIVED *ANY* LETTERS FROM MY PREVIOUS EMPLOYER!

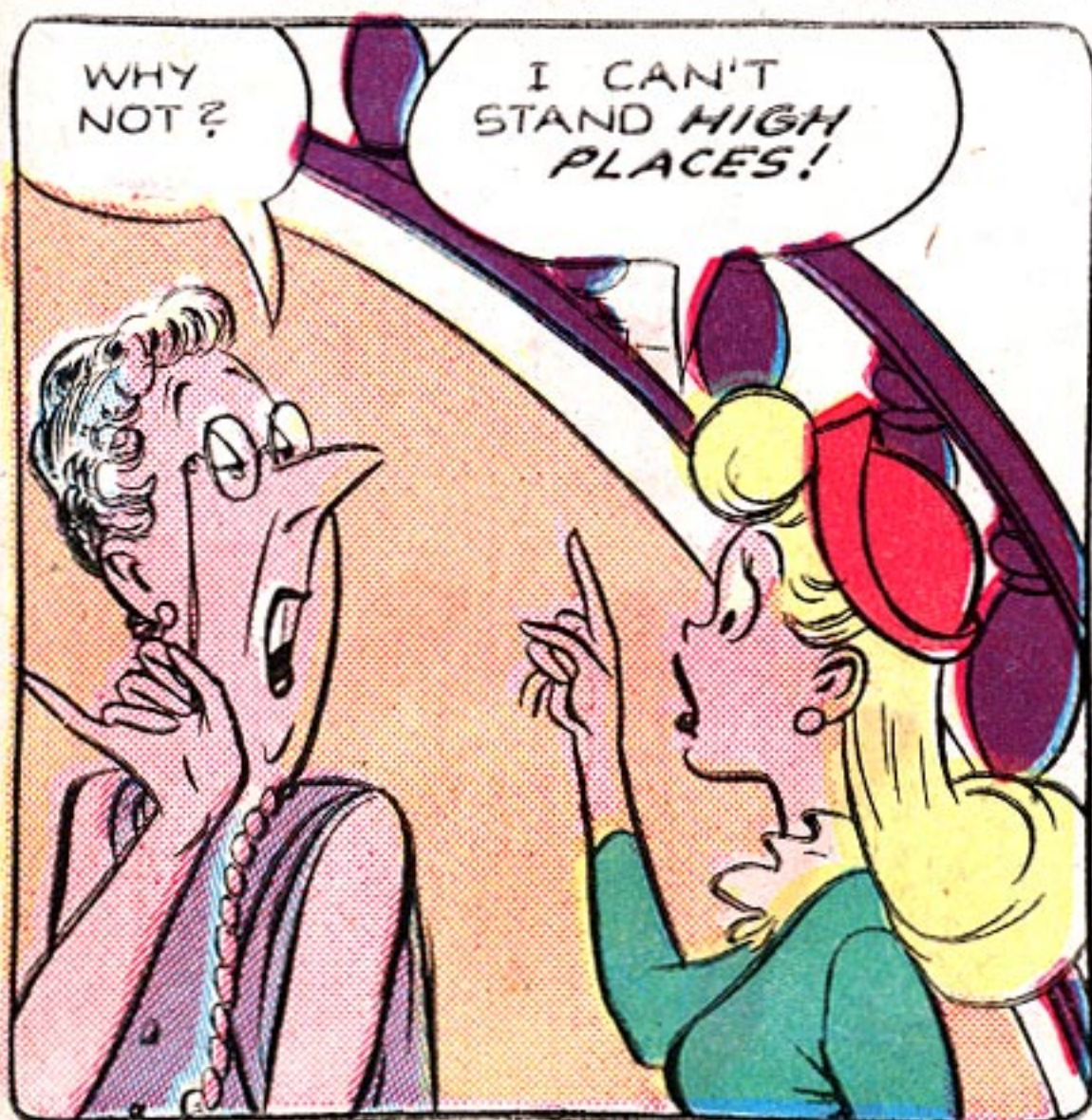


YOU SEE, AS LONG AS I LIVED WITH THEM, IT WAS QUICKER FOR THEM JUST TO *TALK* TO ME IN PERSON!



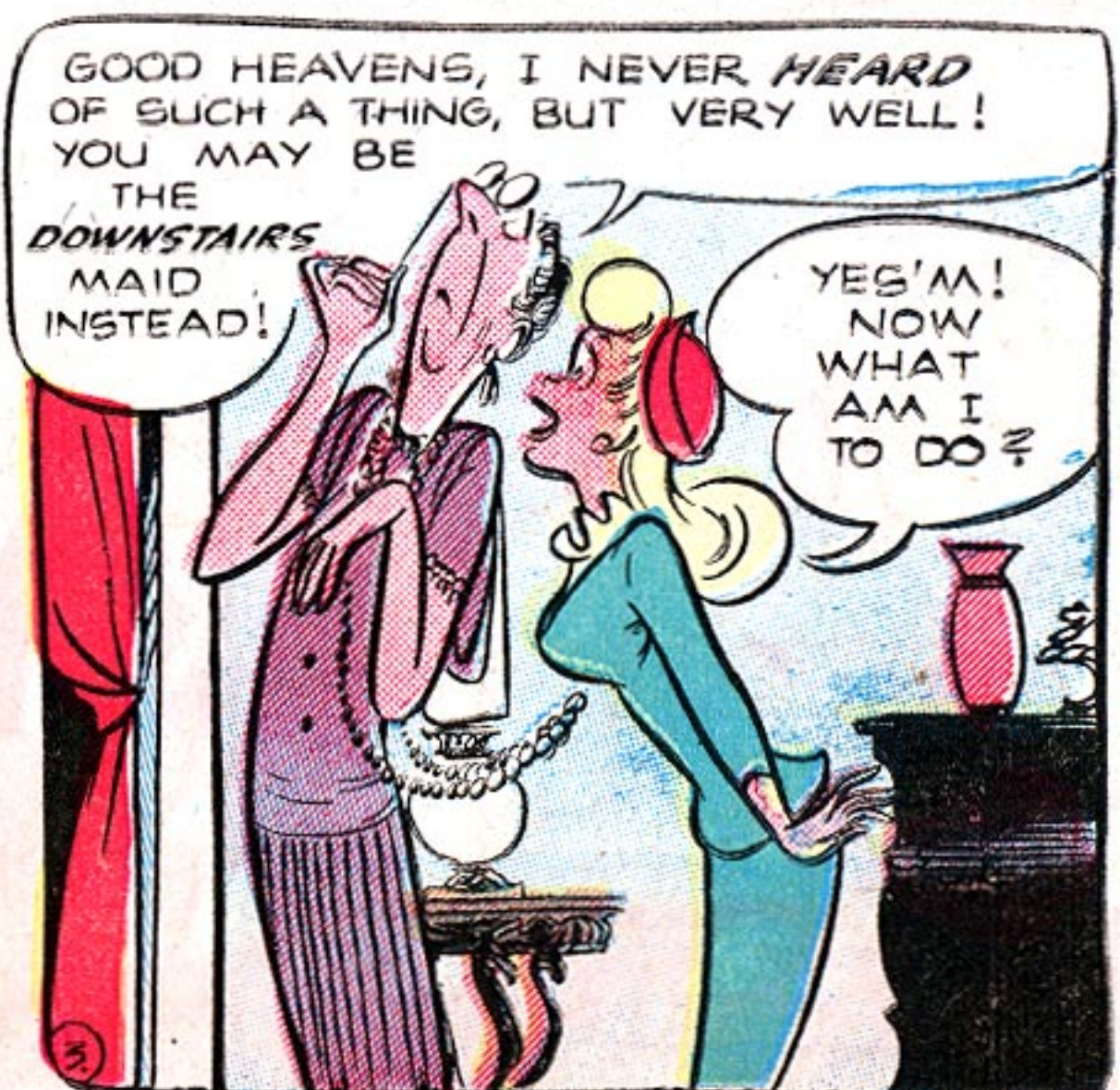
HM---WE'LL FORGET THE RECOMMENDATIONS, AND I'LL HIRE YOU ANYWAY! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR DUTIES--YOU'RE TO BE THE UPSTAIRS MAID!

UPSTAIRS MAID?? SORRY, BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE JOB!



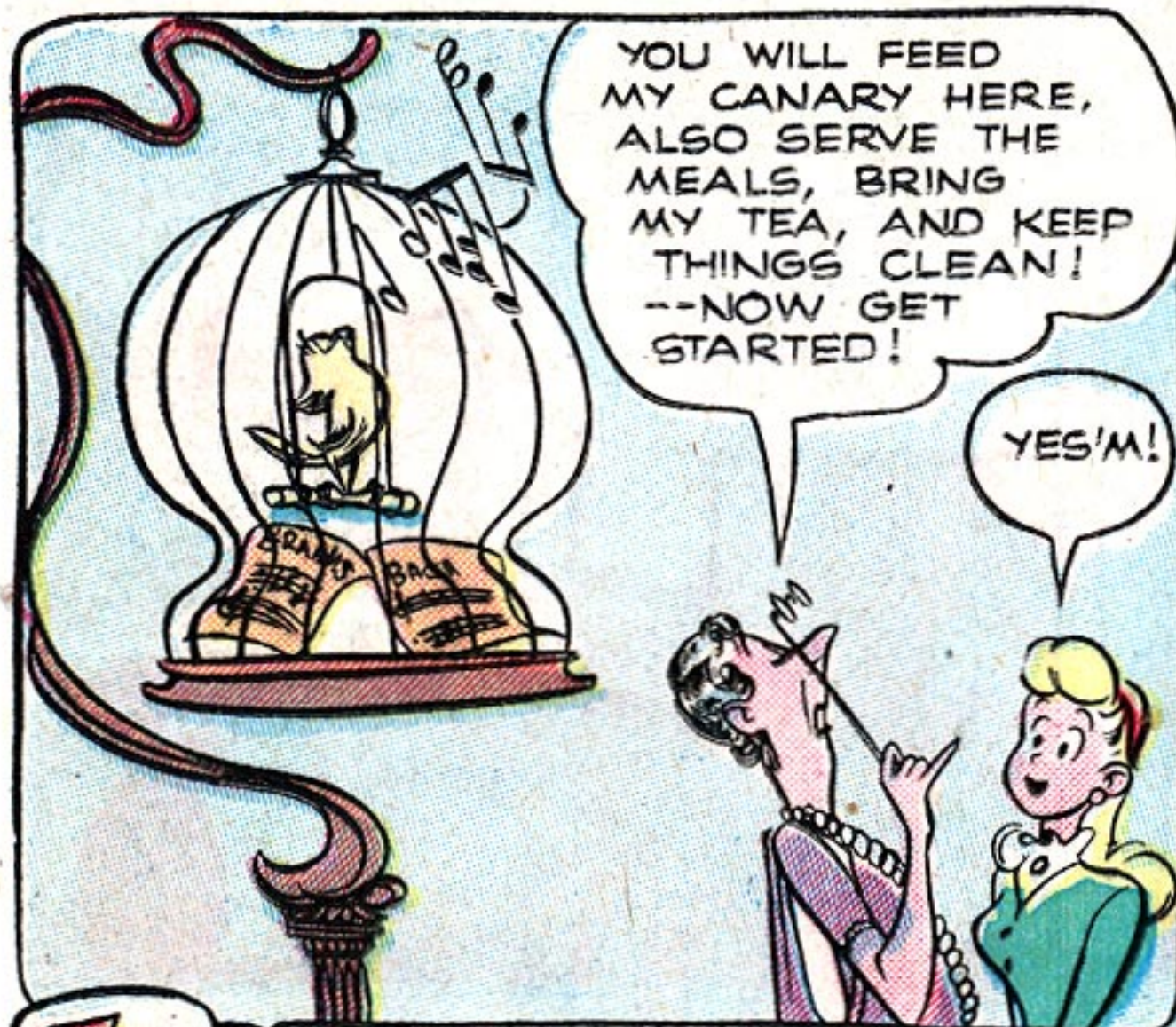
WHY NOT?

I CAN'T STAND *HIGH PLACES*!



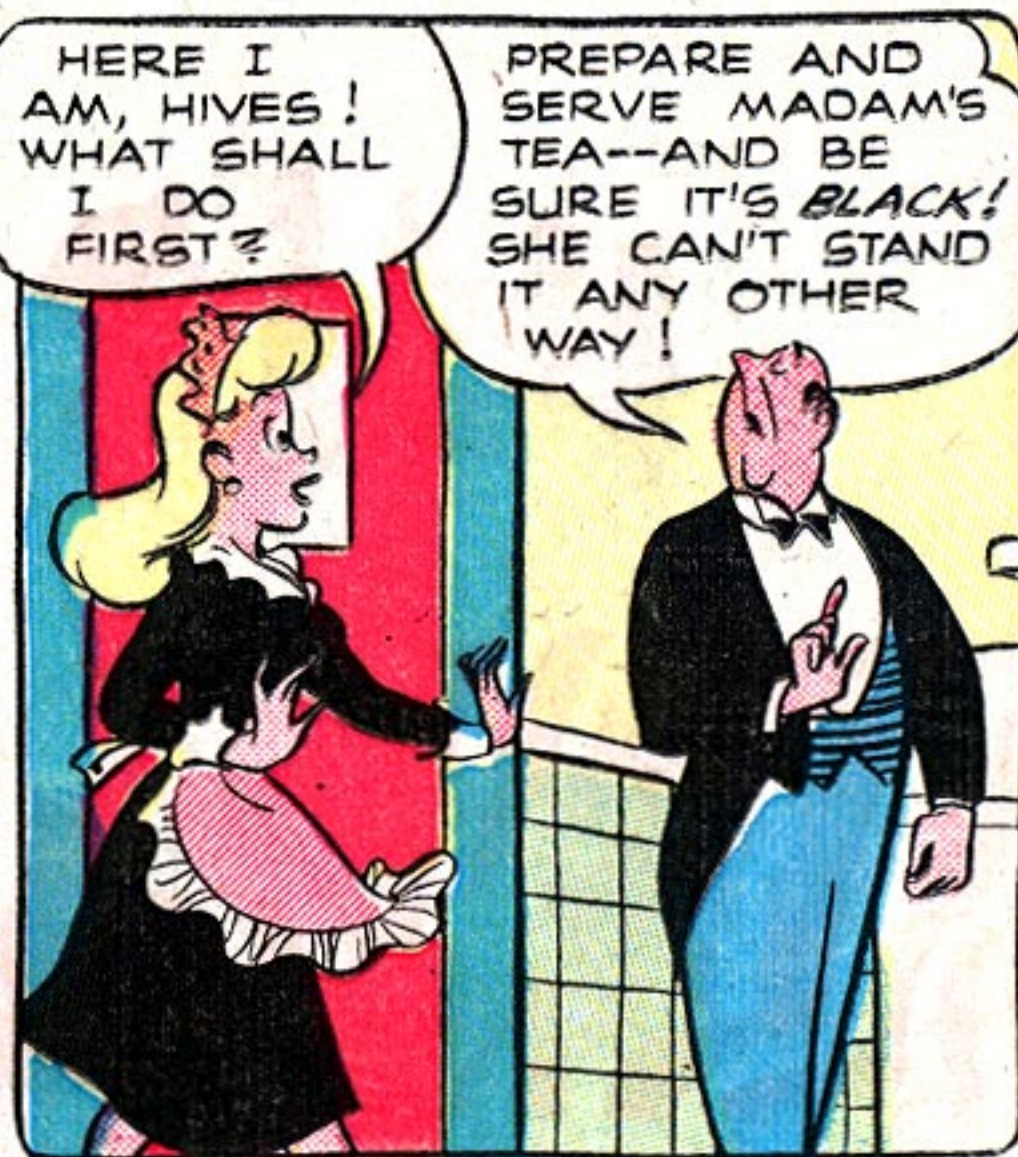
GOOD HEAVENS, I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING, BUT VERY WELL! YOU MAY BE THE *DOWNSTAIRS* MAID INSTEAD!

YES'M! NOW WHAT AM I TO DO?



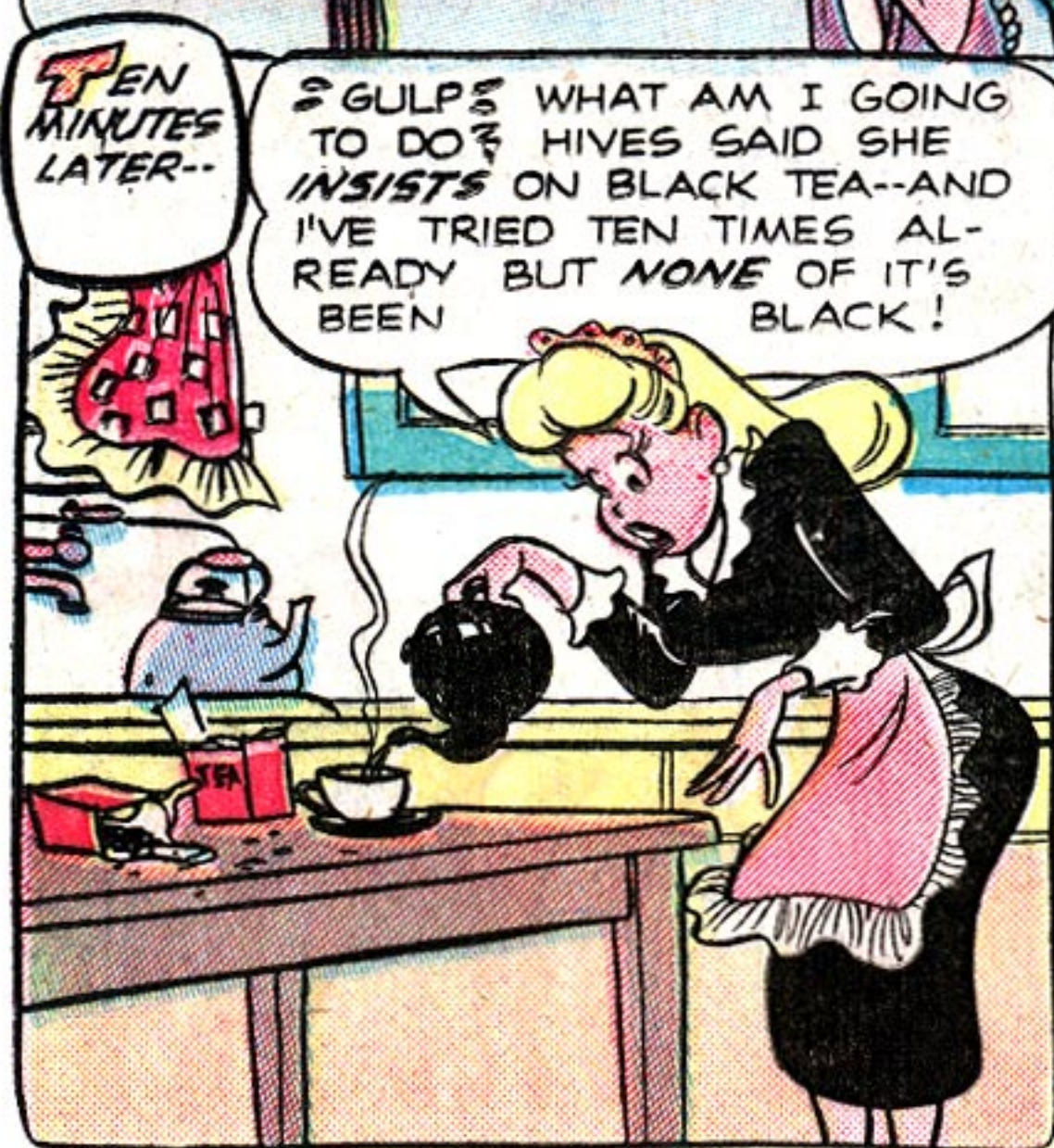
YOU WILL FEED
MY CANARY HERE,
ALSO SERVE THE
MEALS, BRING
MY TEA, AND KEEP
THINGS CLEAN!
--NOW GET
STARTED!

YES'M!



HERE I
AM, HIVES!
WHAT SHALL
I DO
FIRST?

PREPARE AND
SERVE MADAM'S
TEA--AND BE
SURE IT'S **BLACK**!
SHE CAN'T STAND
IT ANY OTHER
WAY!

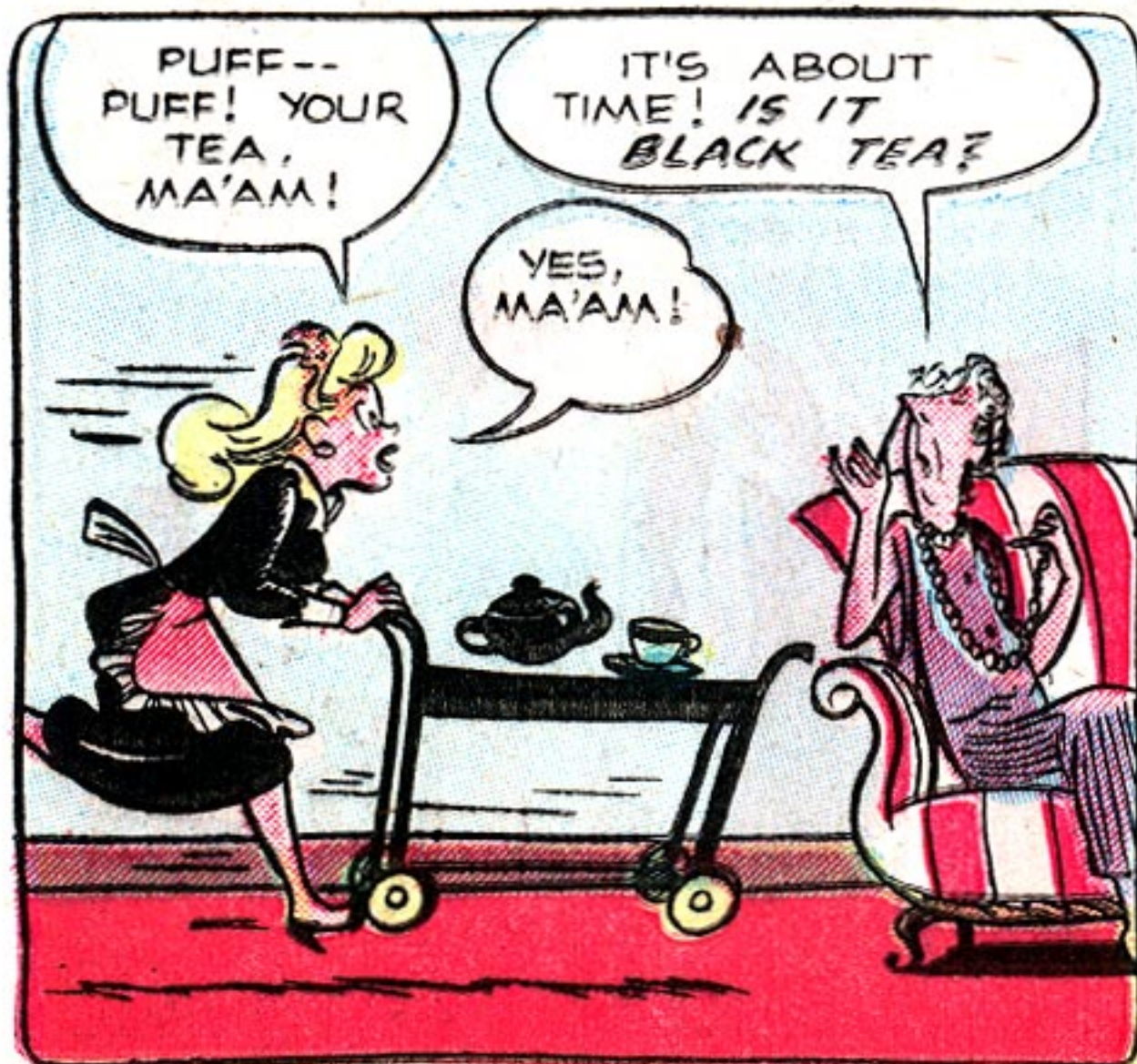


**TEN
MINUTES
LATER--**

GGULPS WHAT AM I GOING
TO DO? HIVES SAID SHE
INSISTS ON BLACK TEA--AND
I'VE TRIED TEN TIMES AL-
READY BUT **NONE** OF IT'S
BLACK!

WHERE'S MY TEA?
**MORONICA, BRING
MY TEA!**

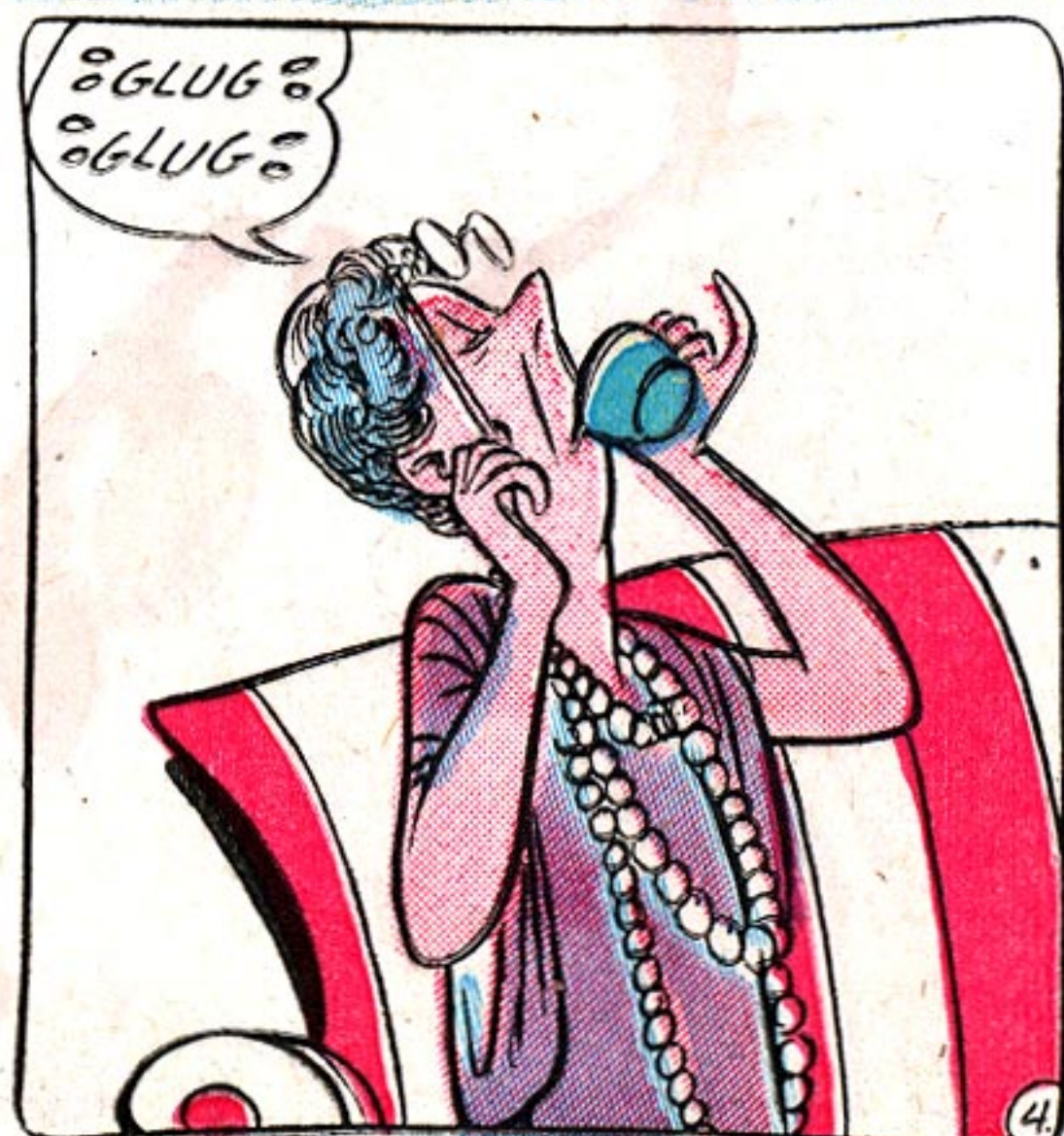
IF I DON'T THINK
OF SOMETHING
QUICK, I'LL BE
FIRED!---
HEY, I KNOW!



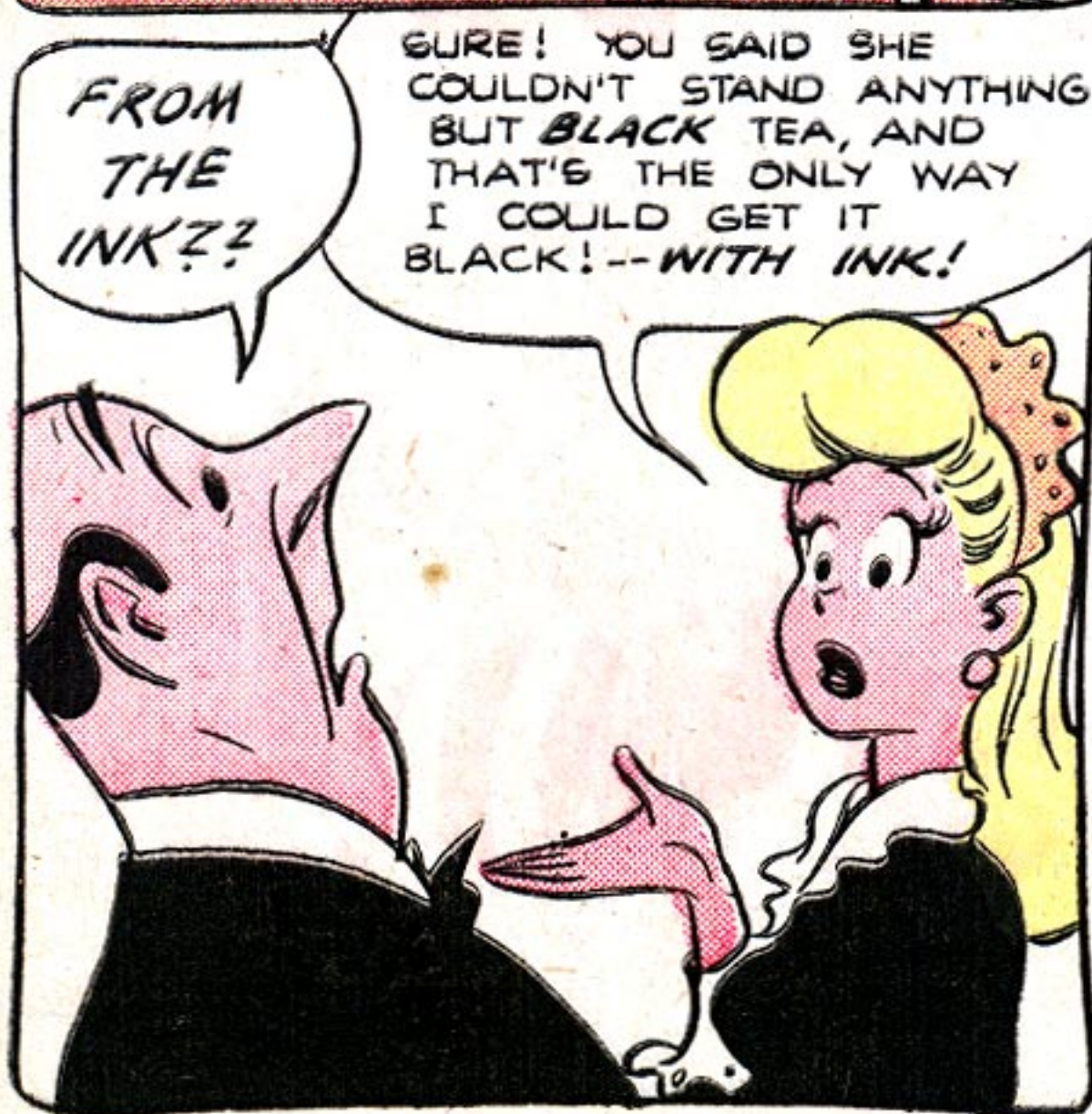
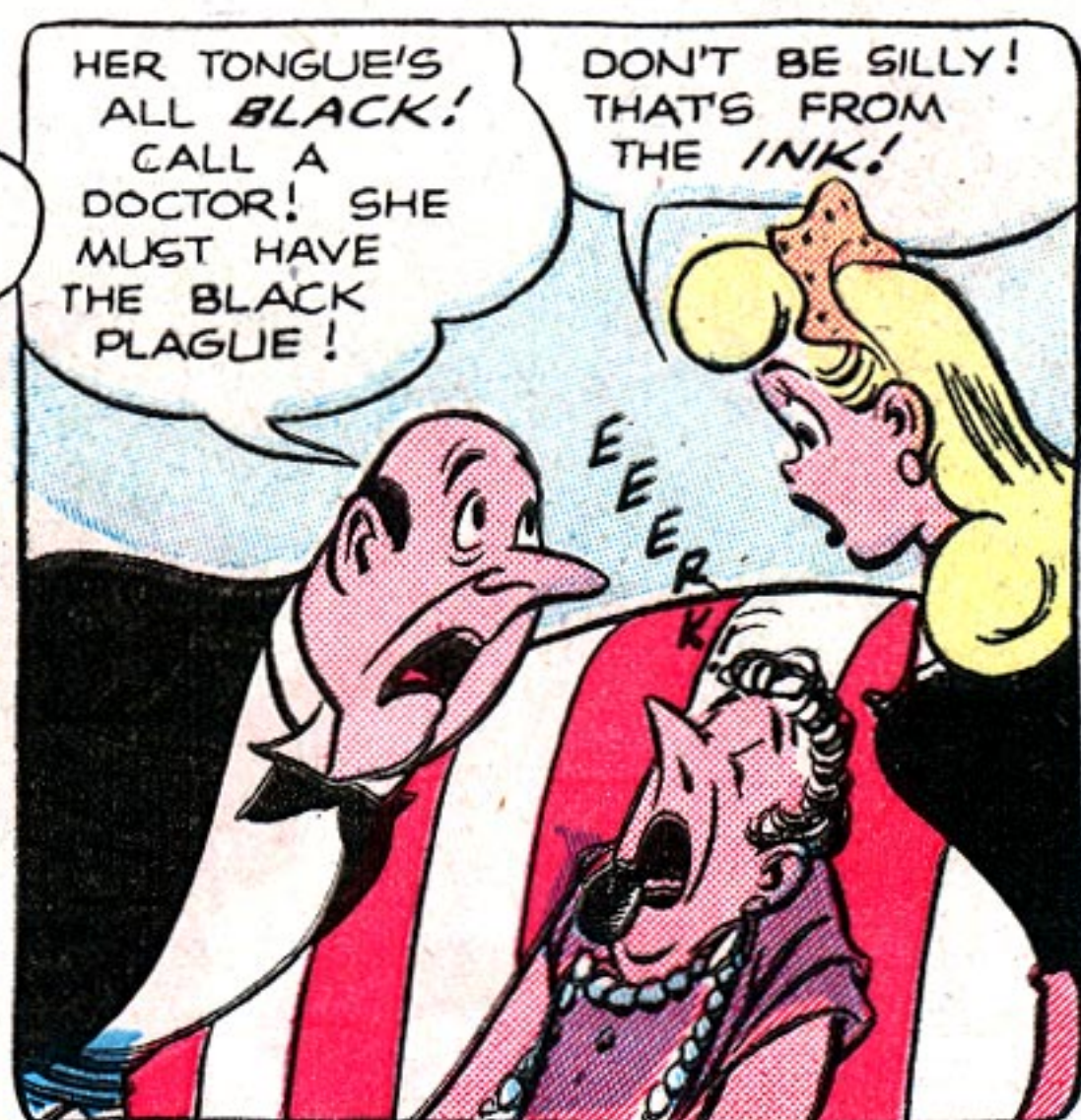
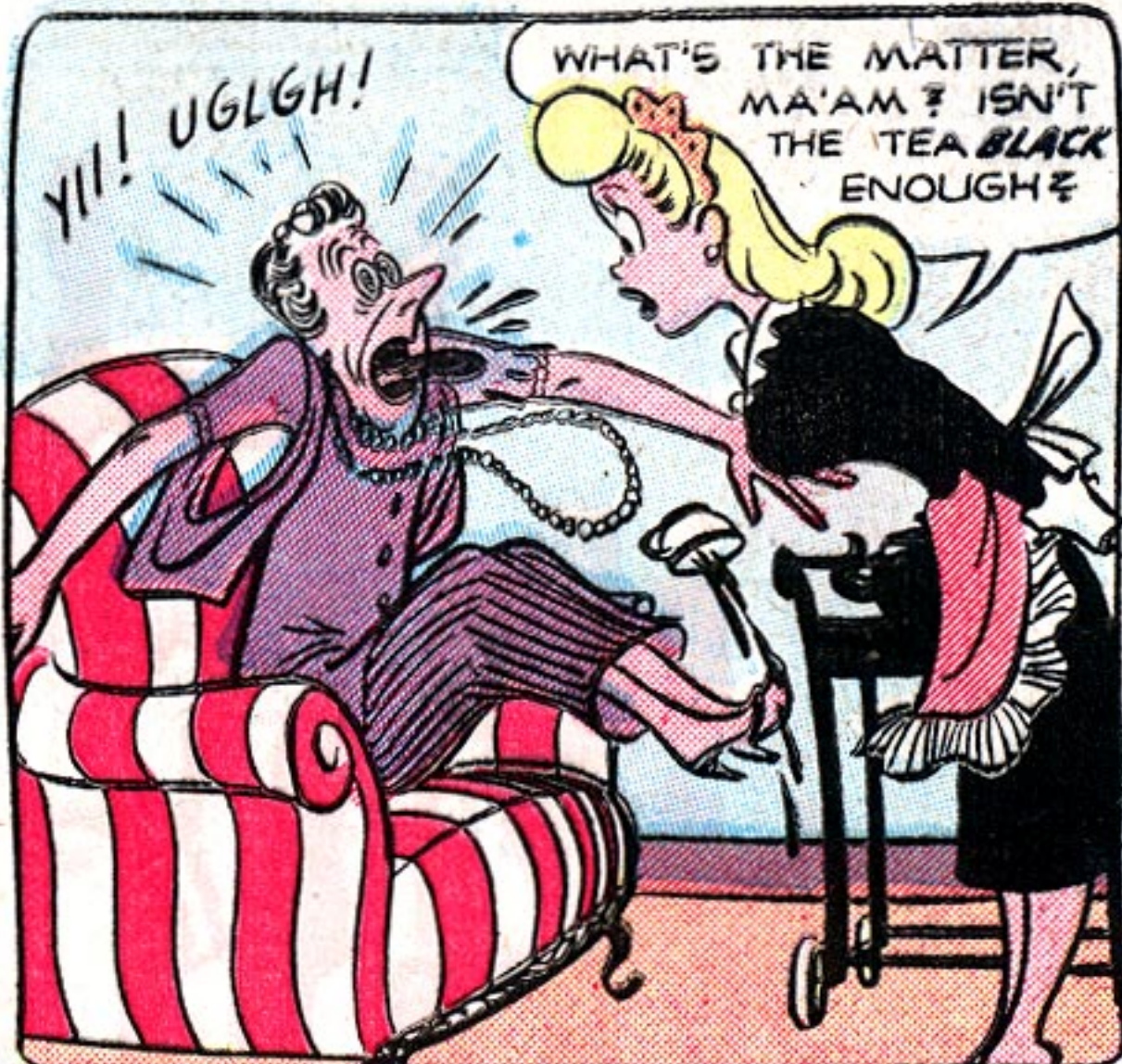
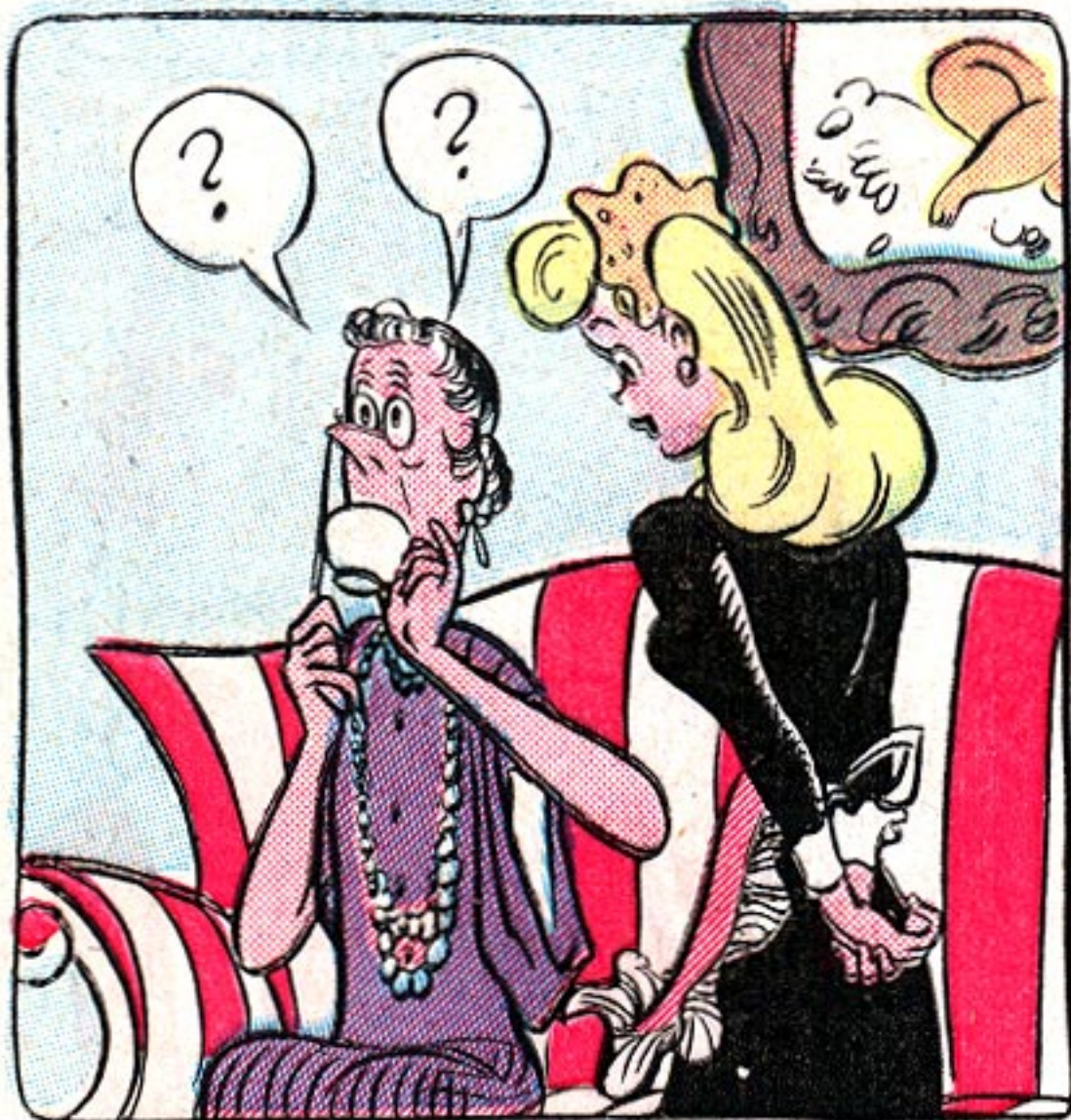
PUFF--
PUFF! YOUR
TEA,
MA'AM!

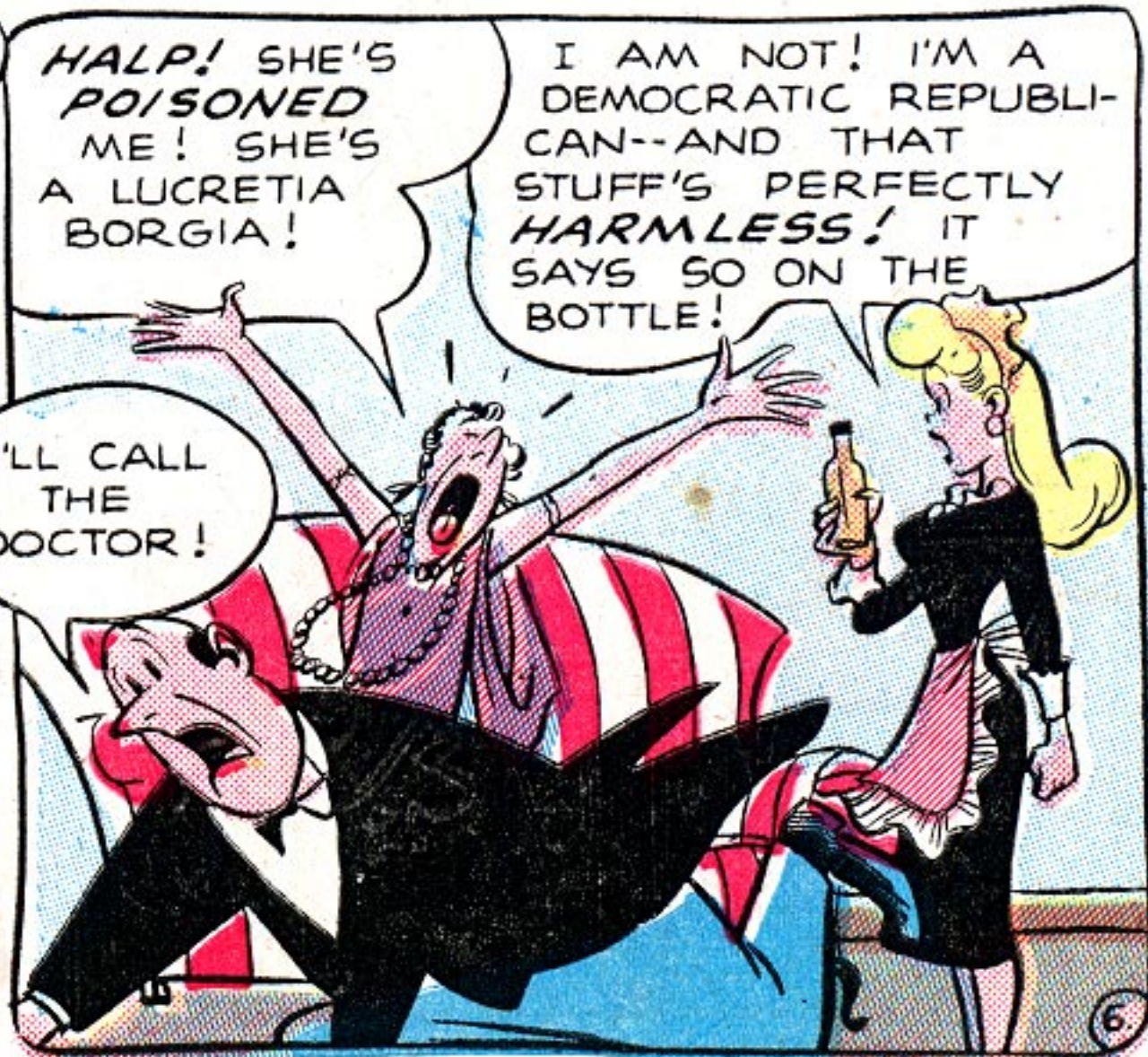
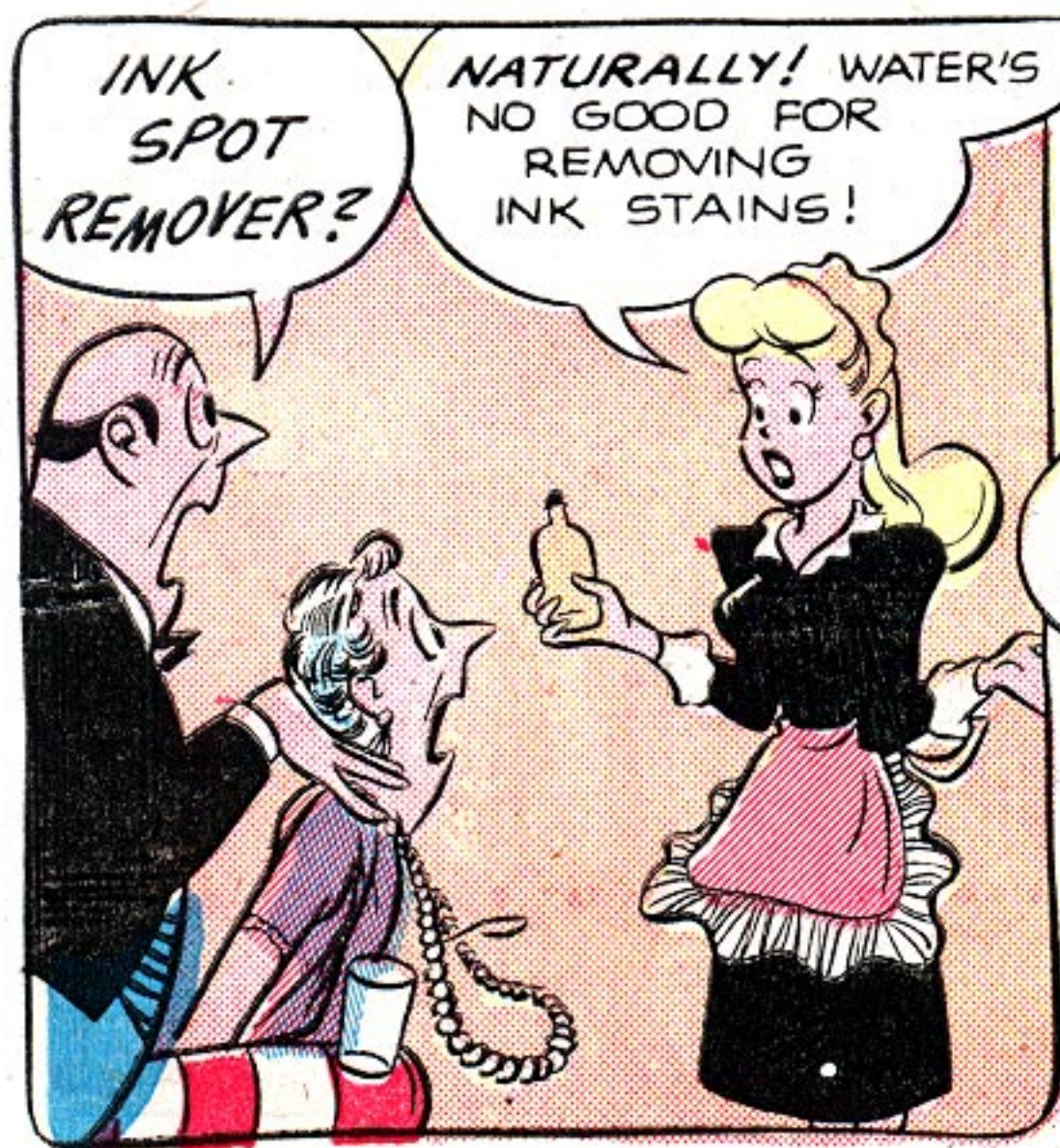
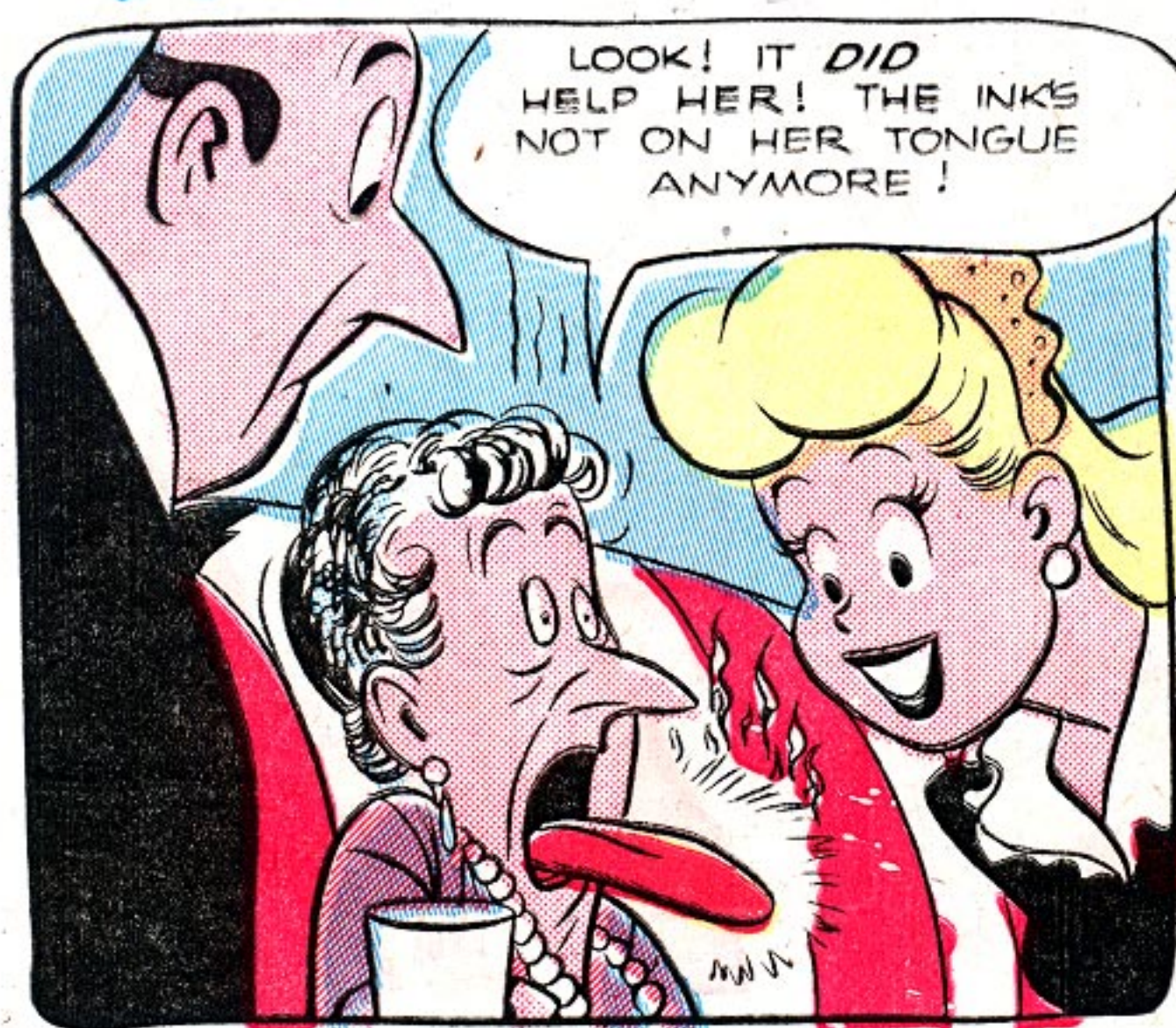
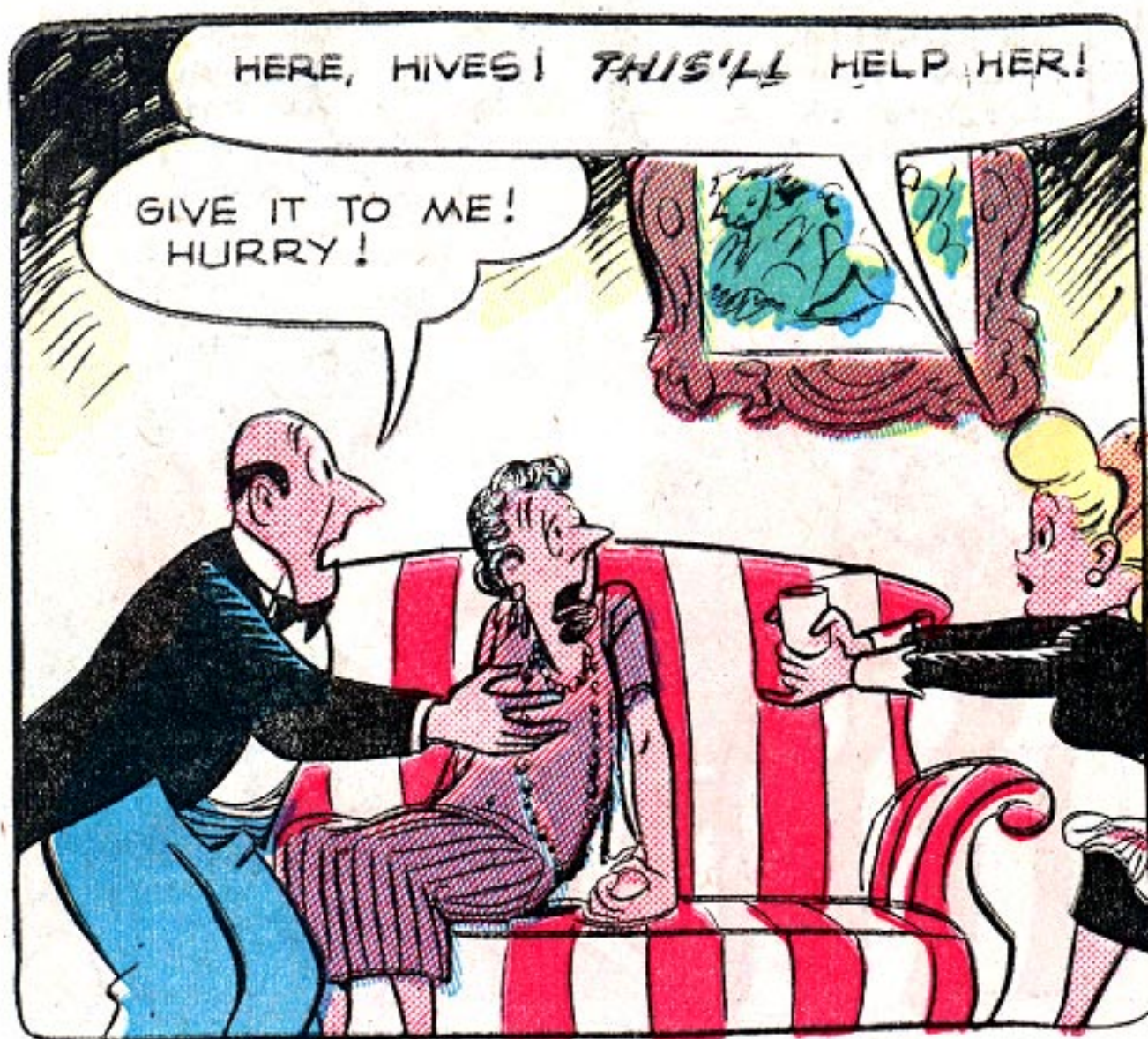
IT'S ABOUT
TIME! IS IT
BLACK TEA?

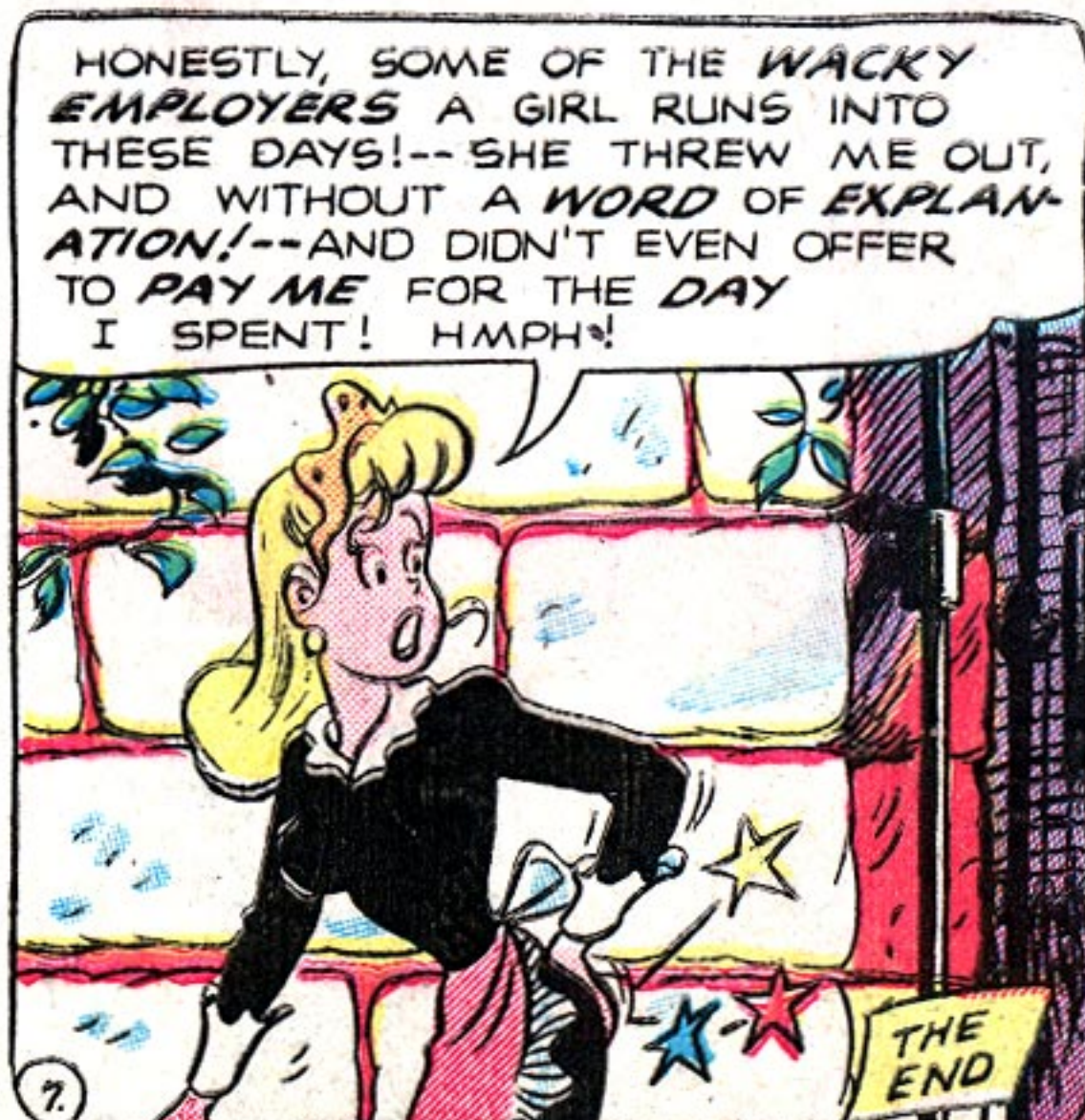
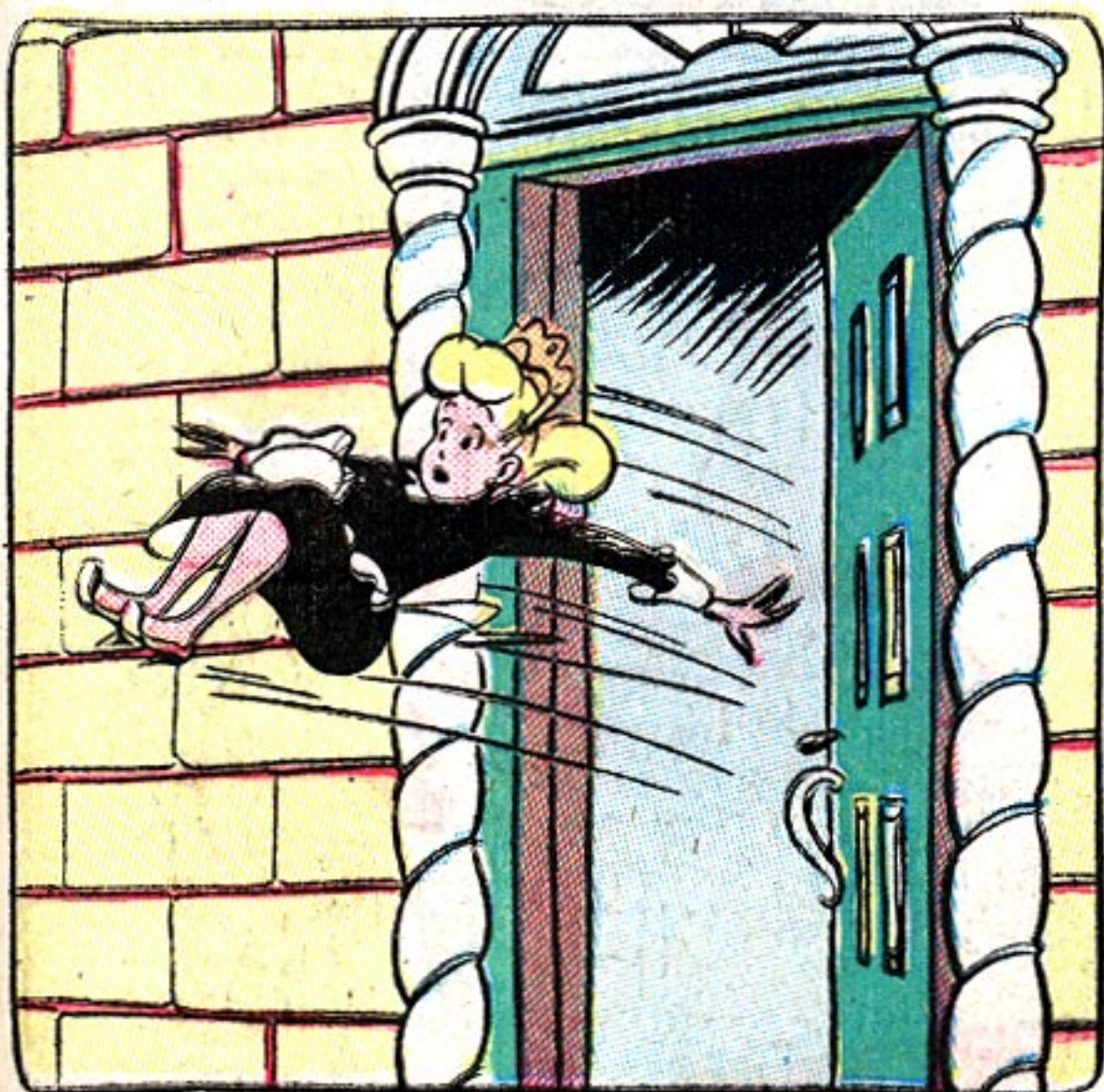
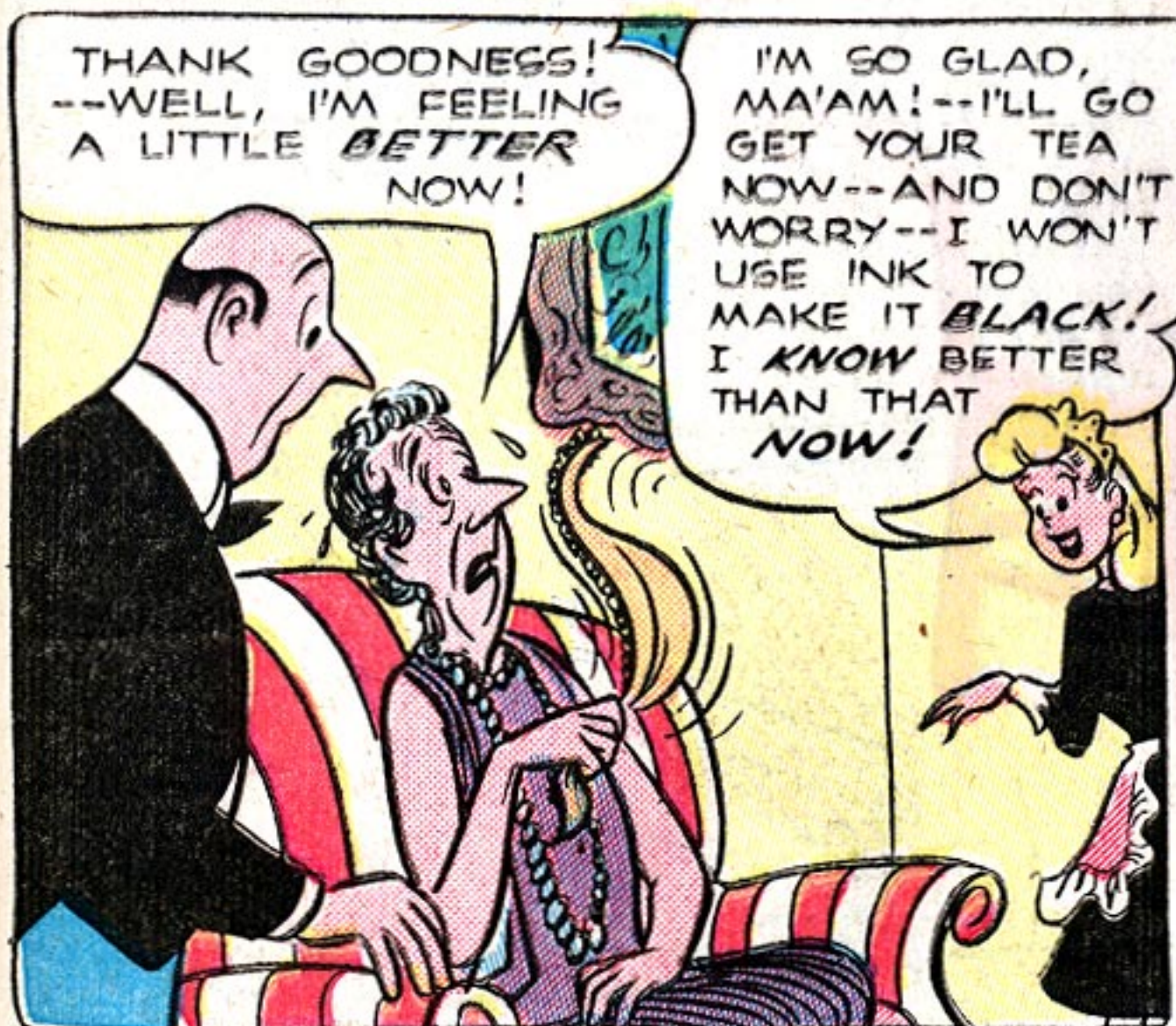
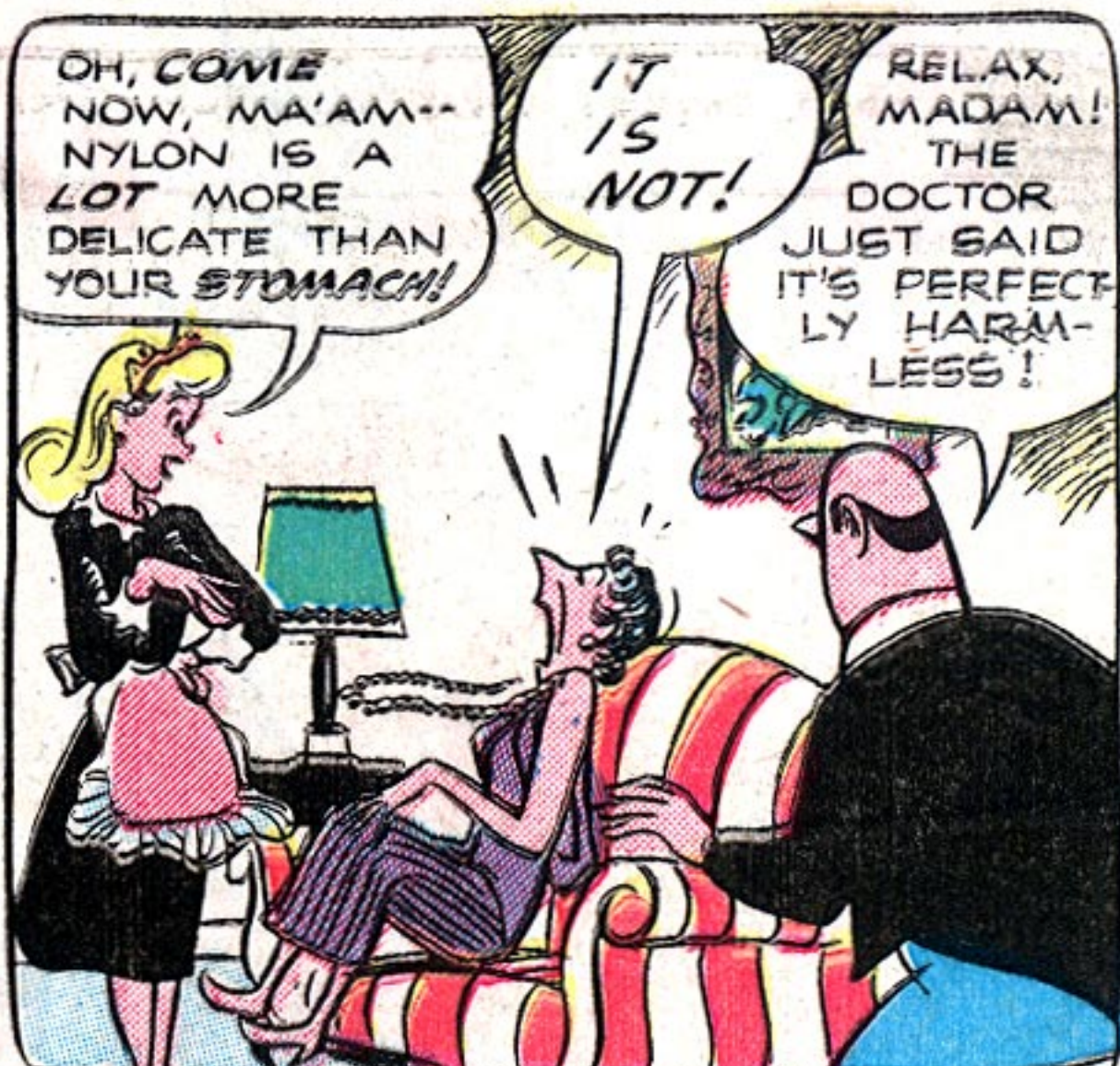
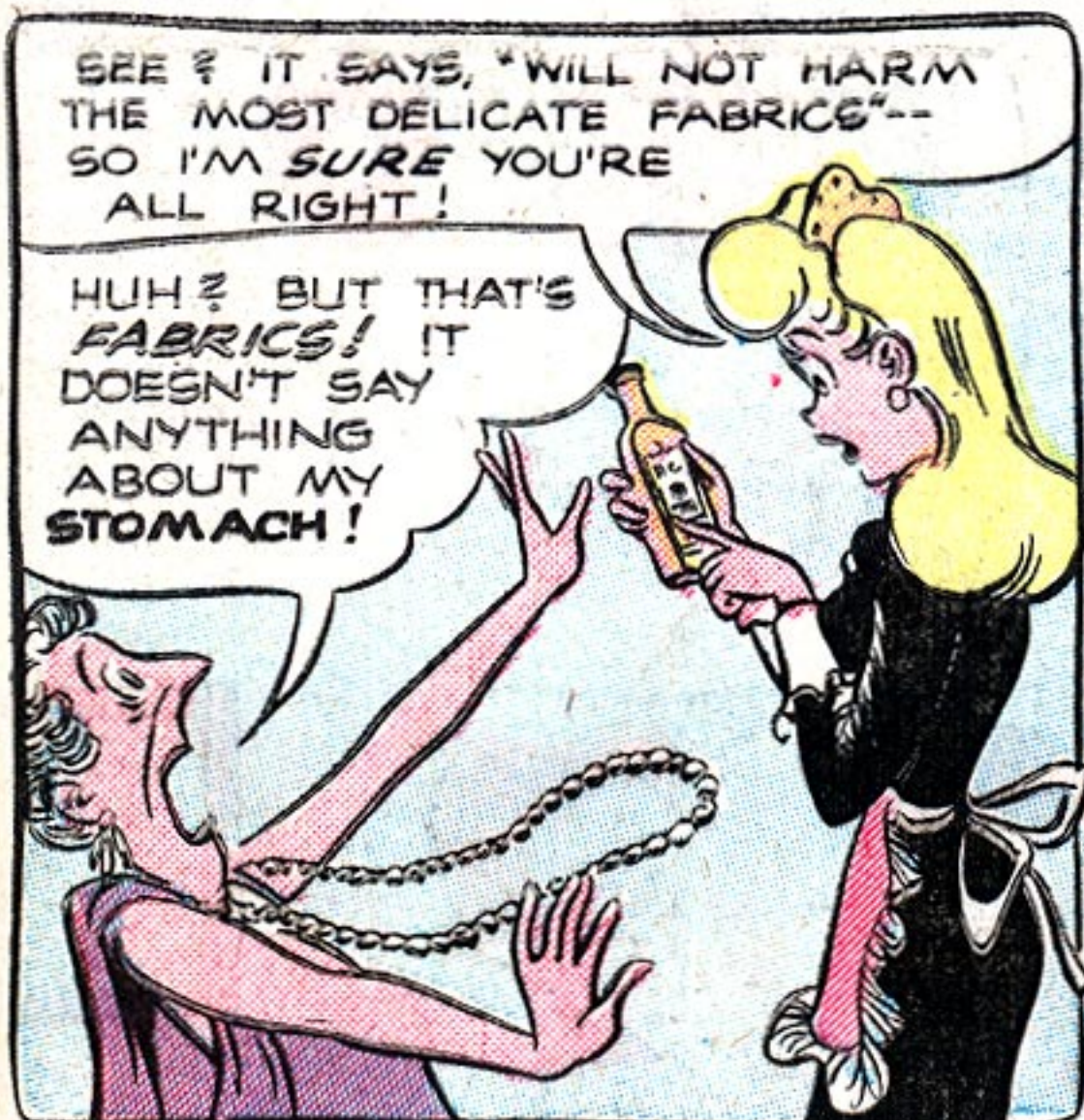
YES,
MA'AM!



GGULG
GGULG

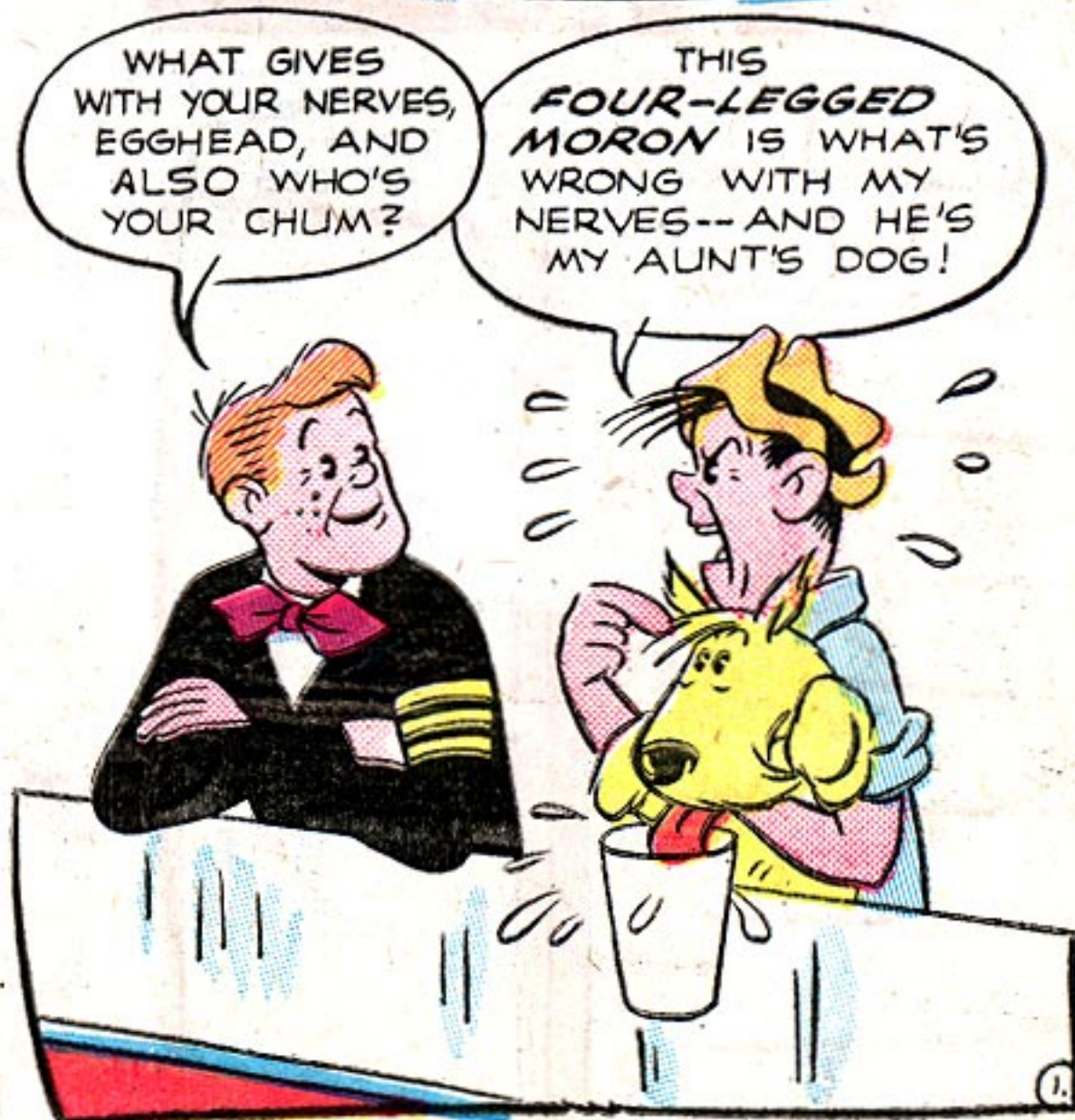
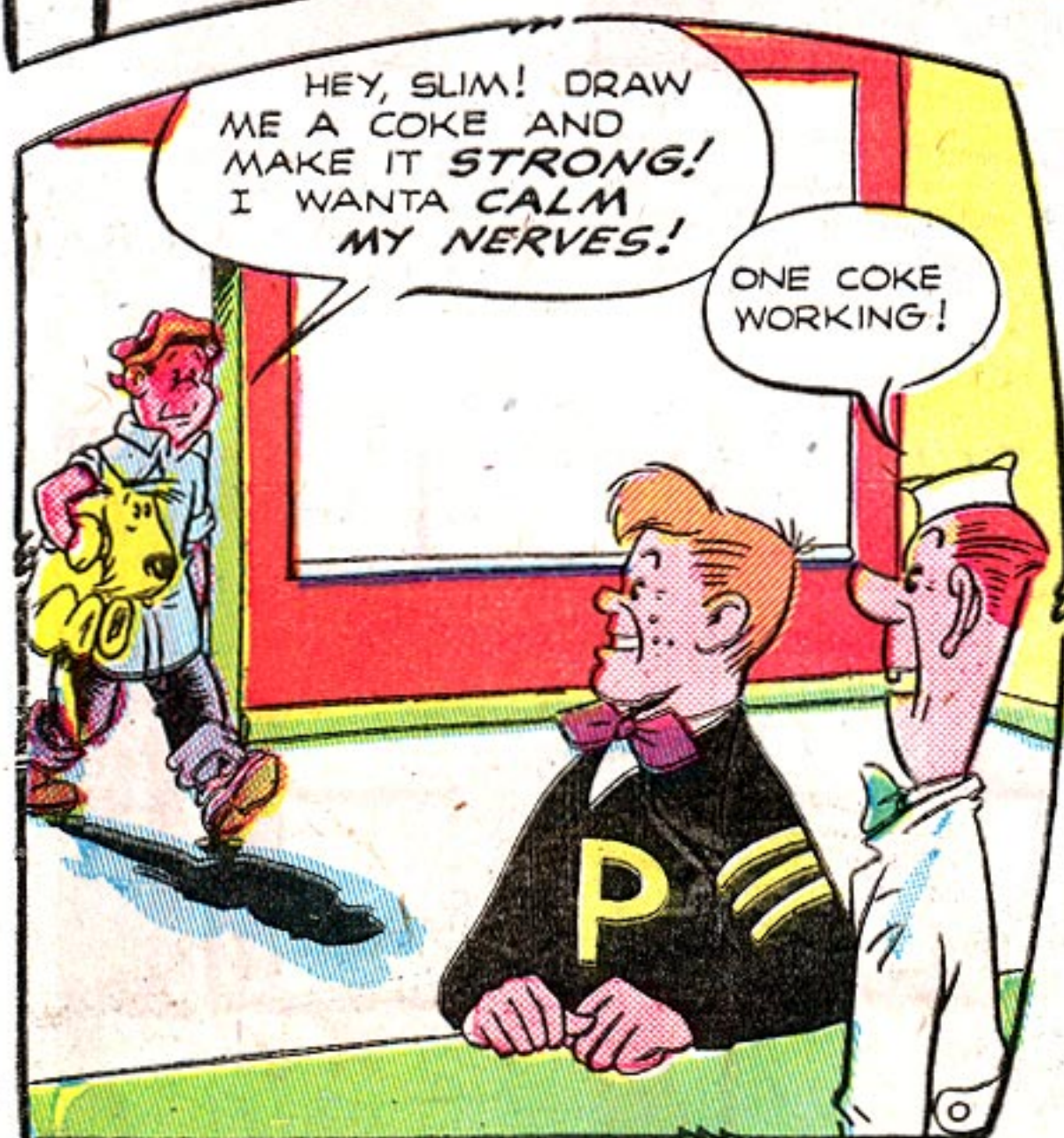
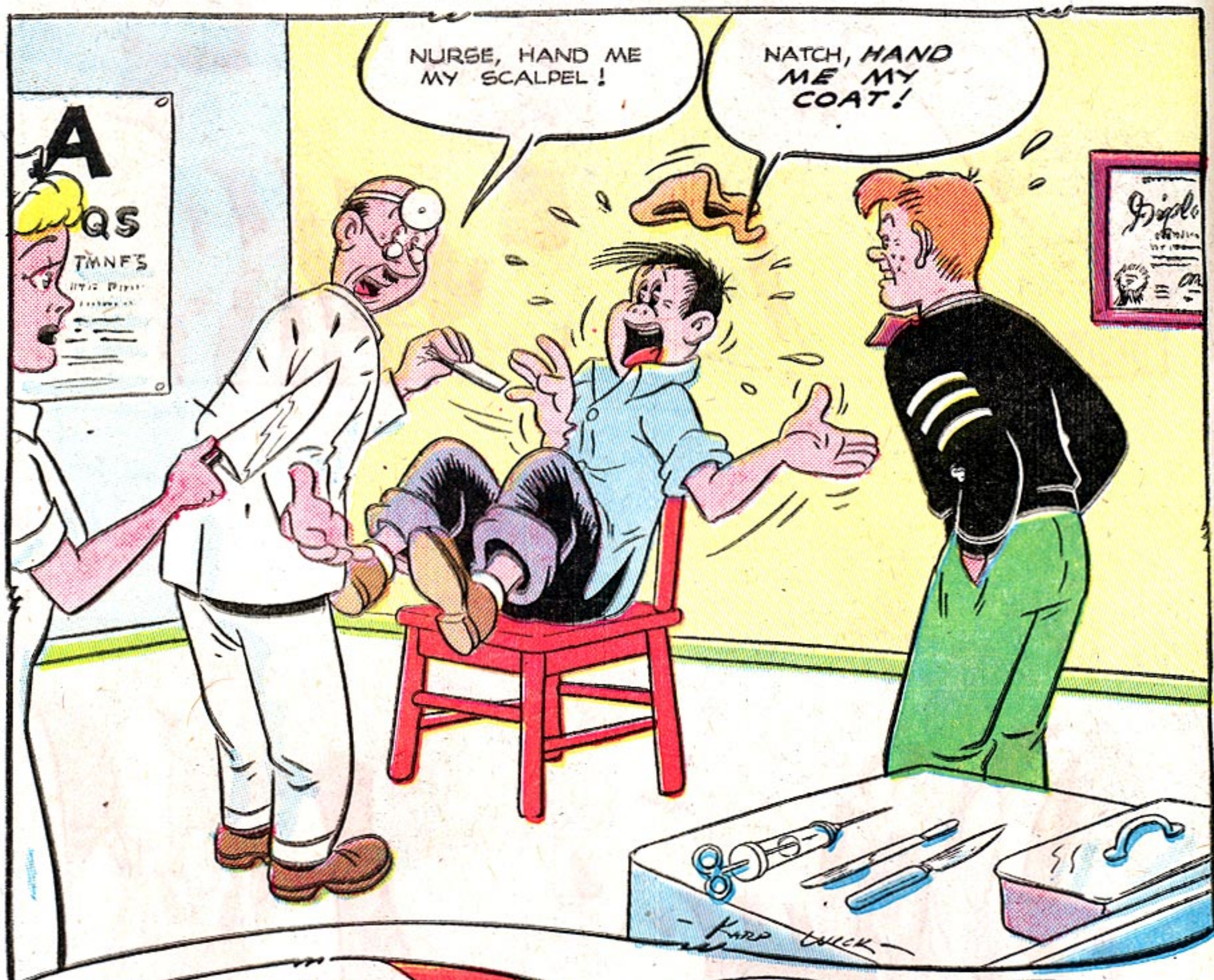


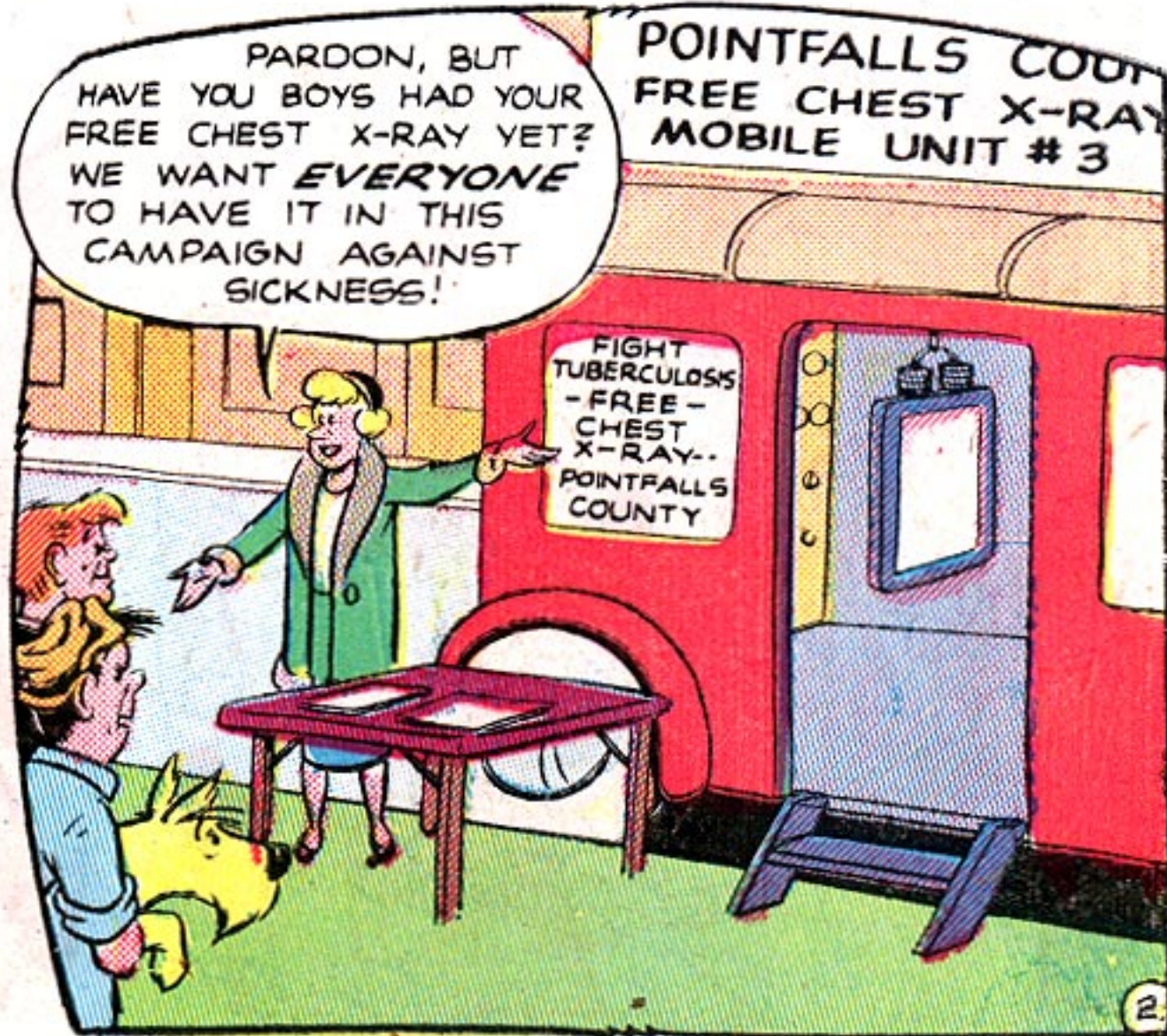
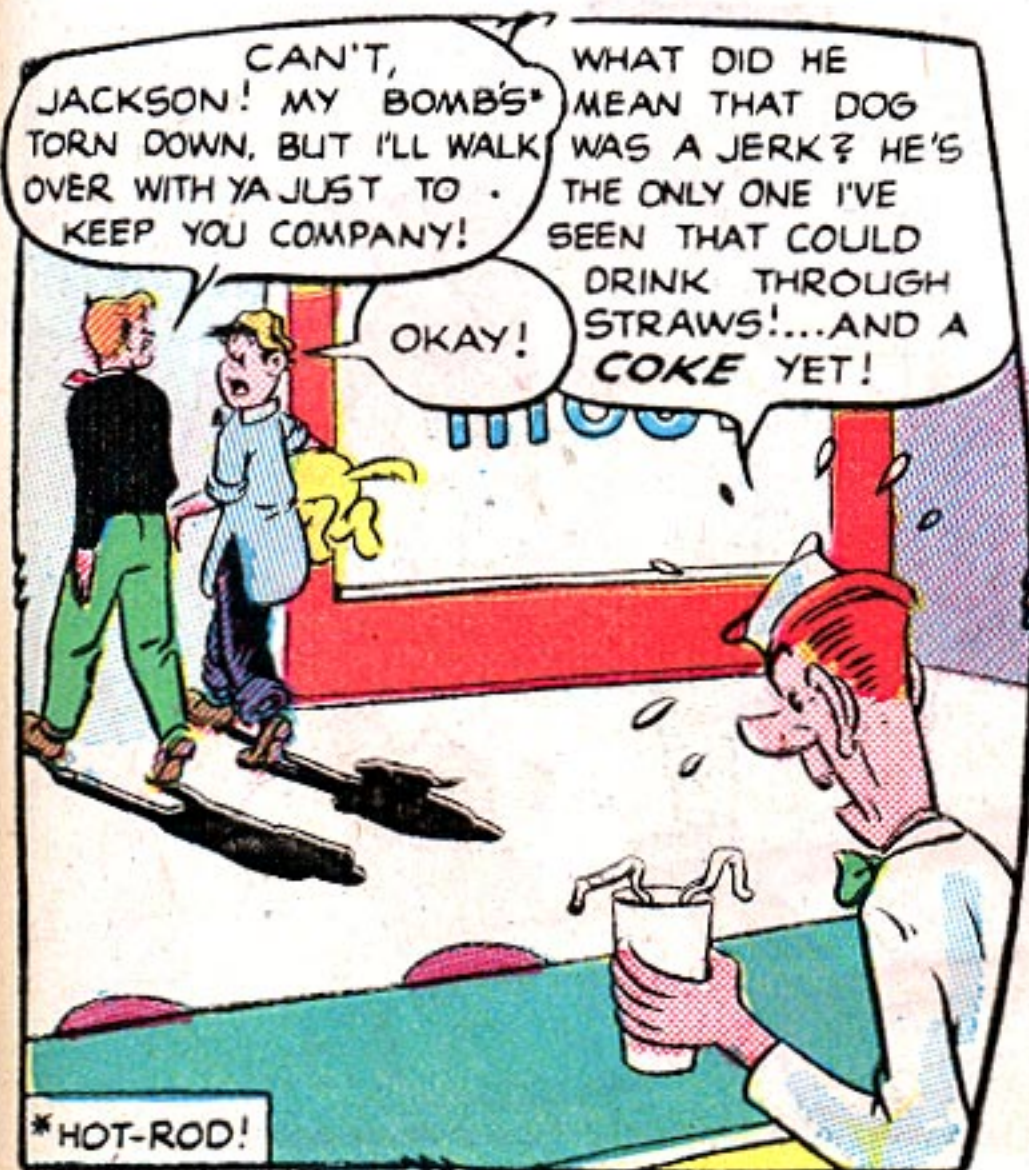
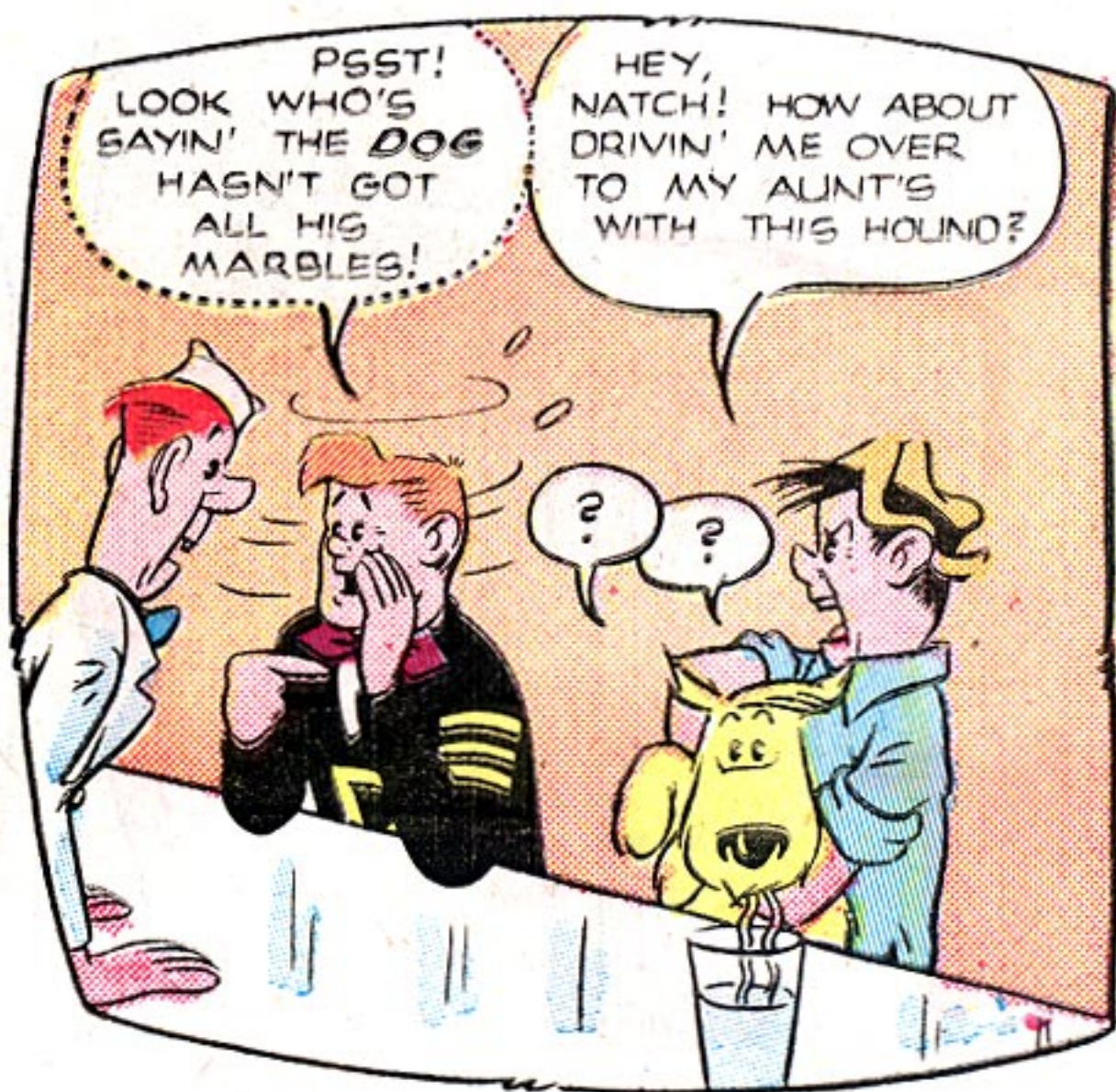
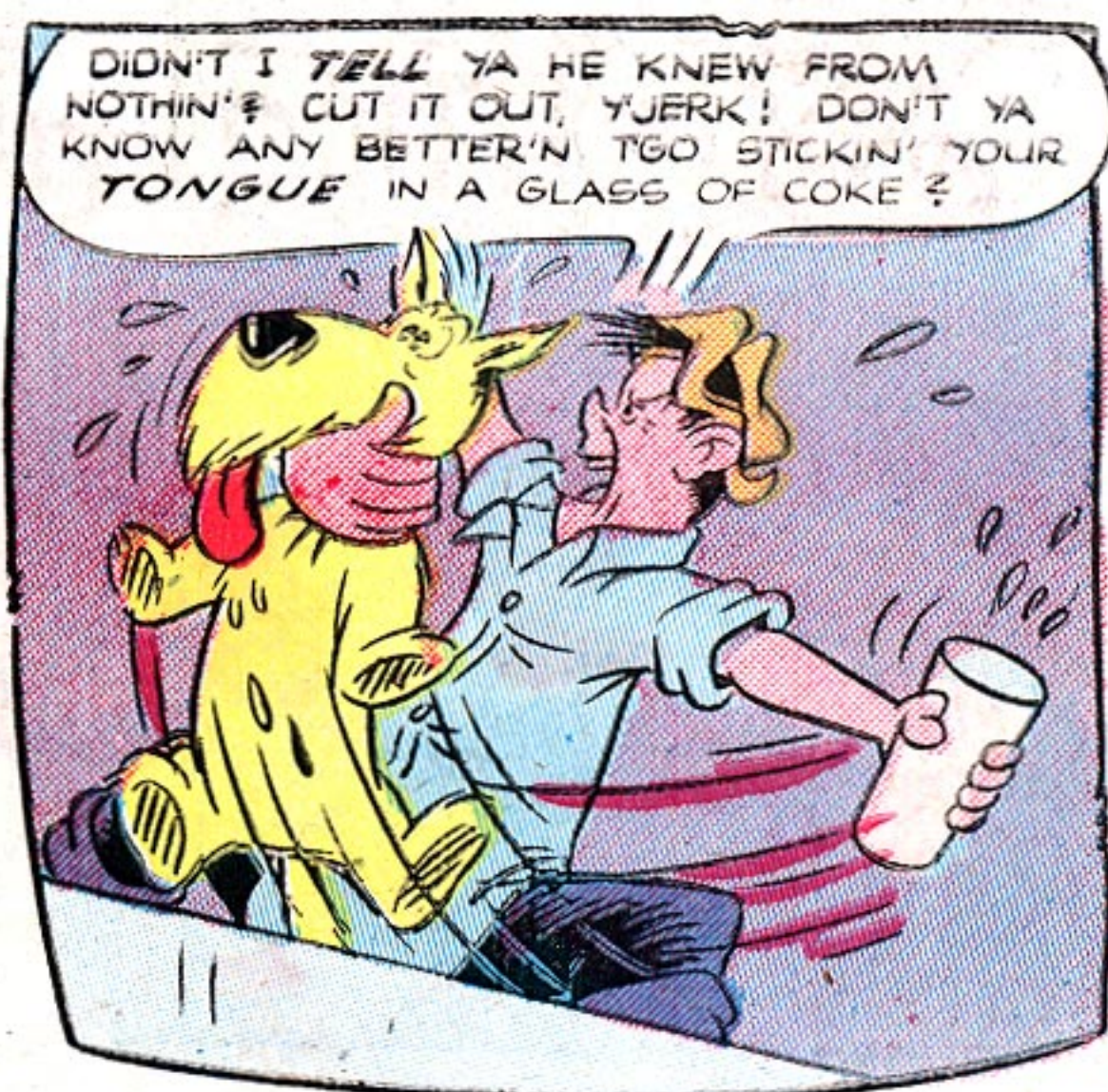
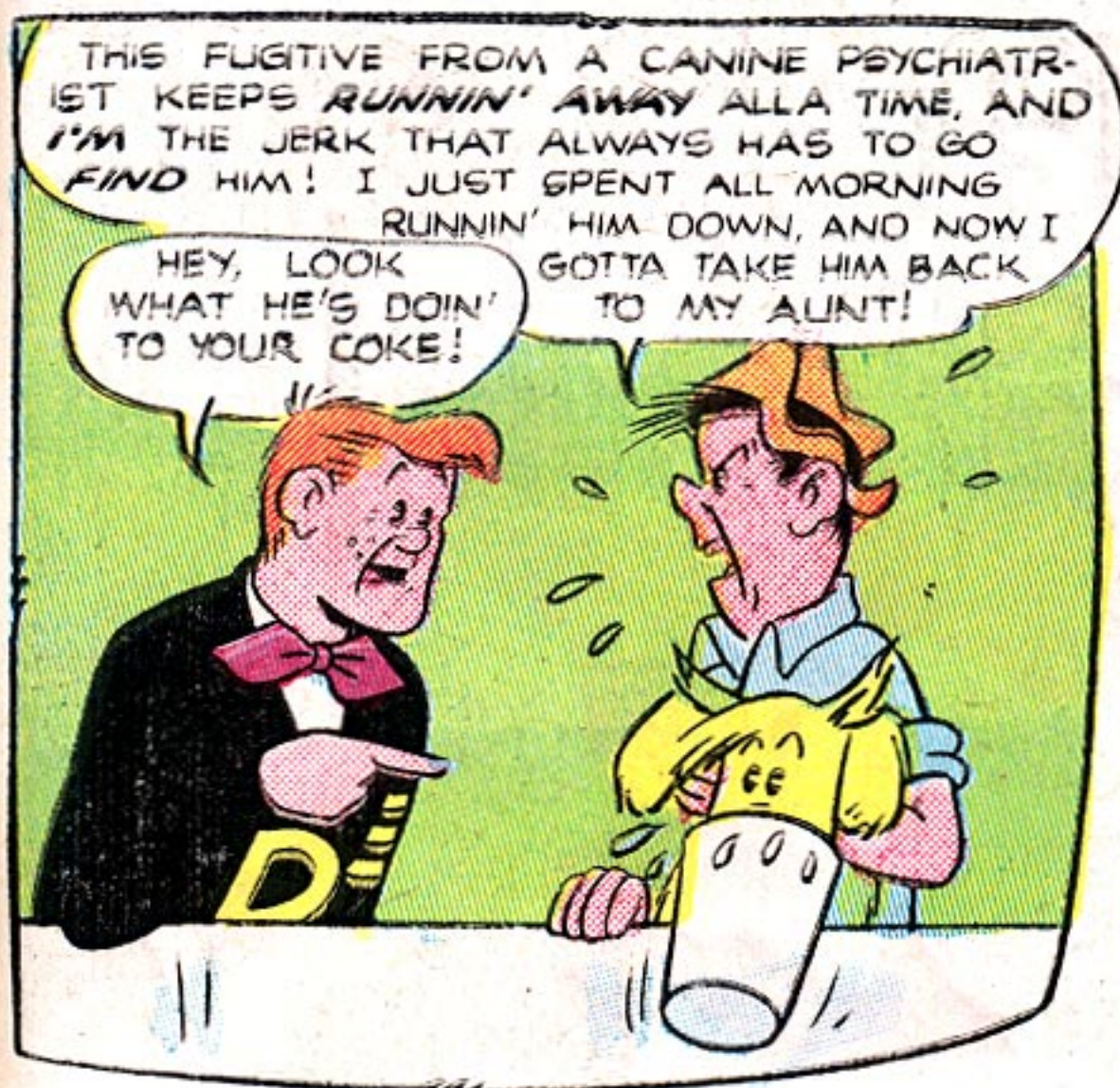


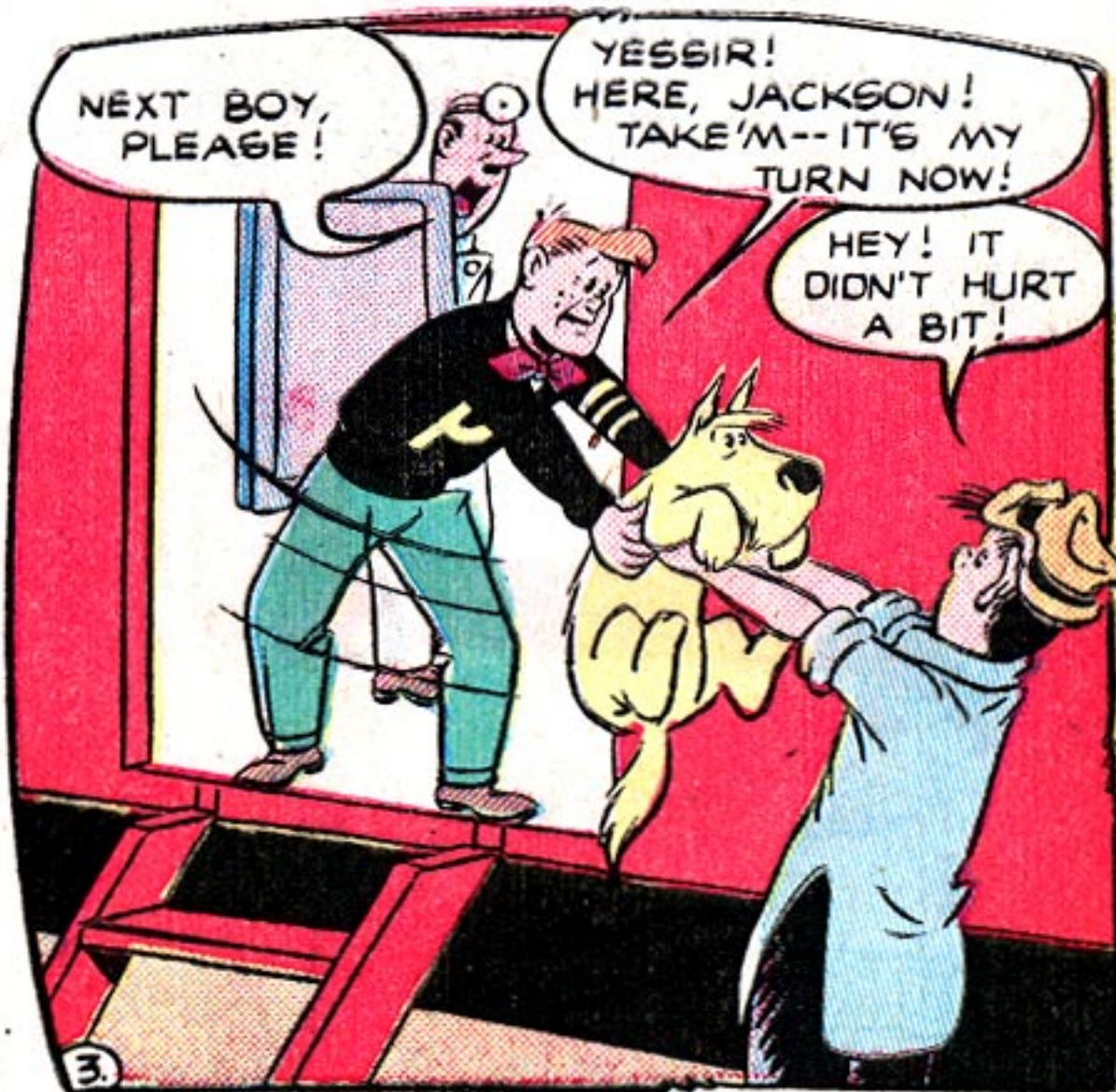
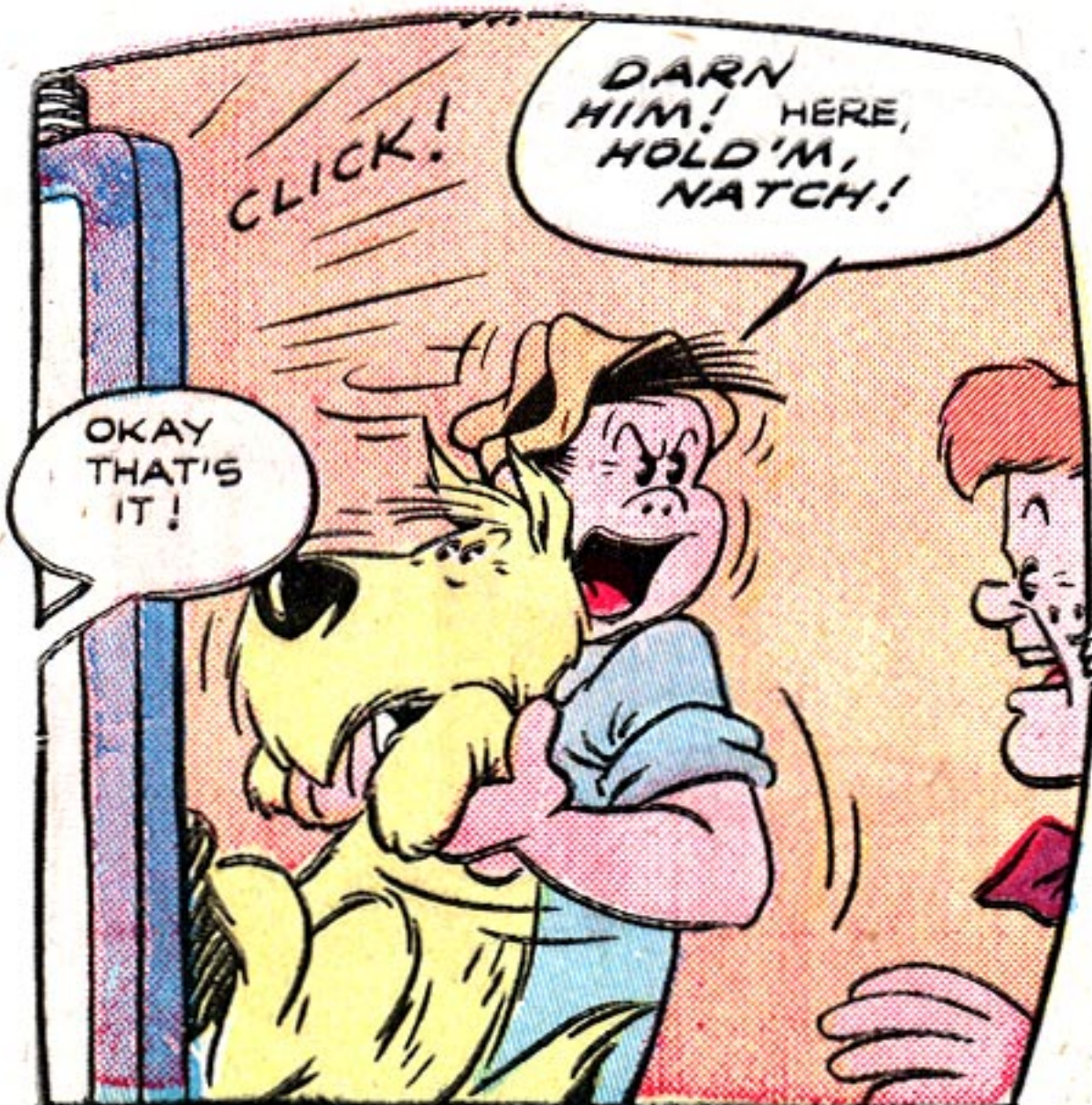
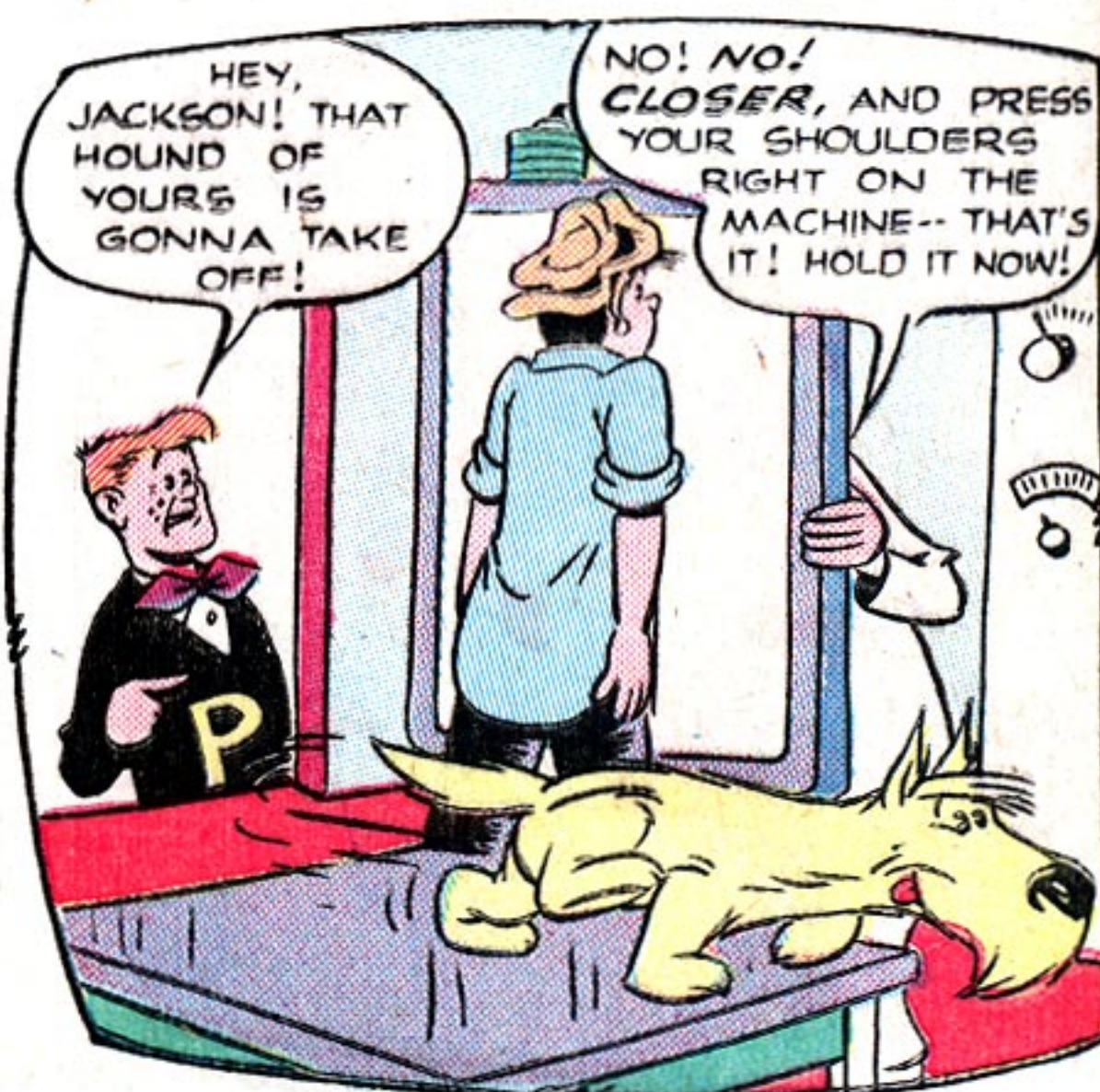
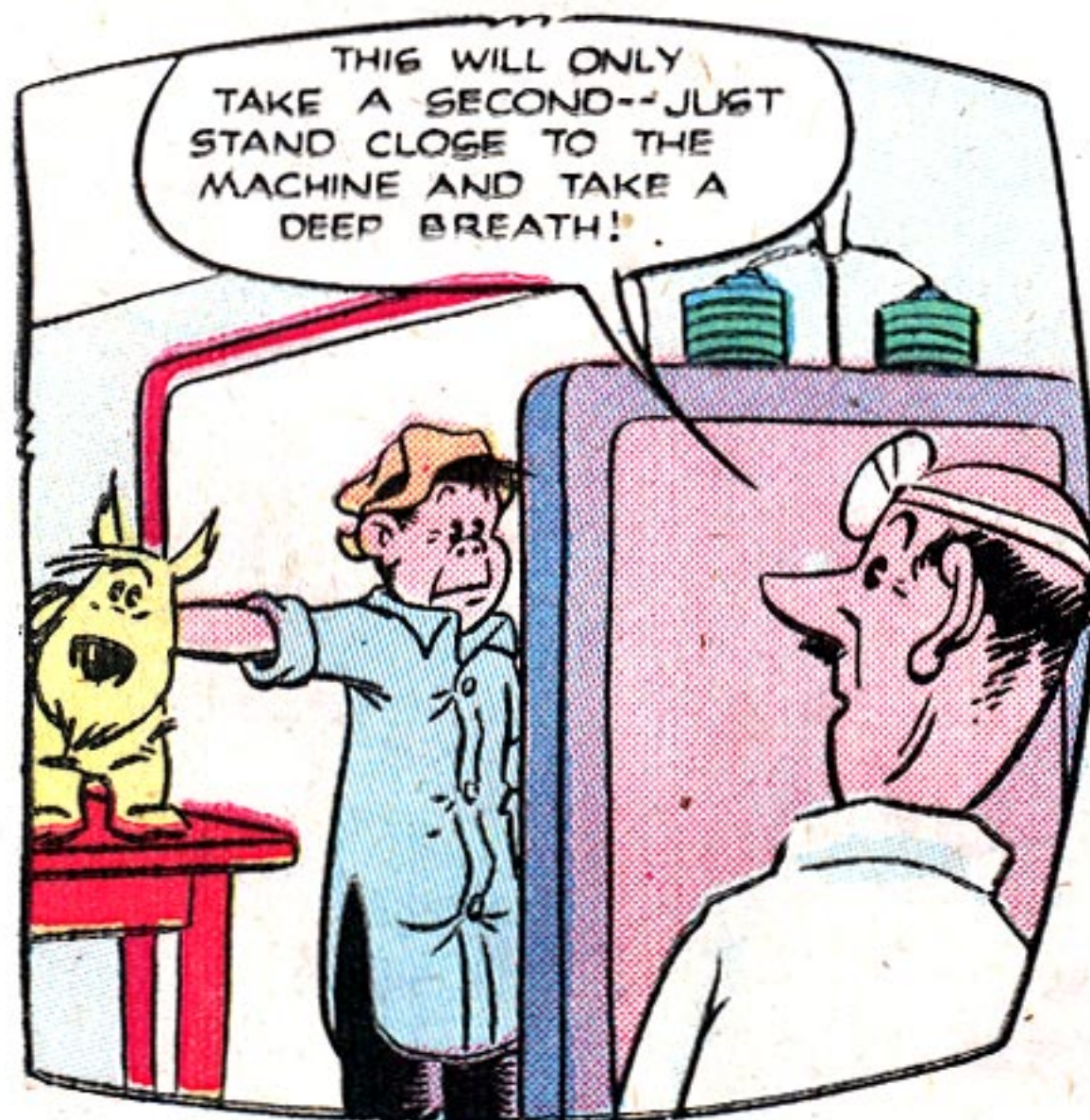
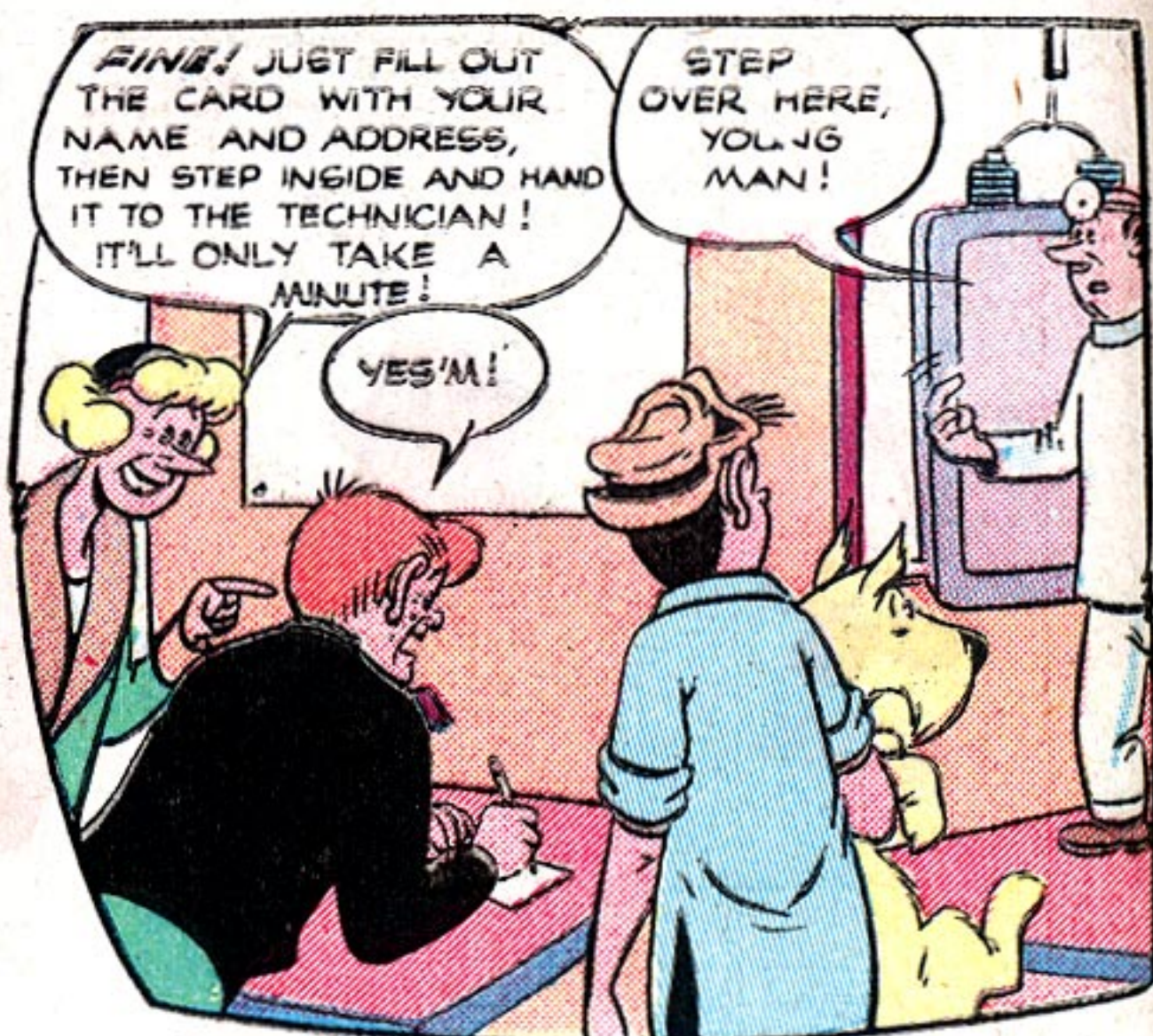
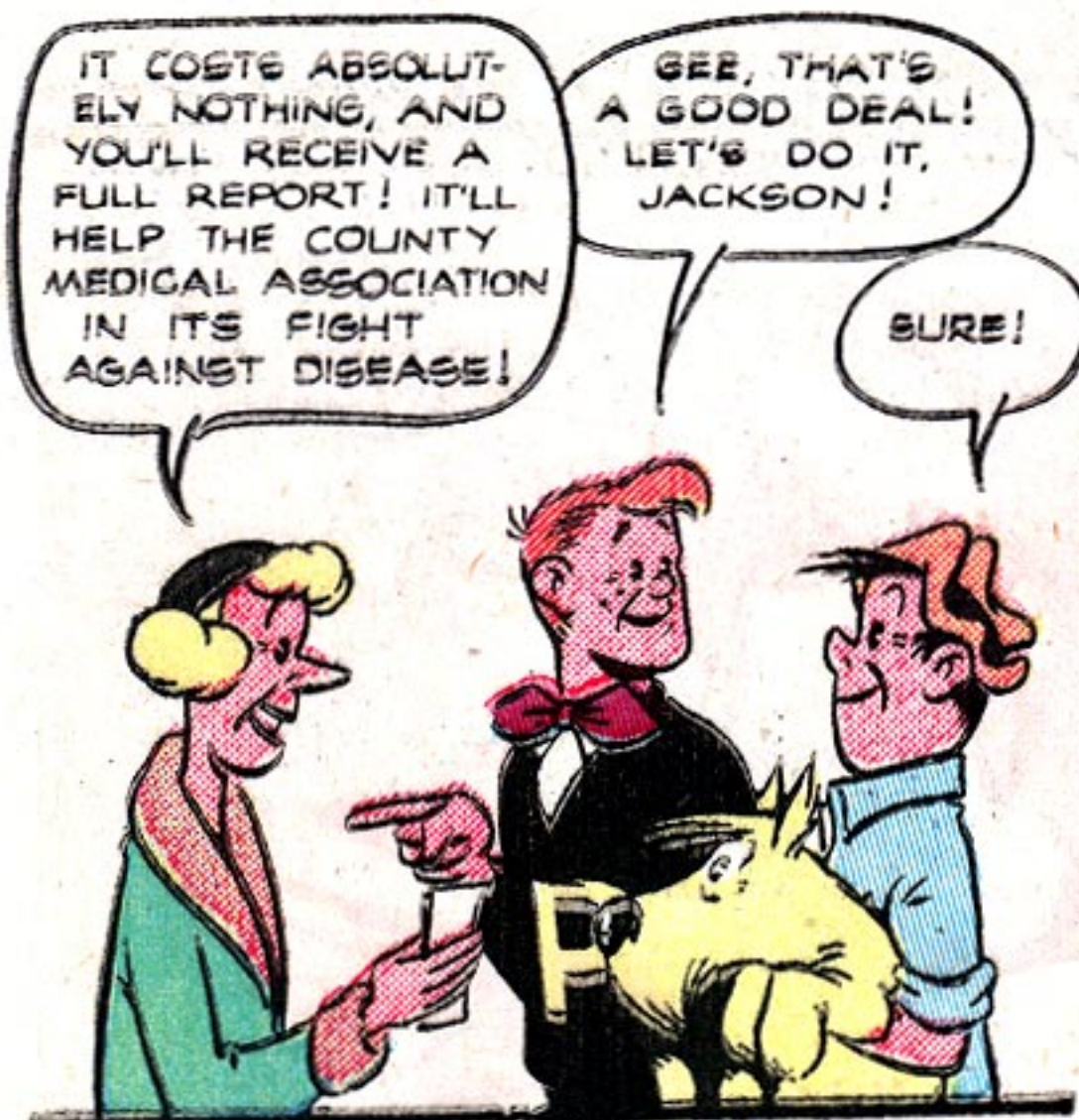


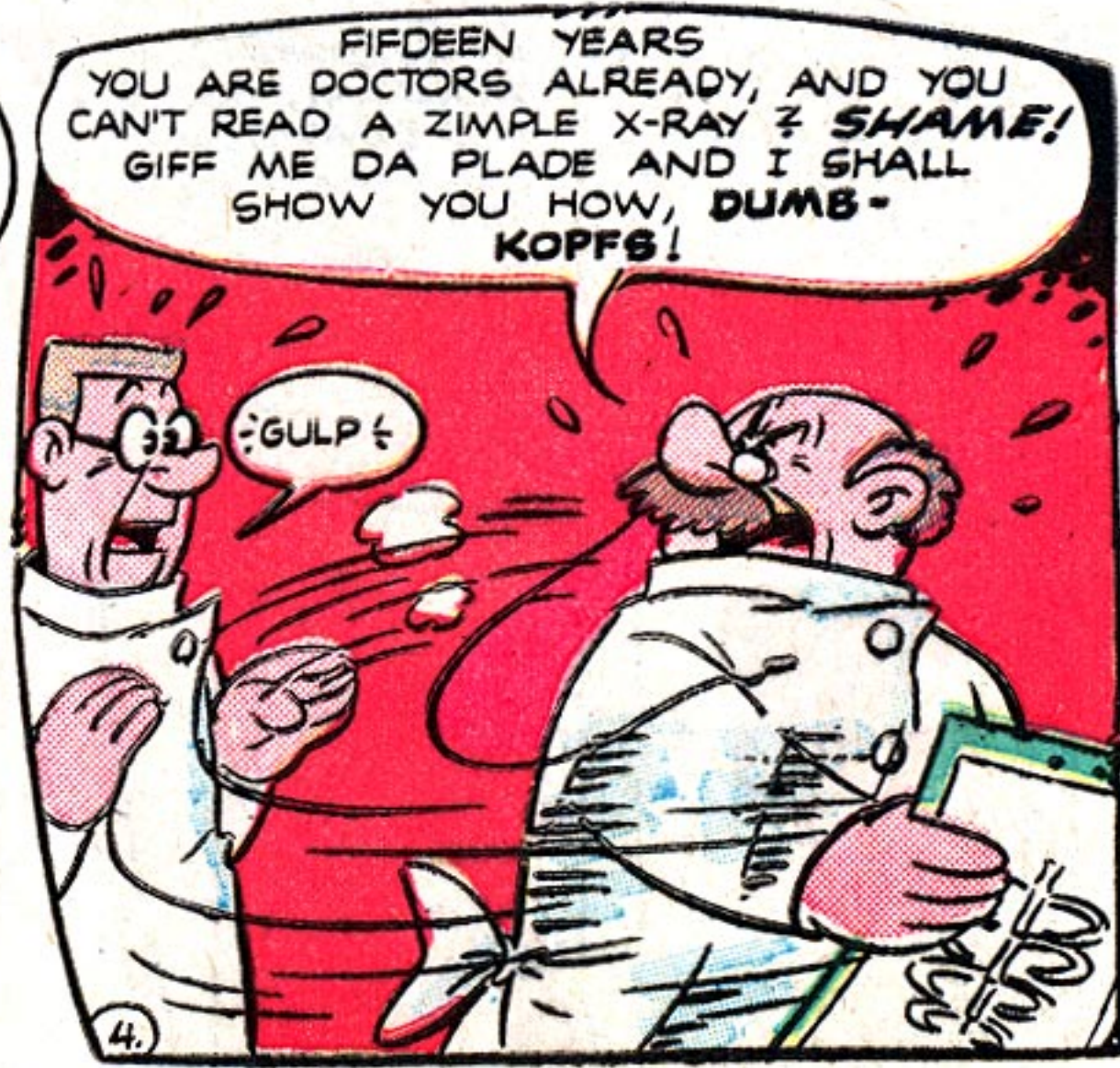
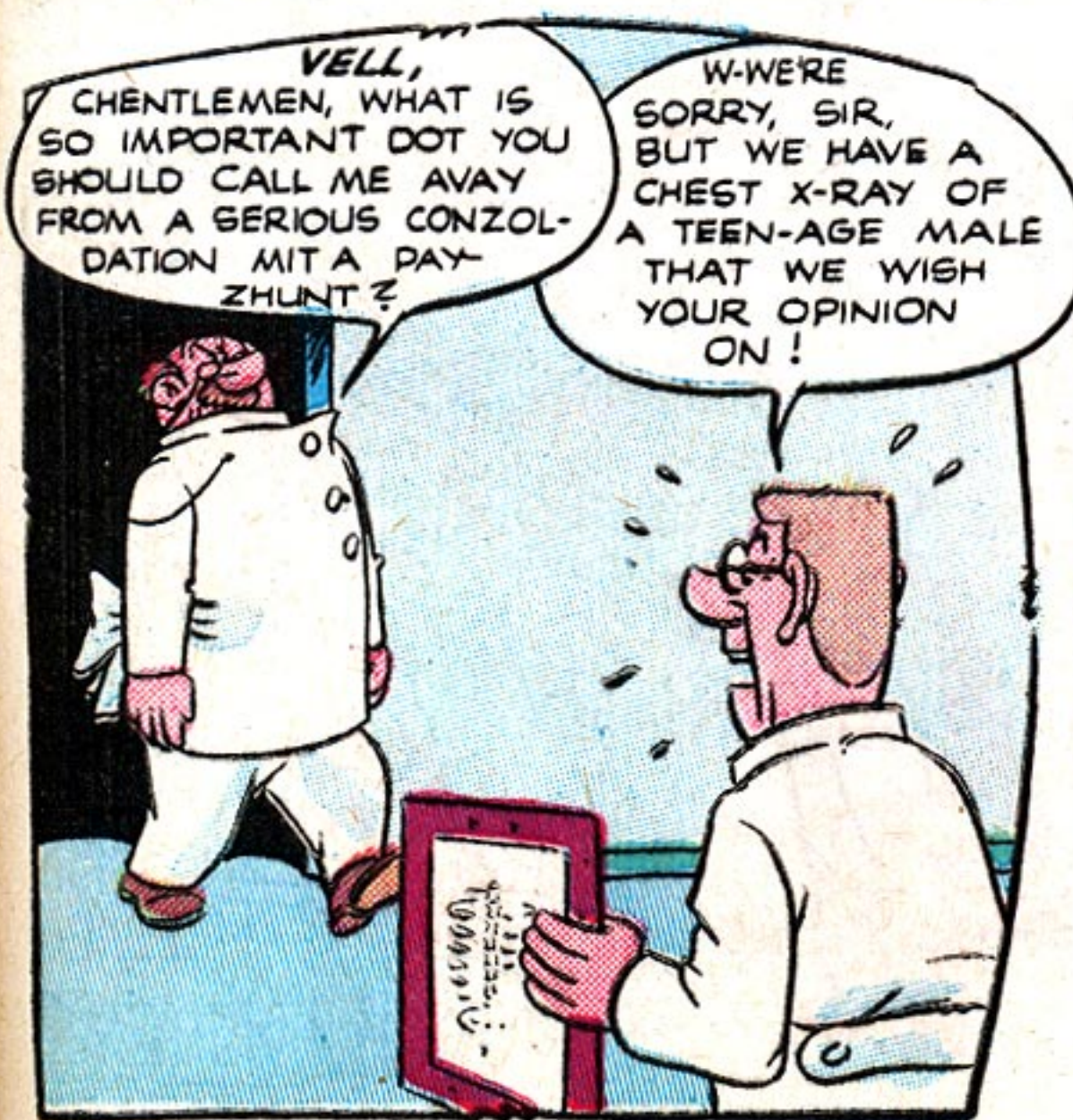
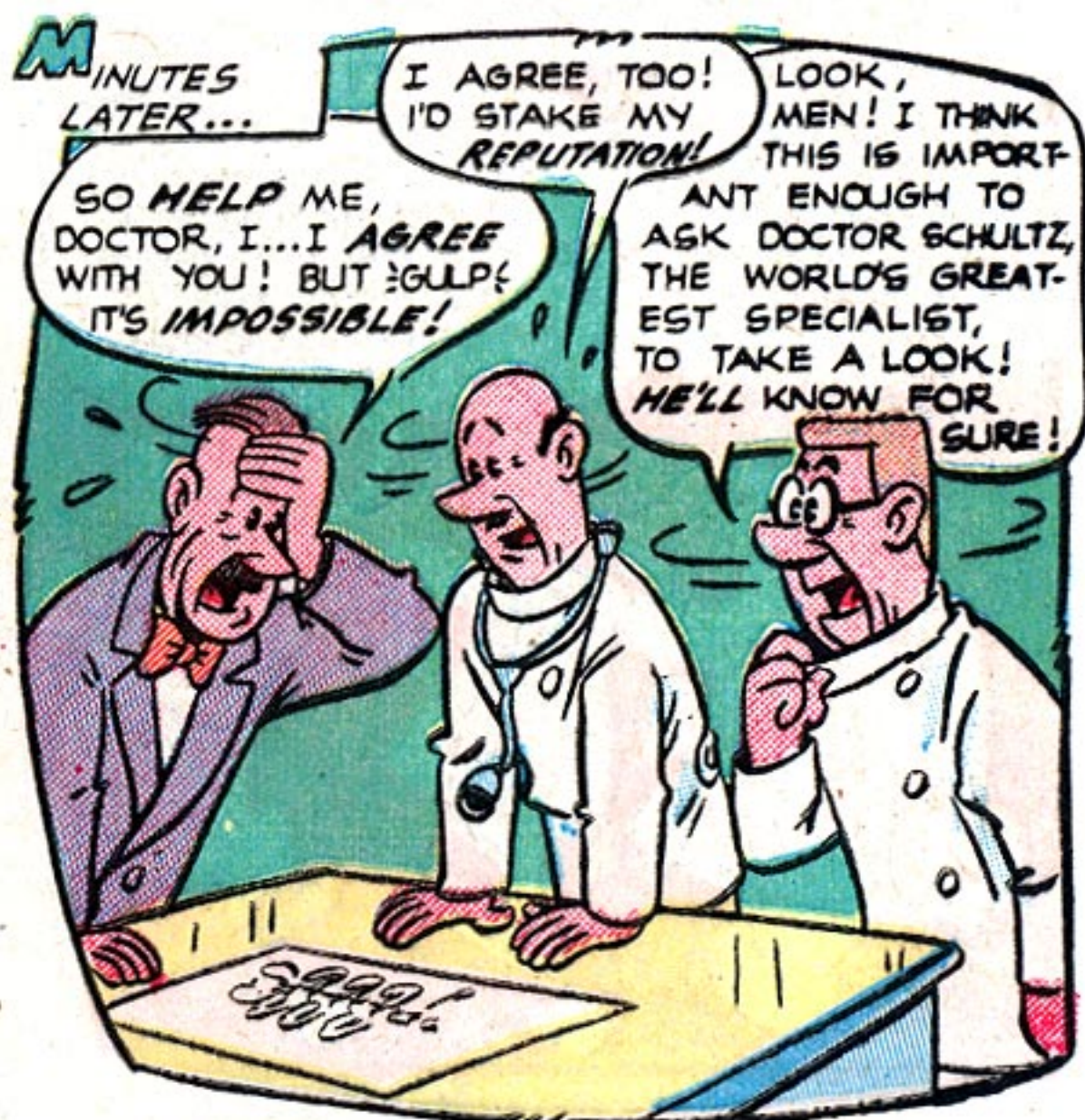
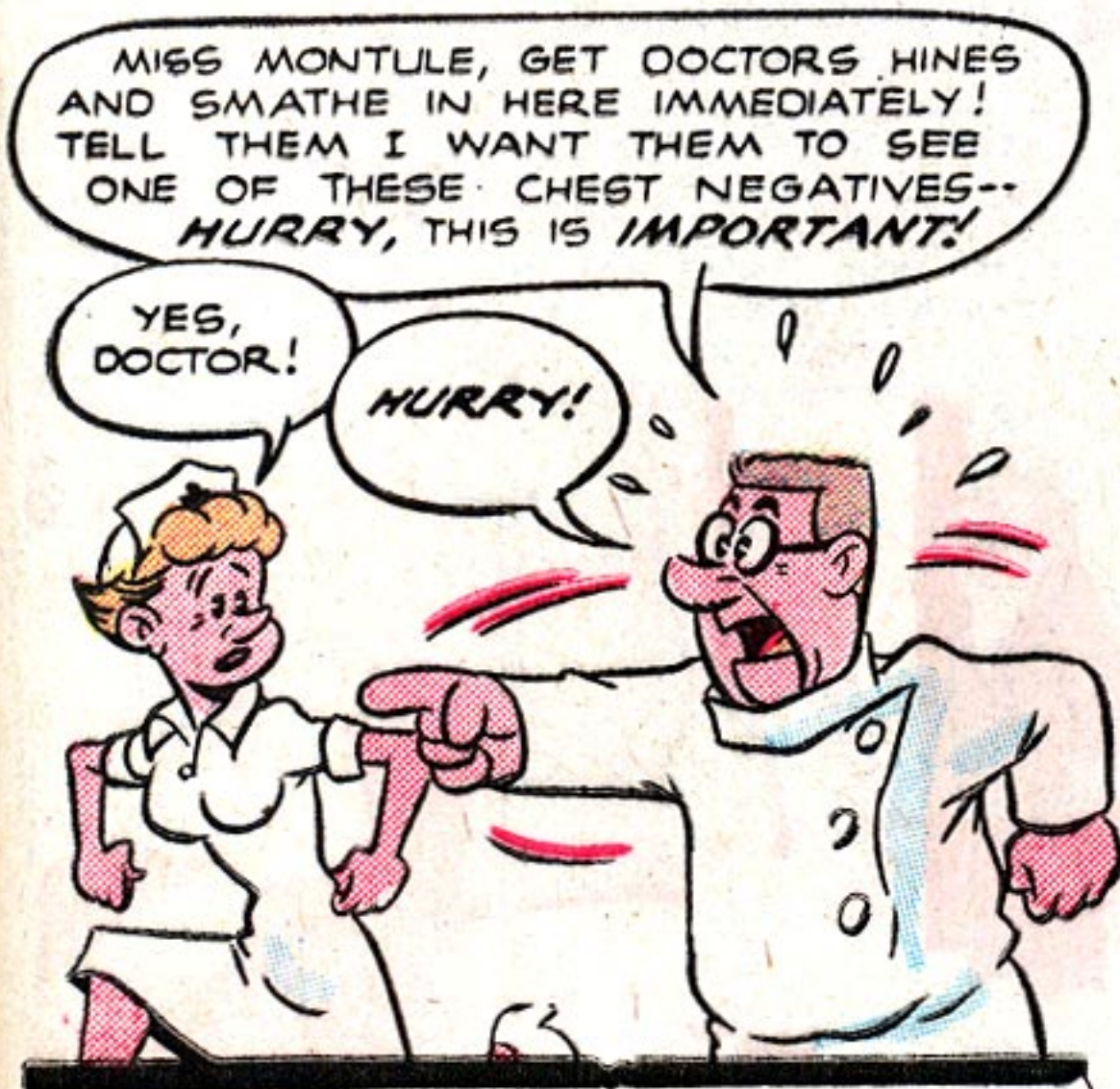
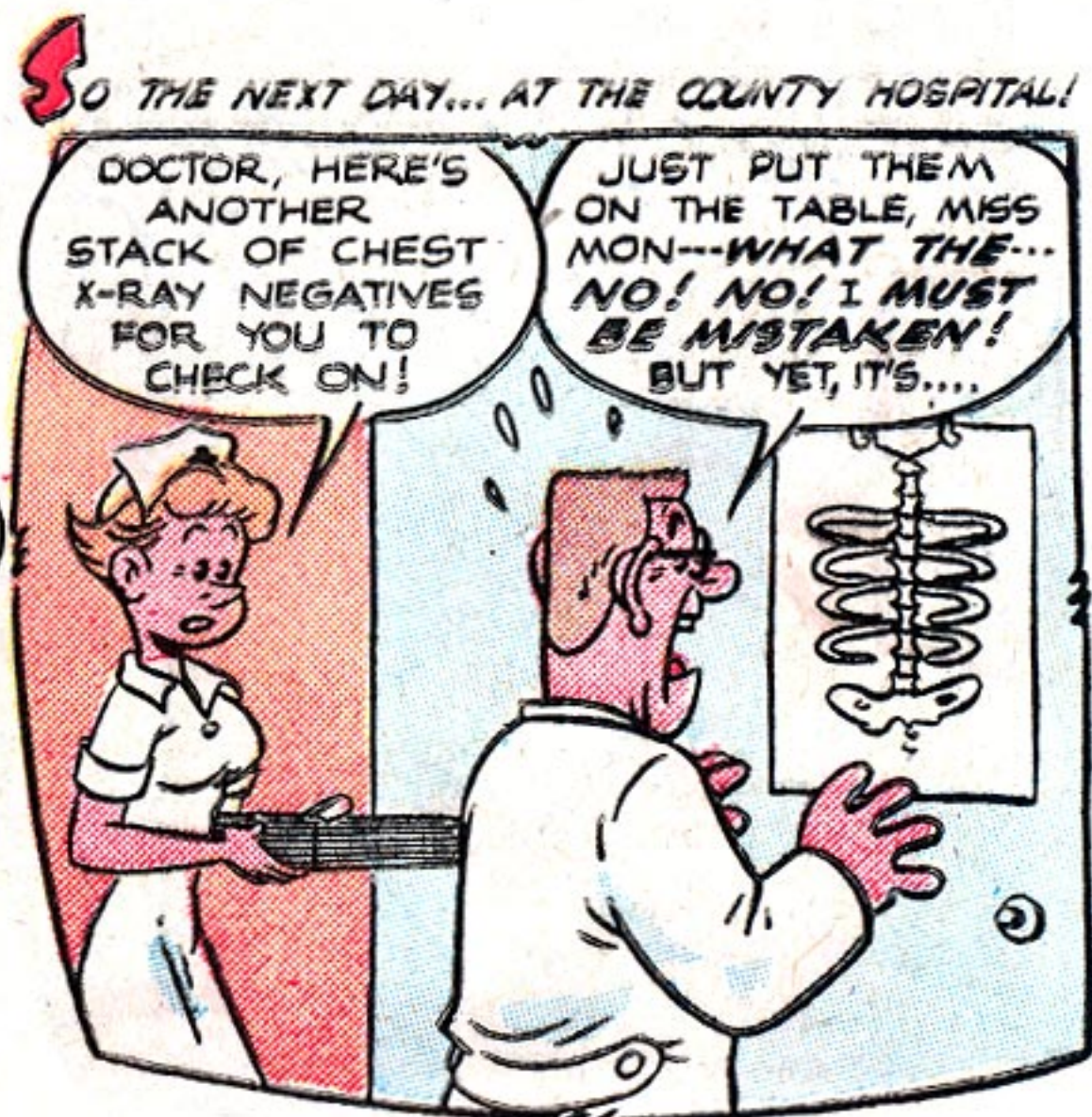
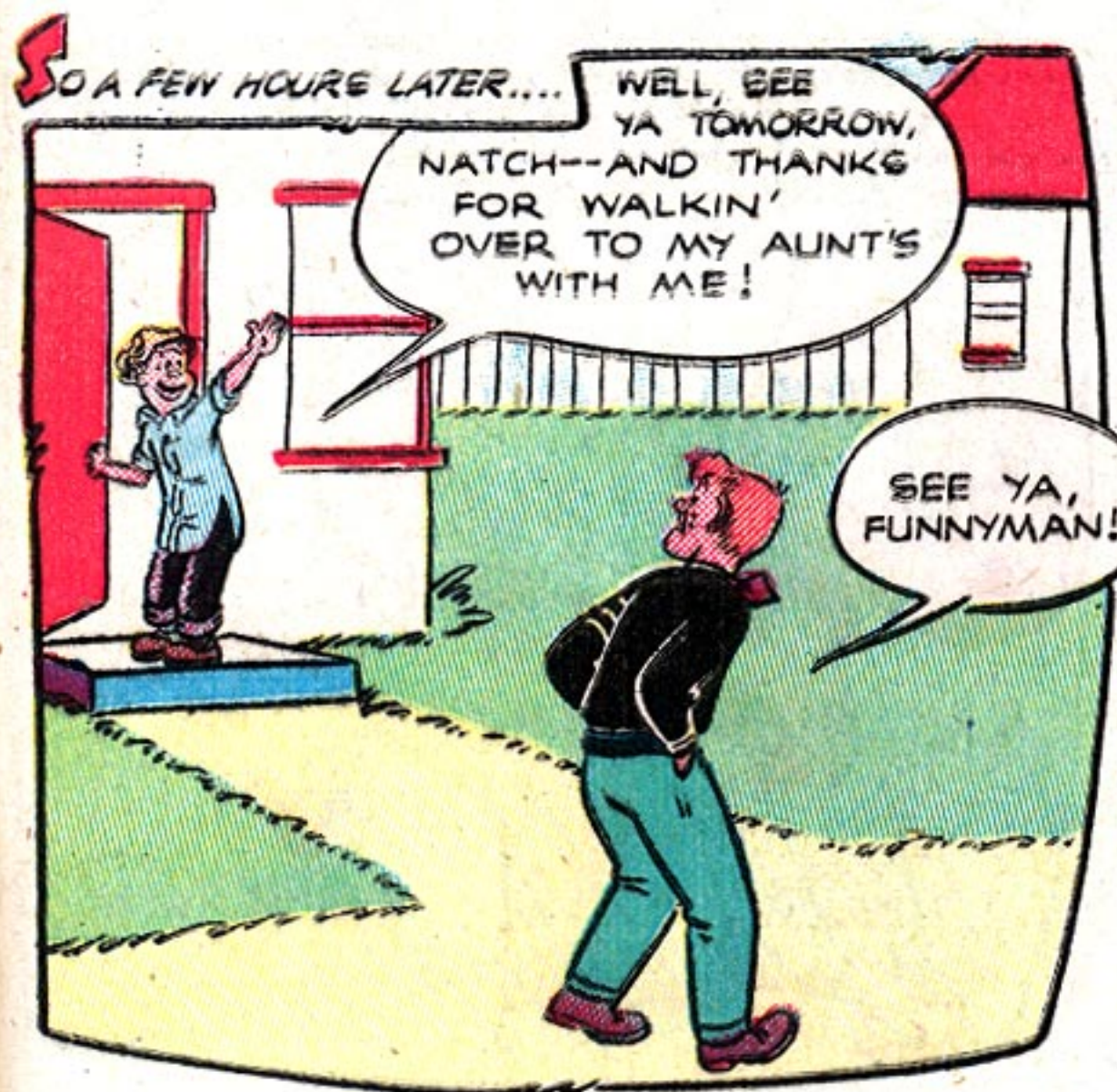
Solid Jackson

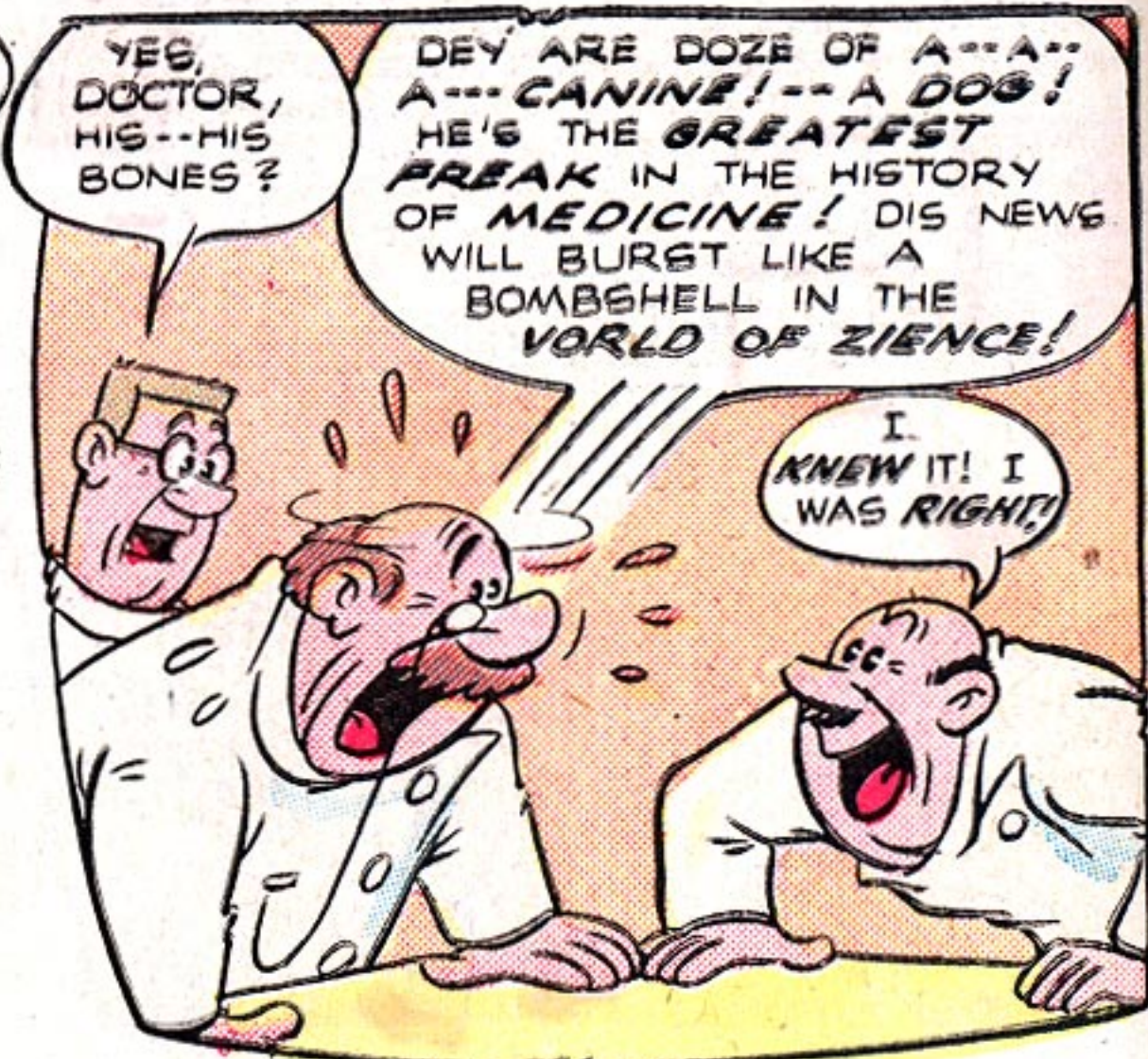
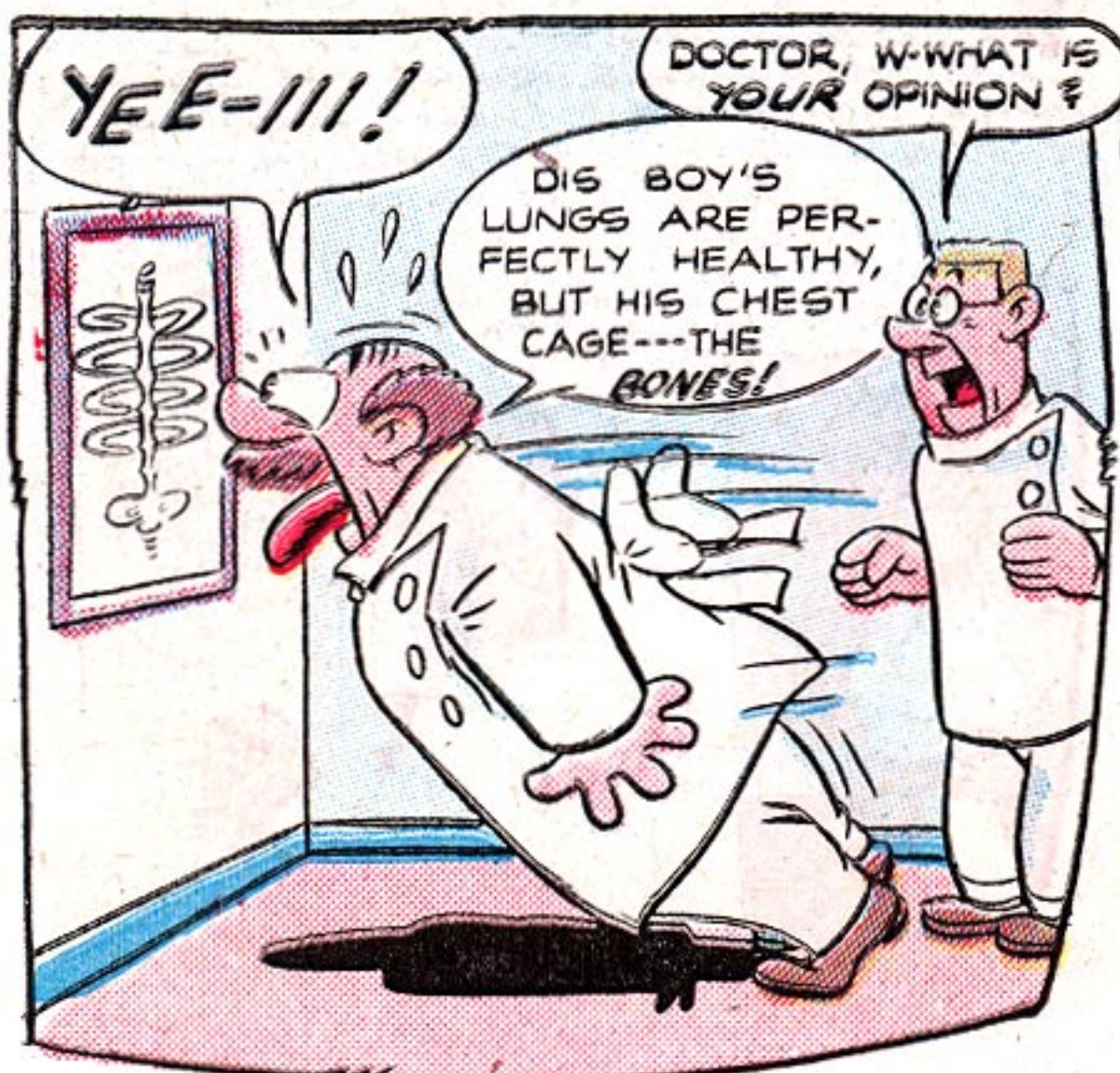
in
"DOG BONES"



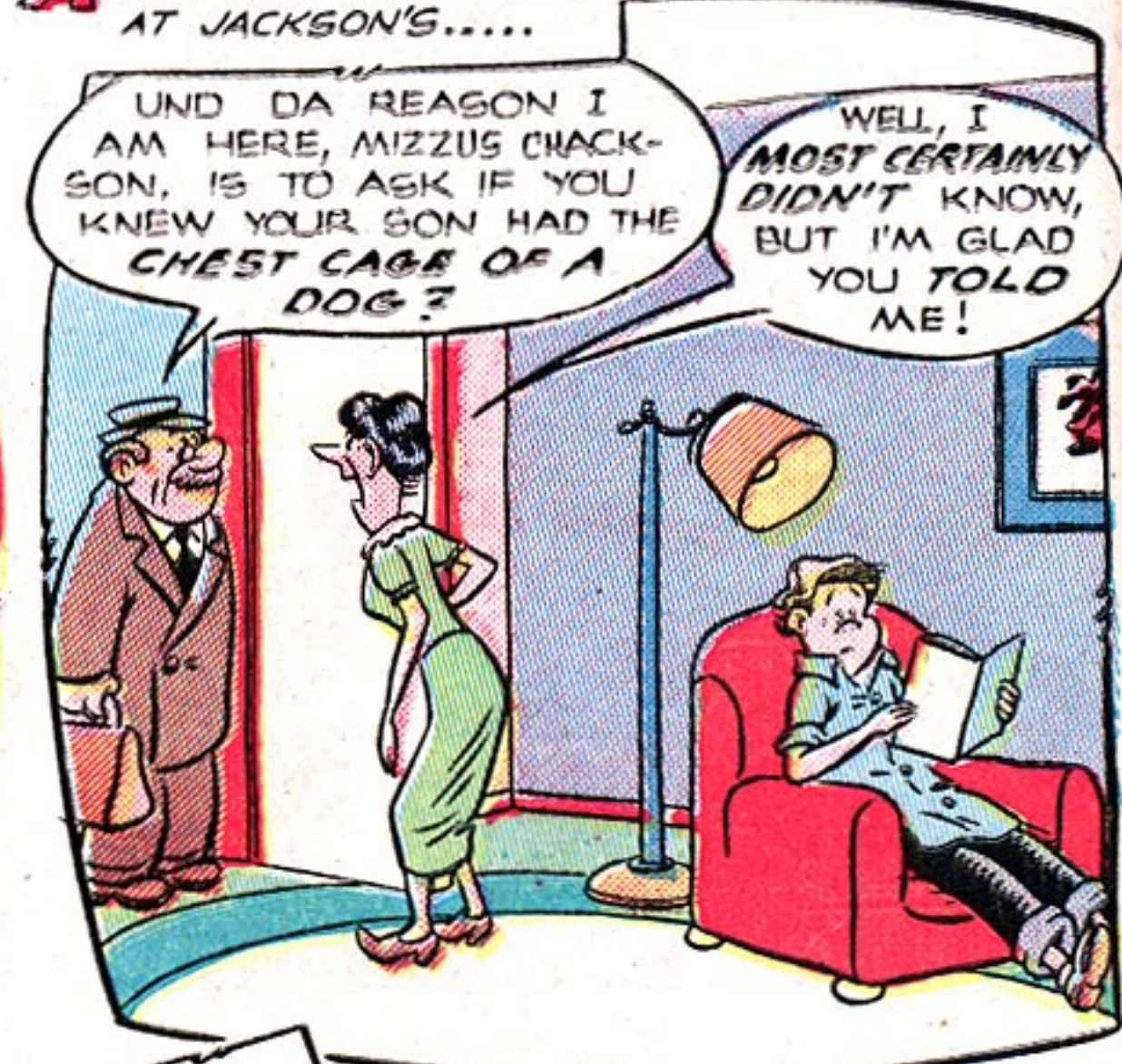
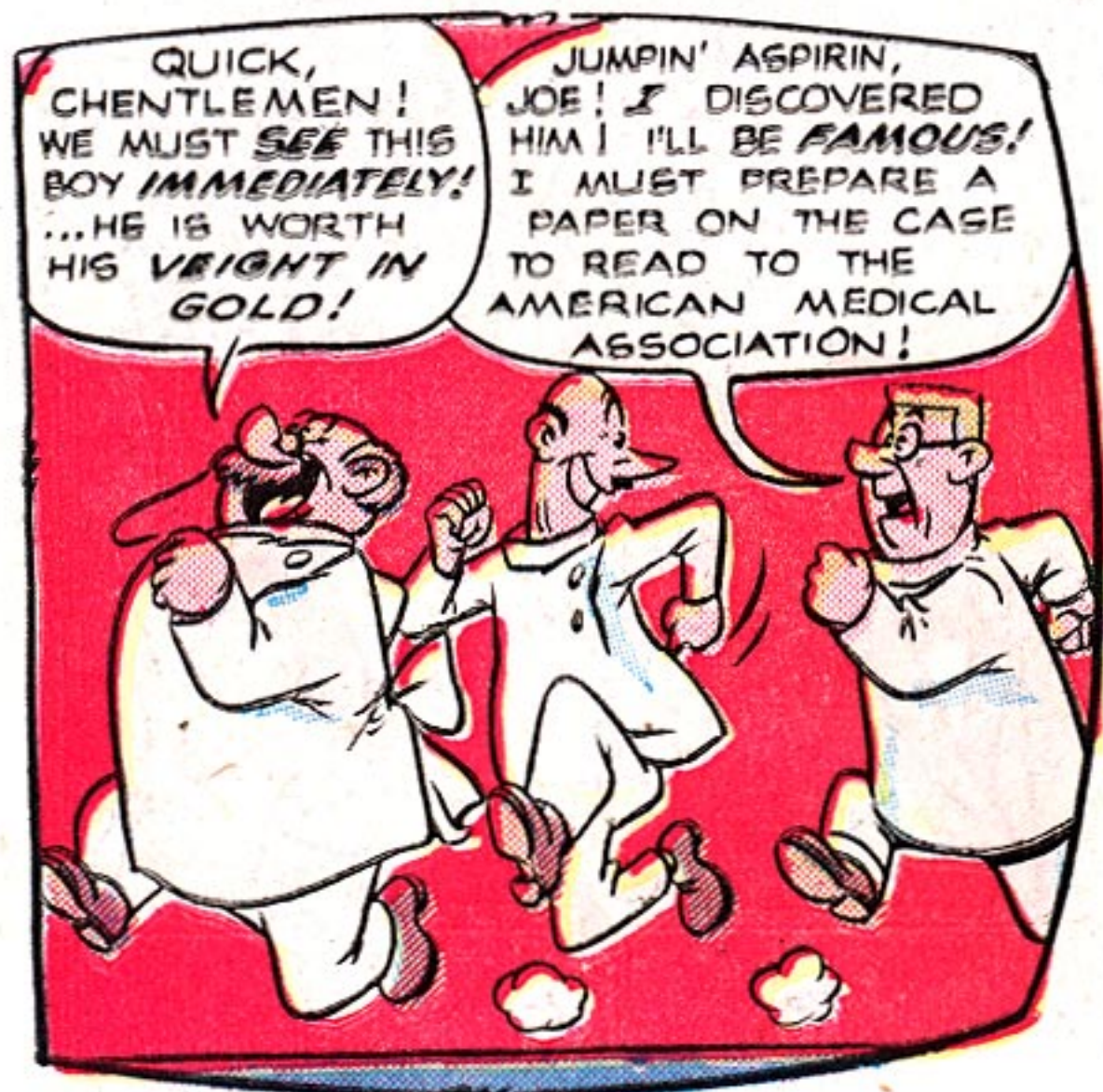




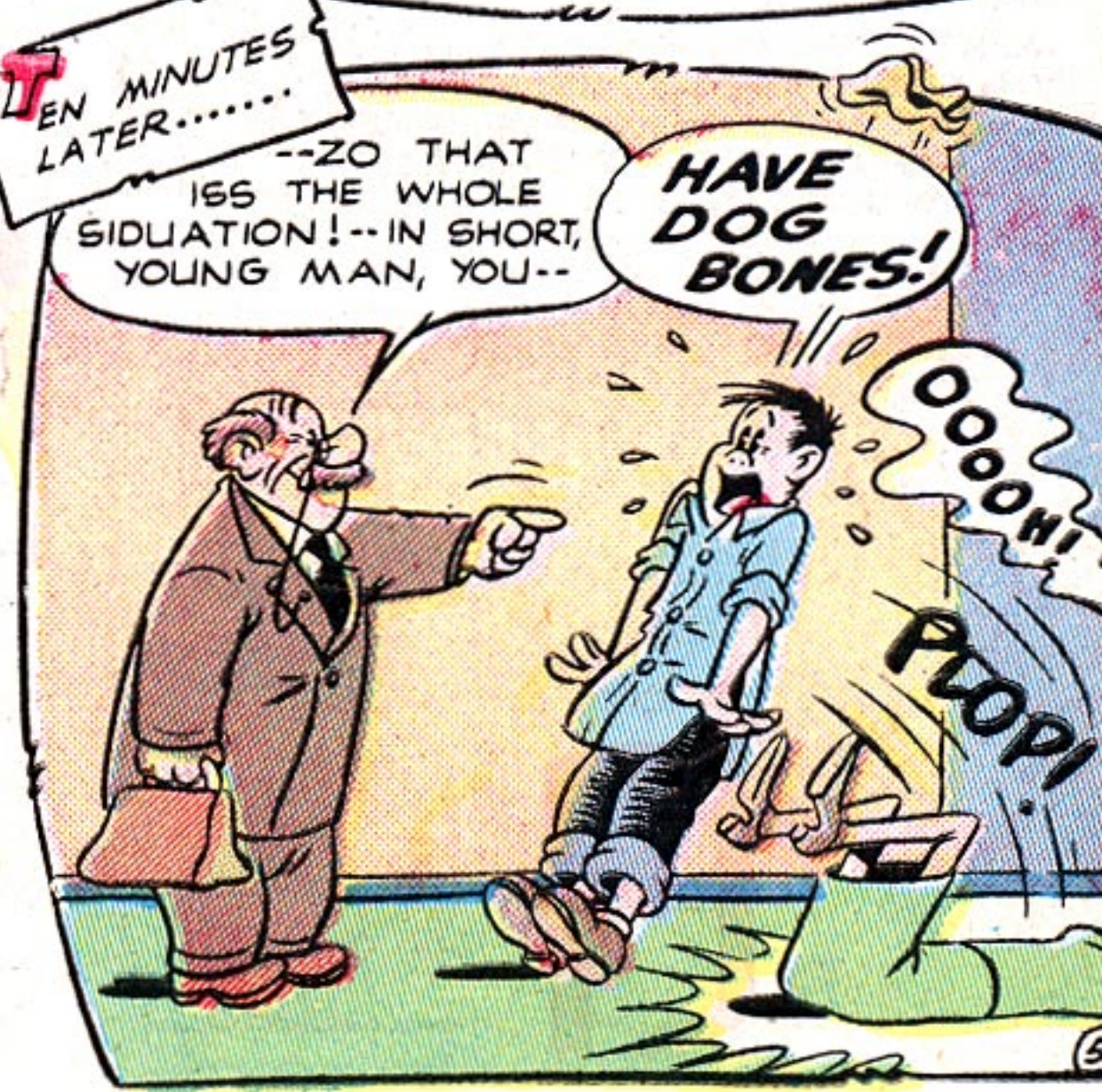


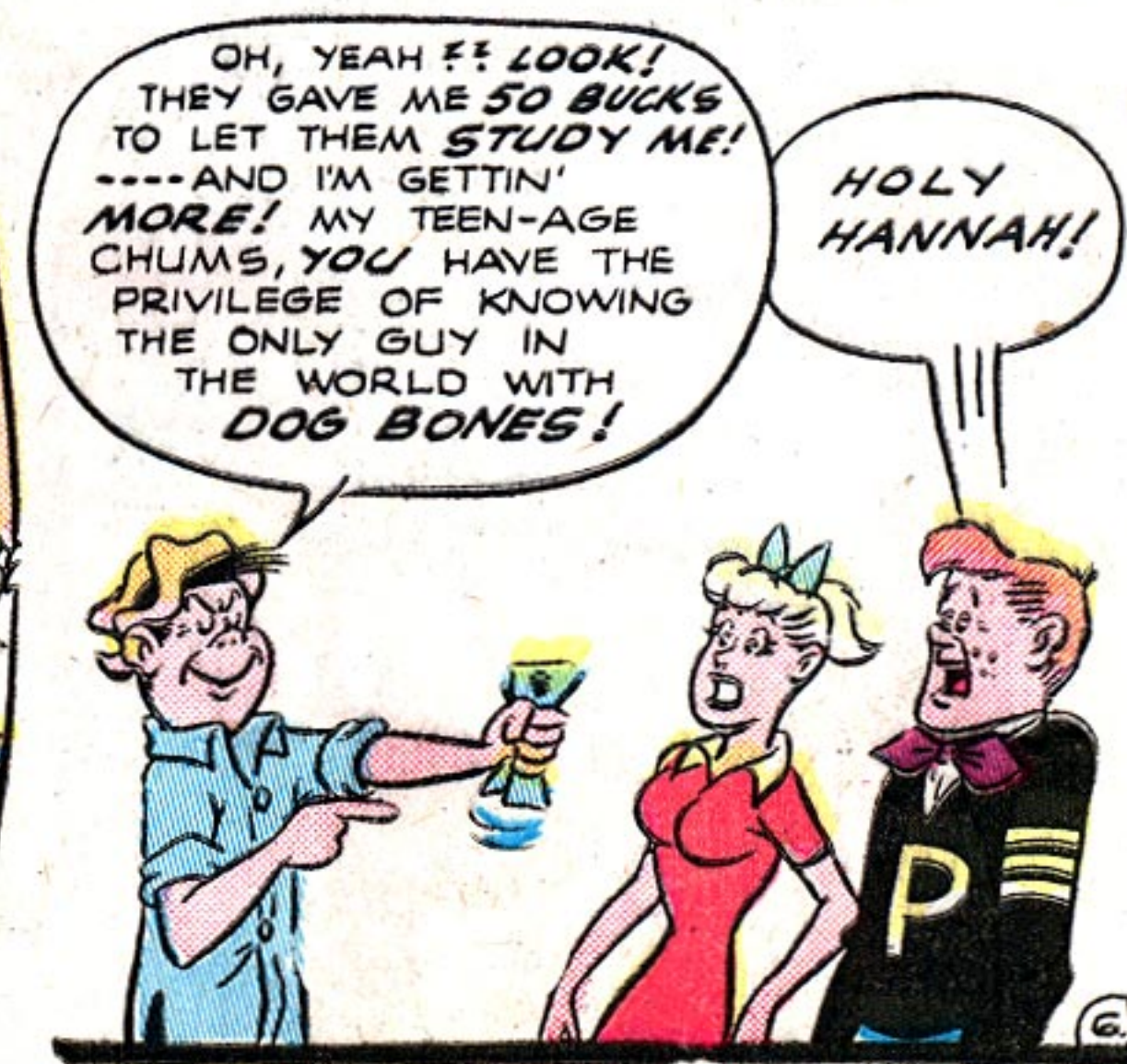
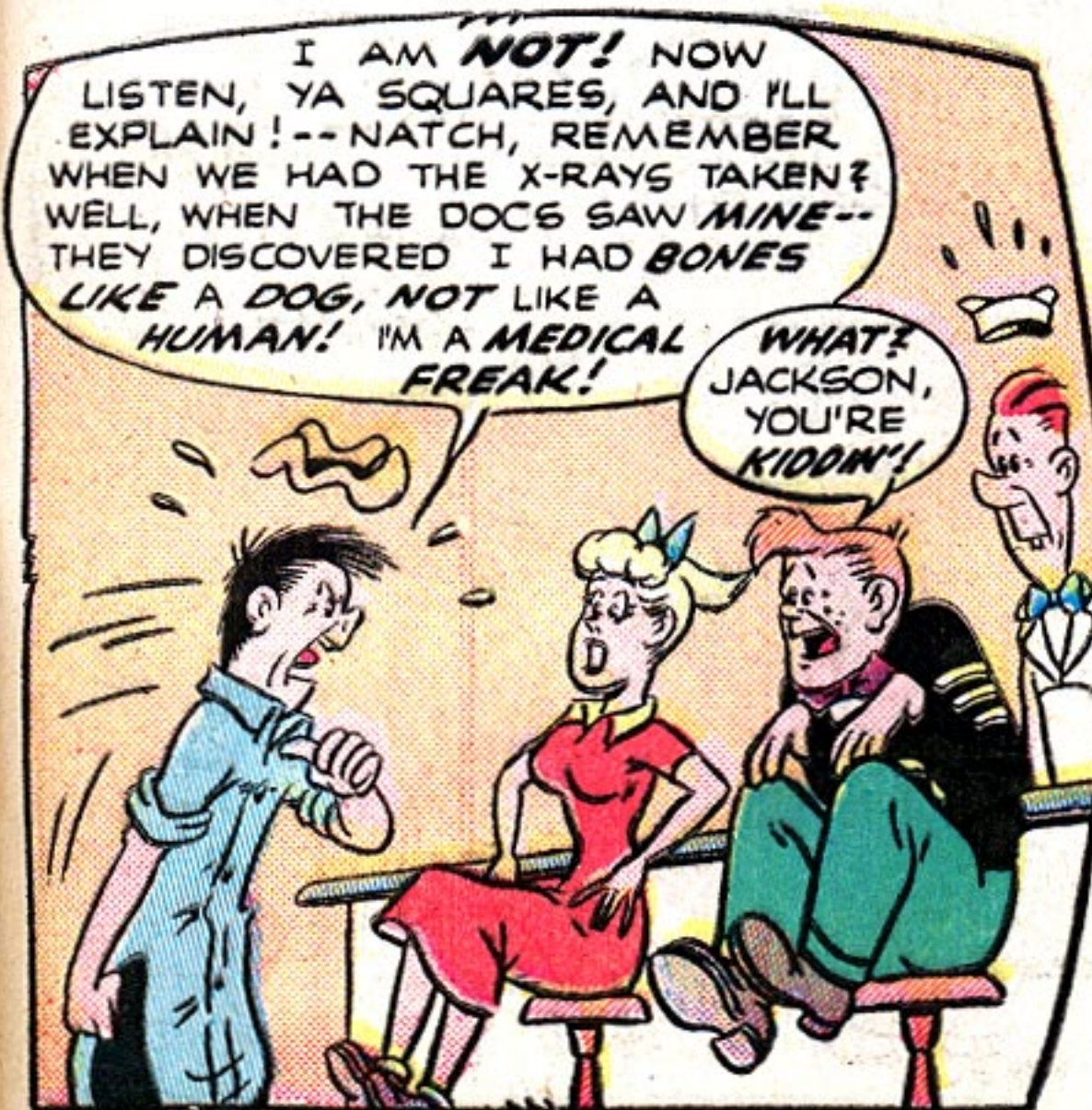
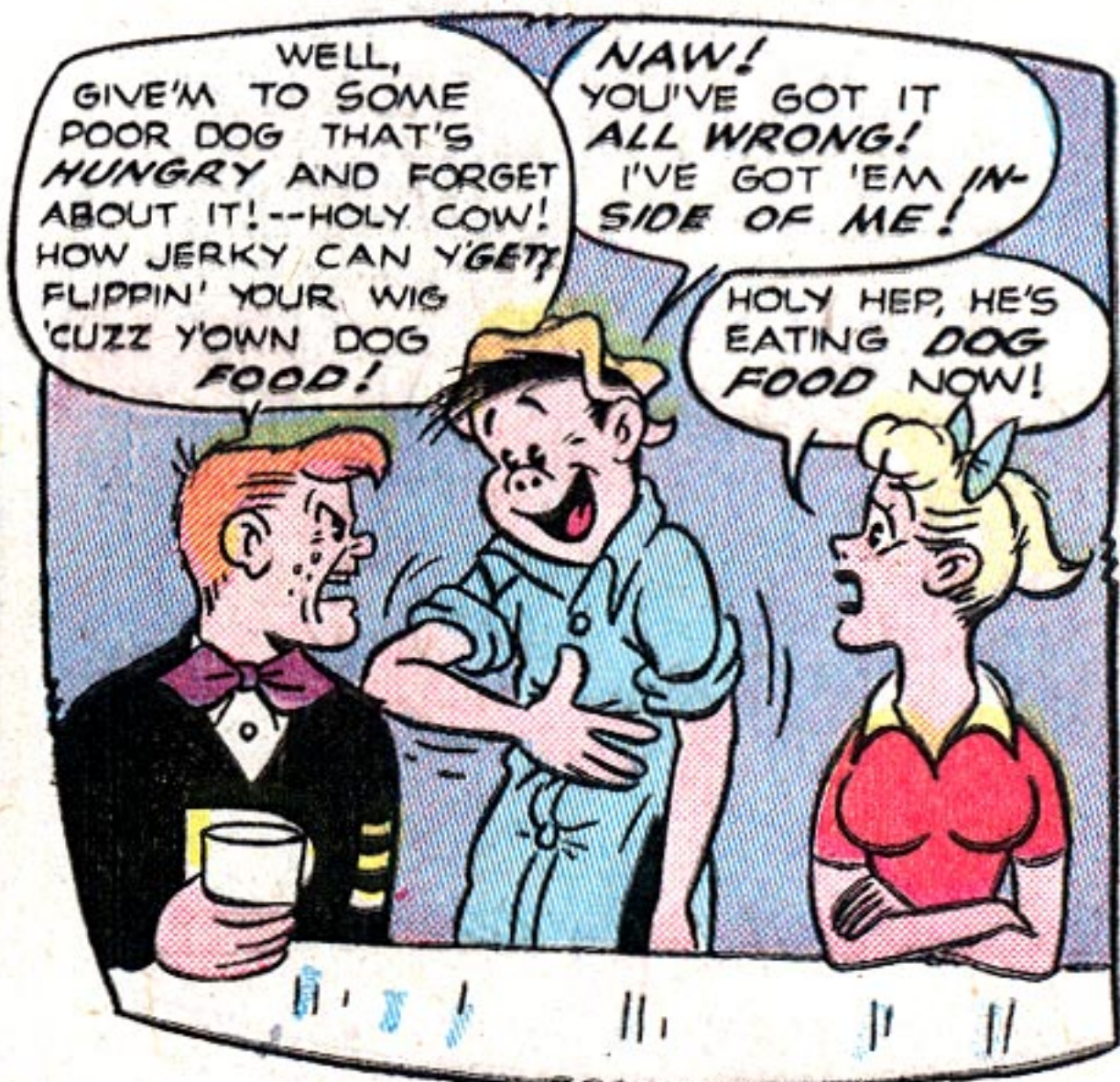
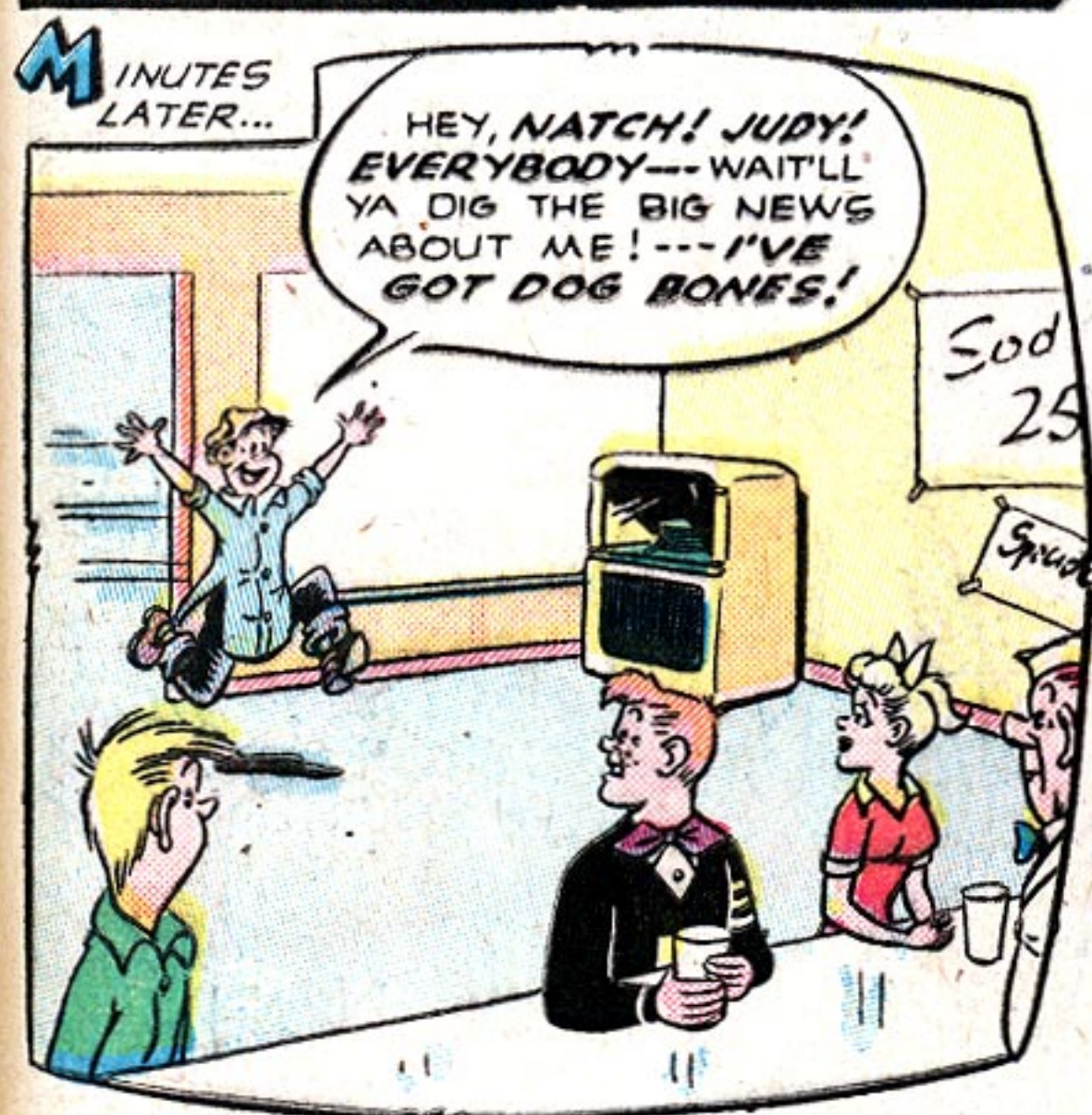
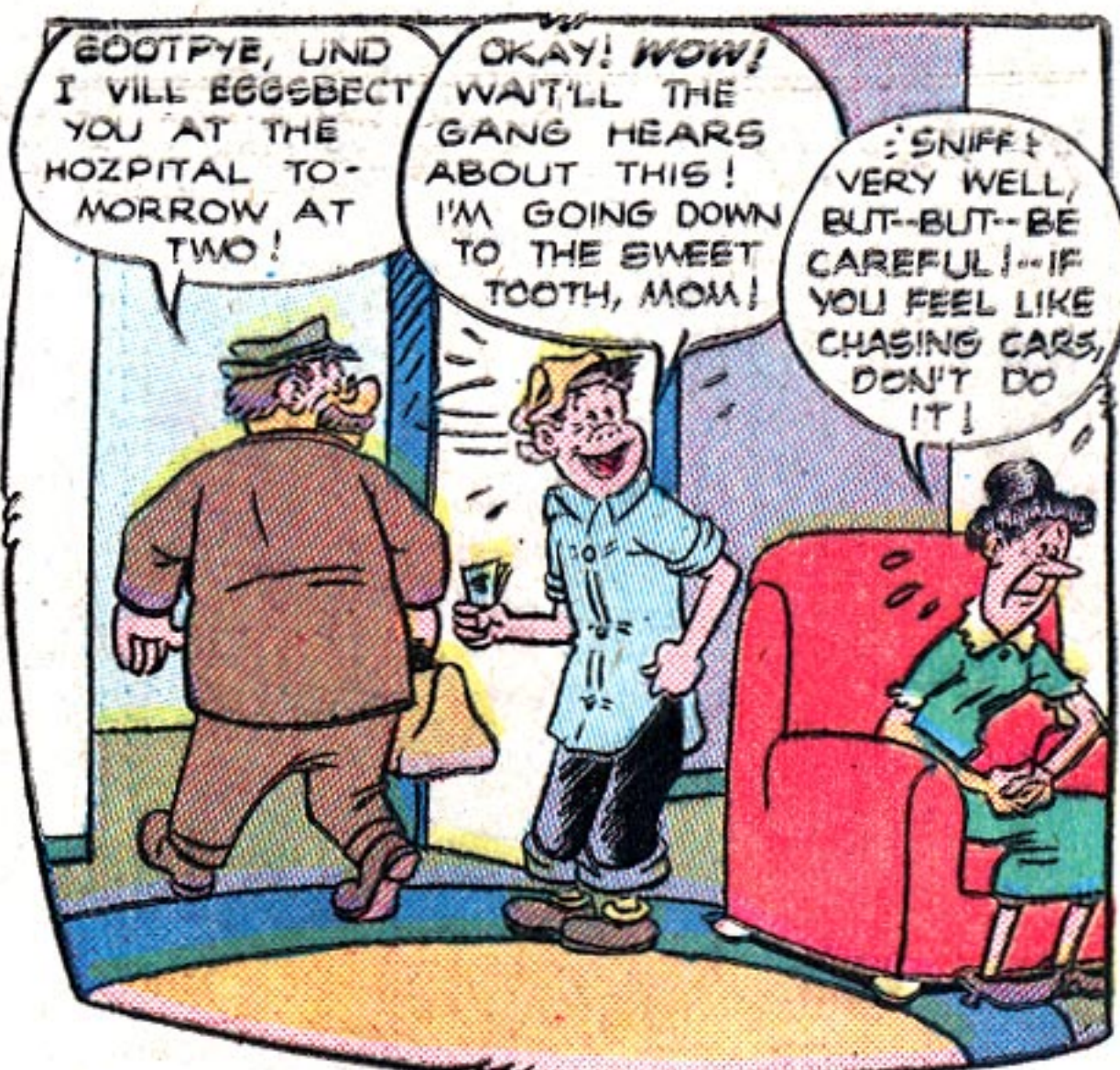
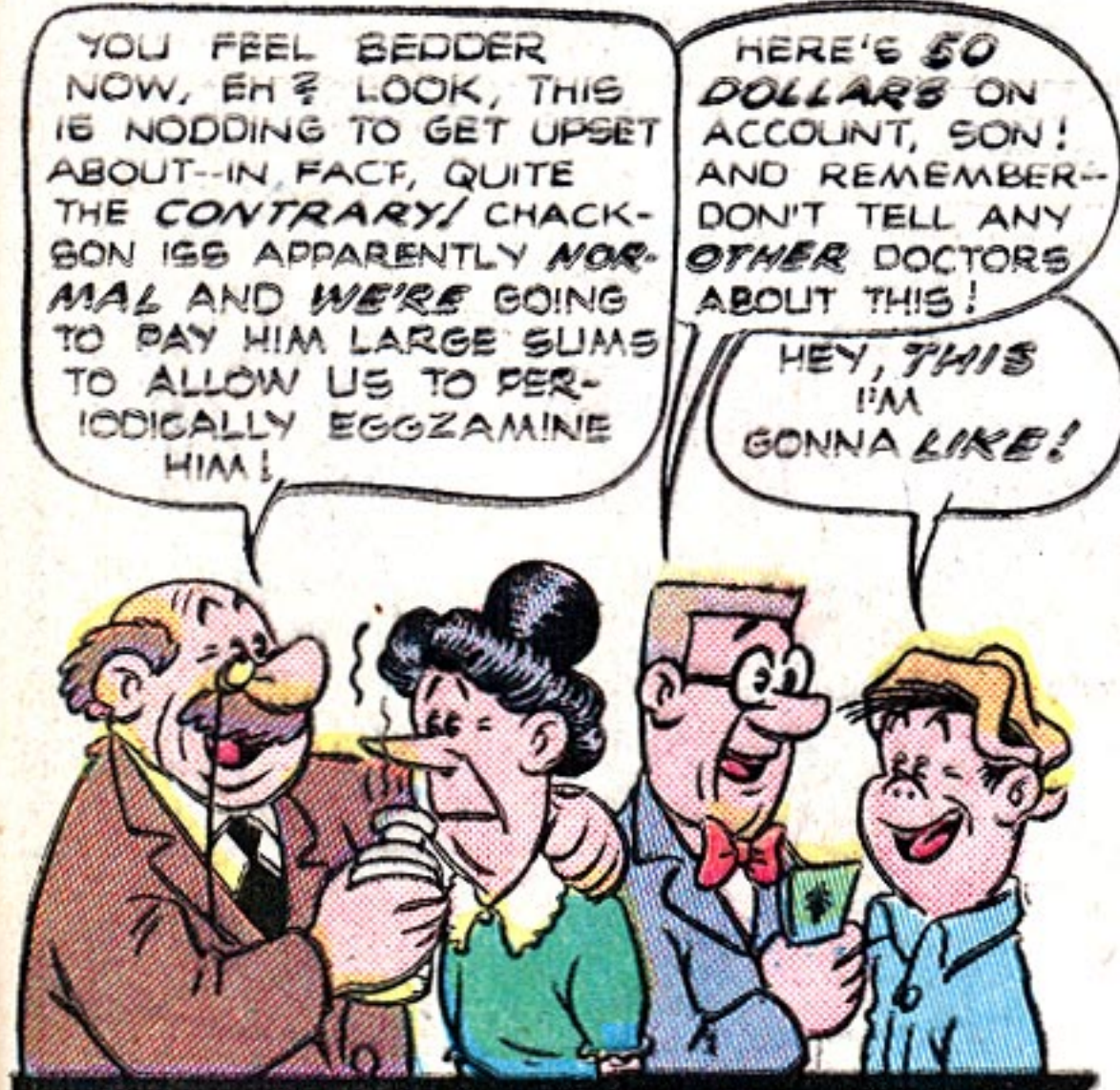


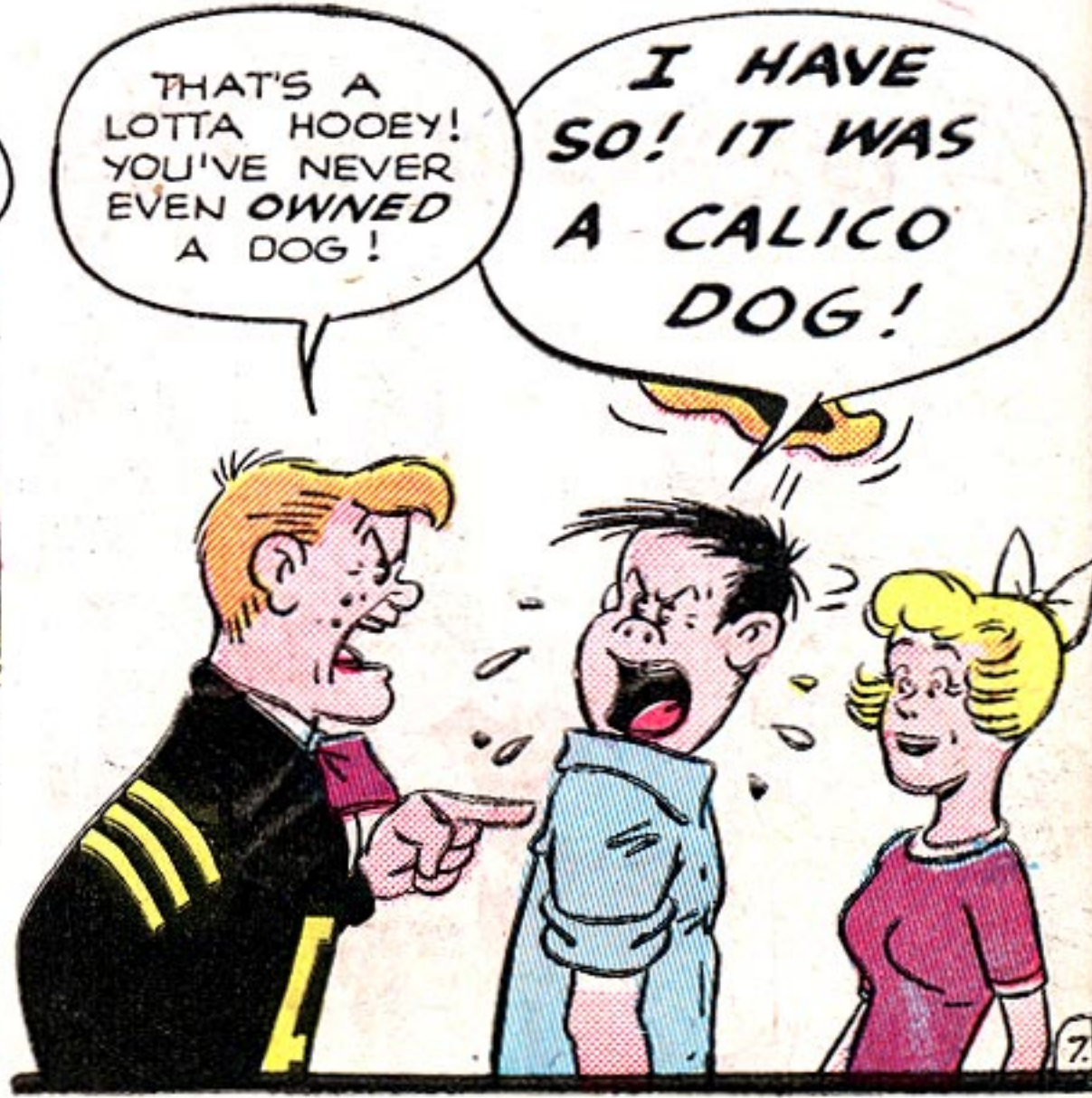
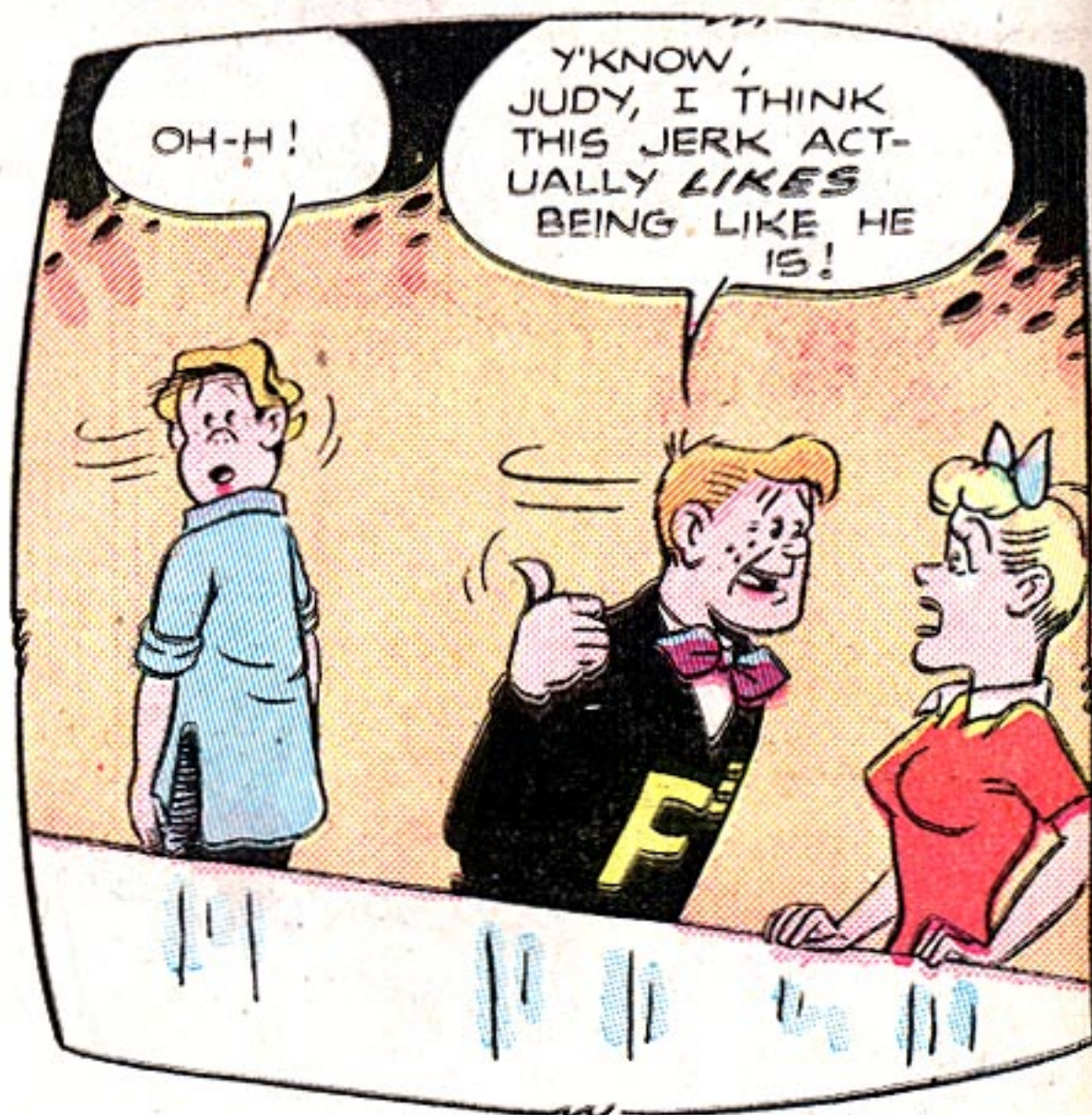
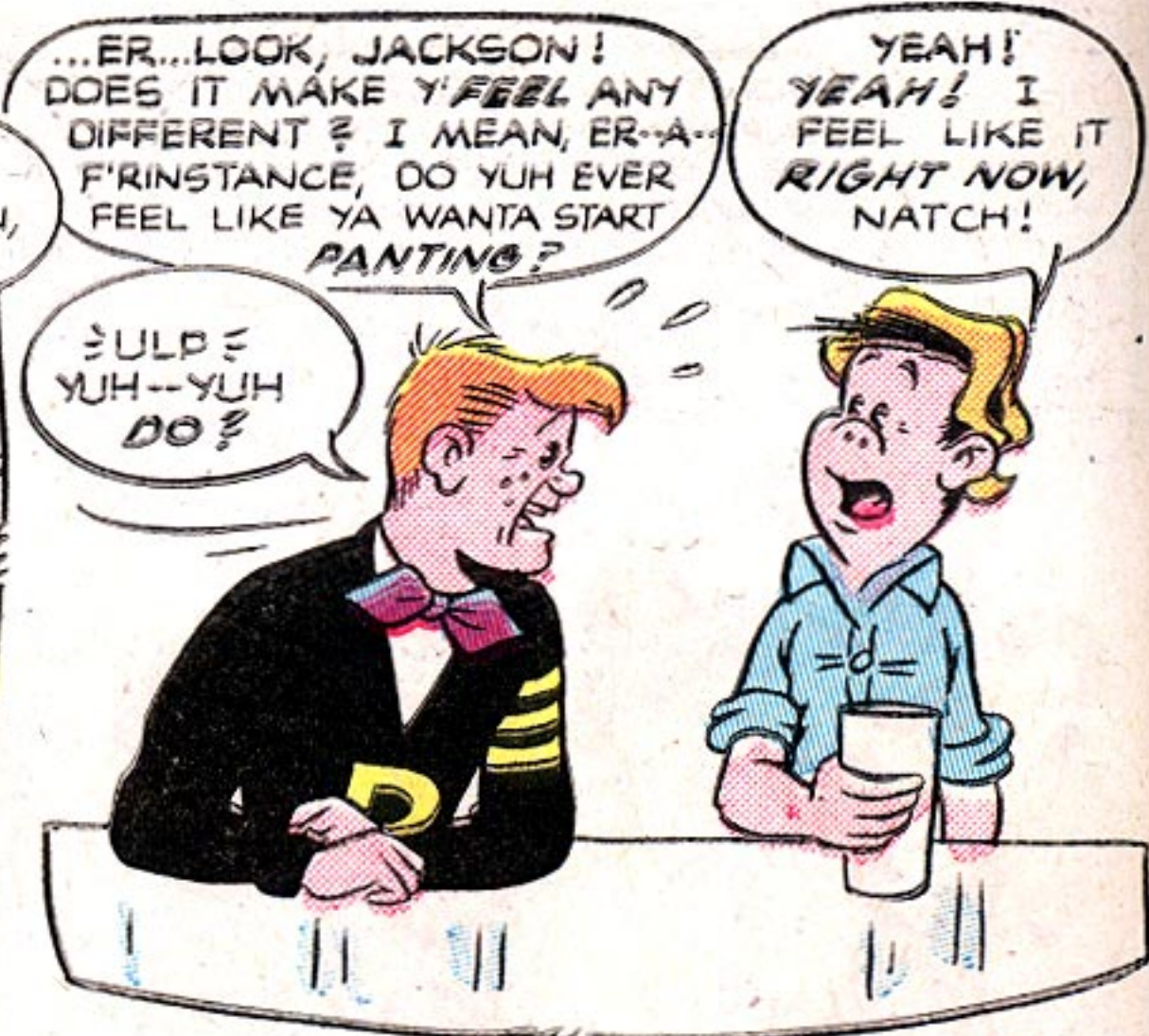
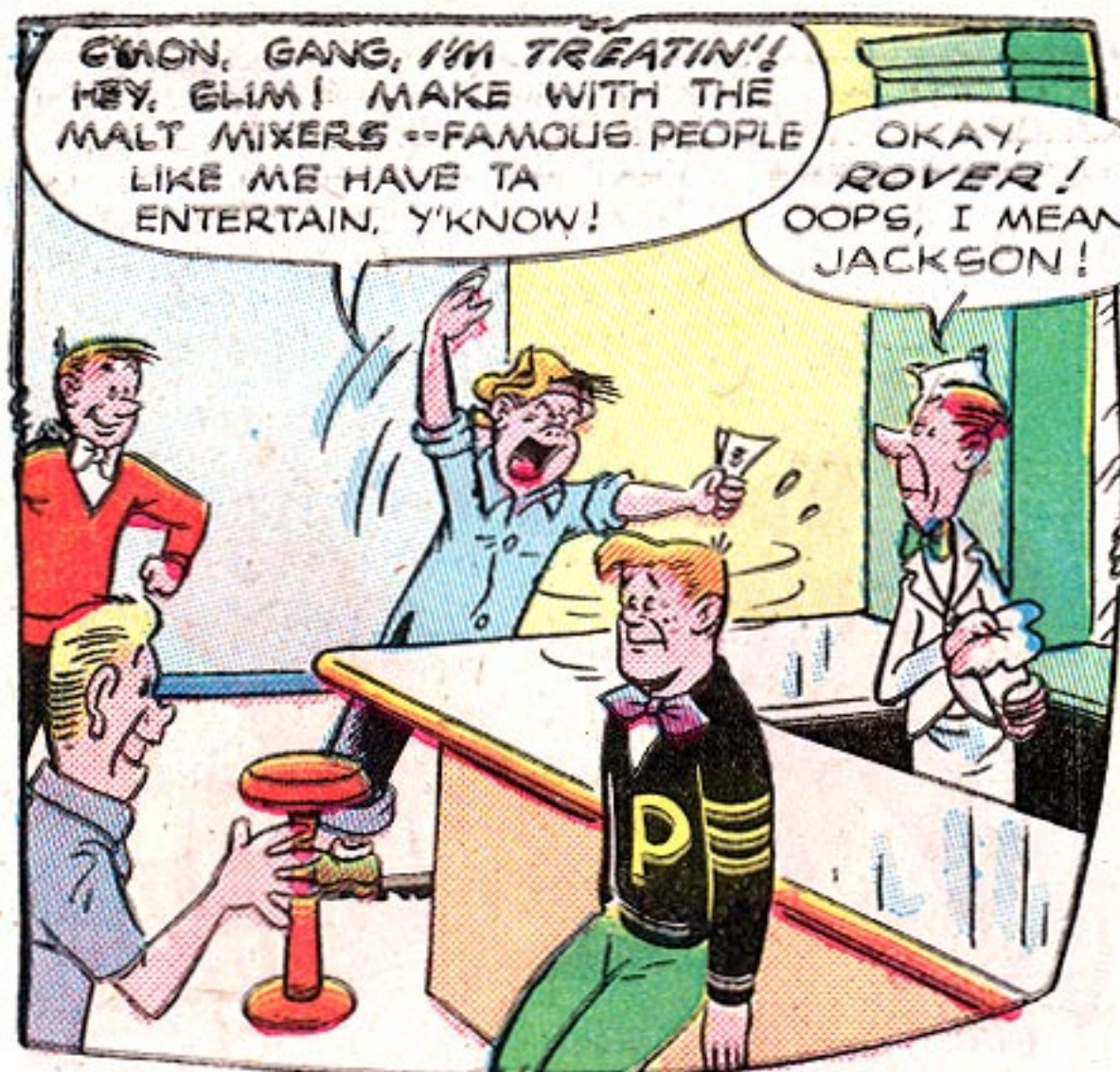
A FEW MINUTES LATER,
AT JACKSON'S.....

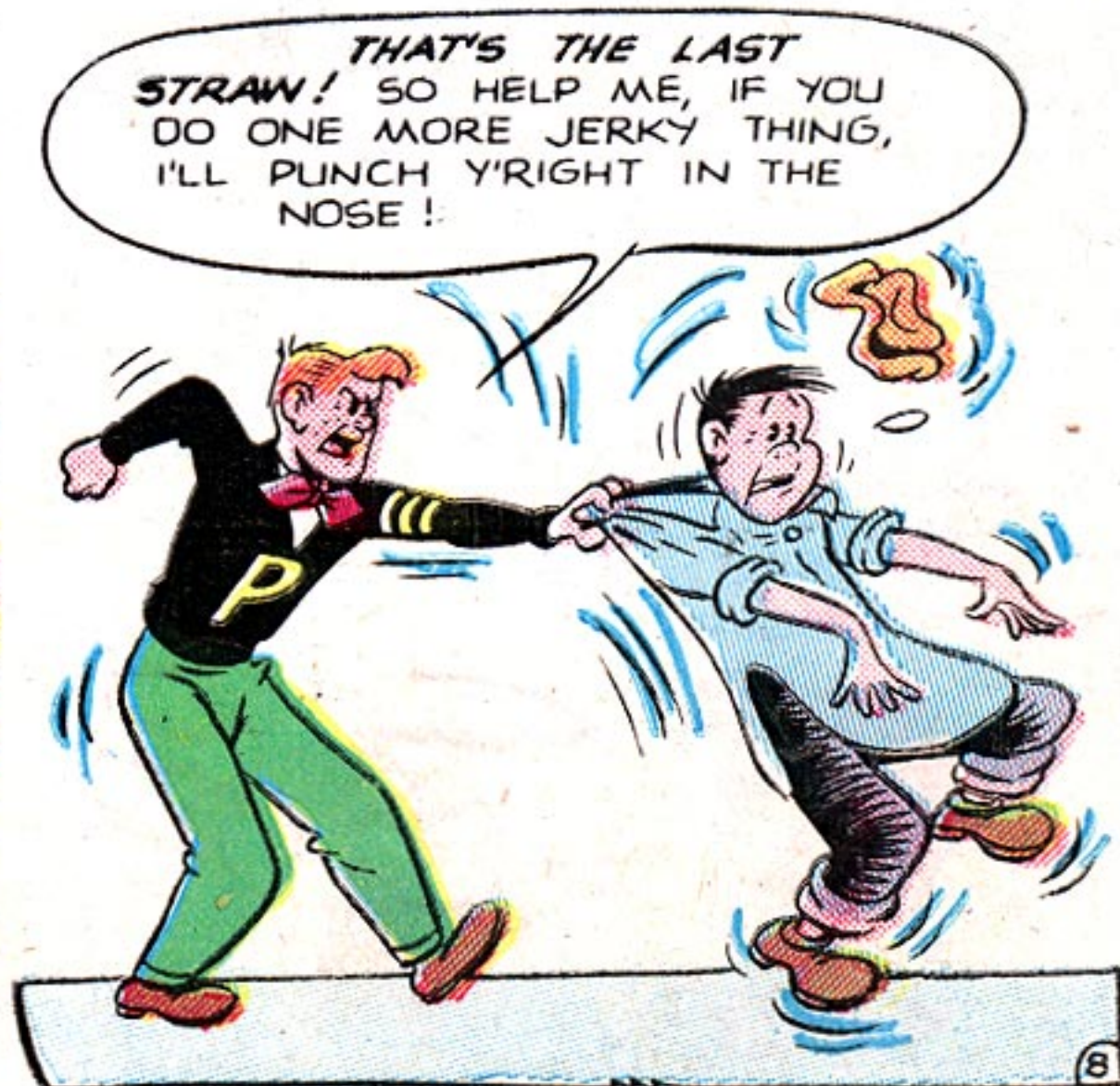
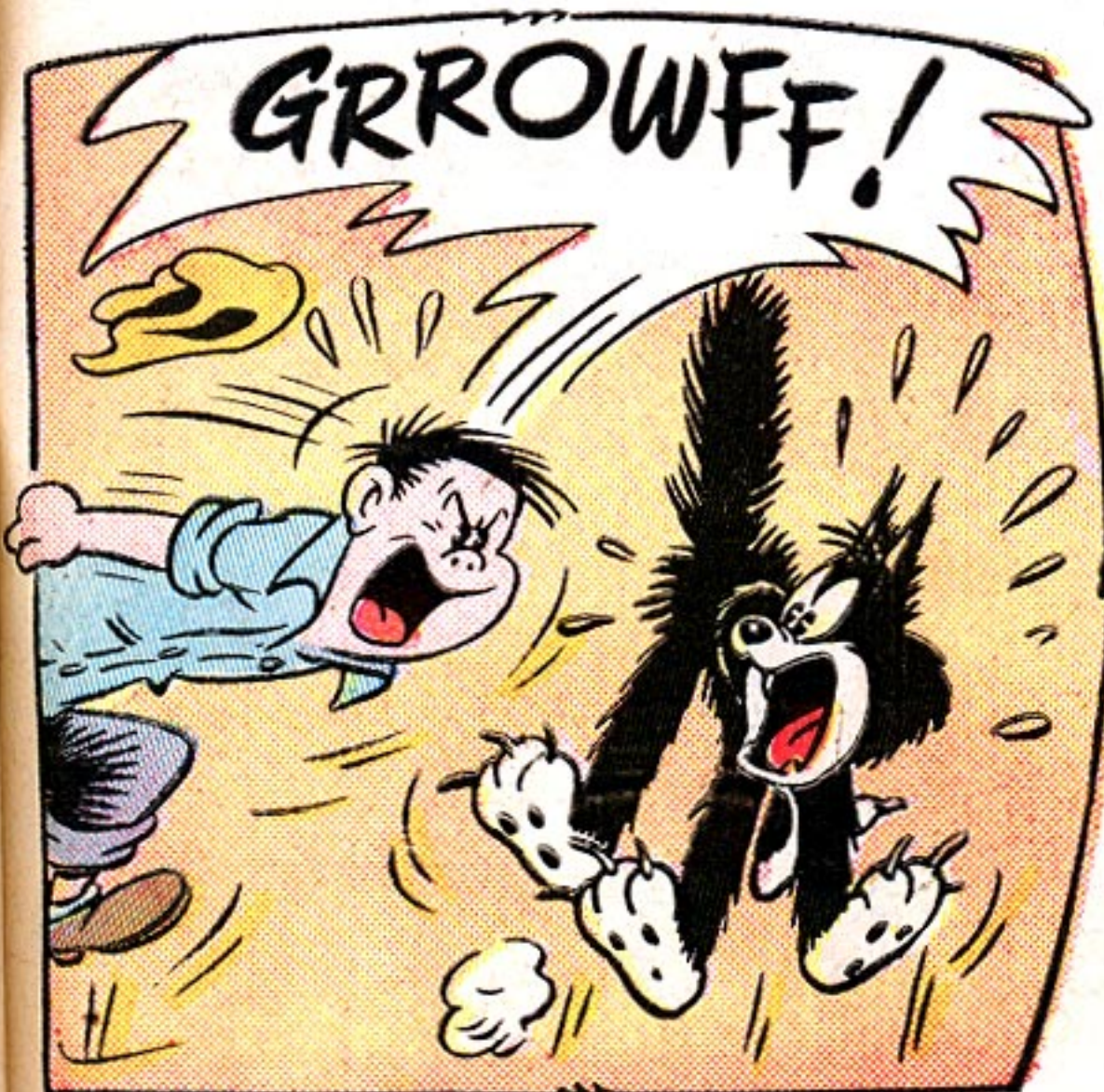
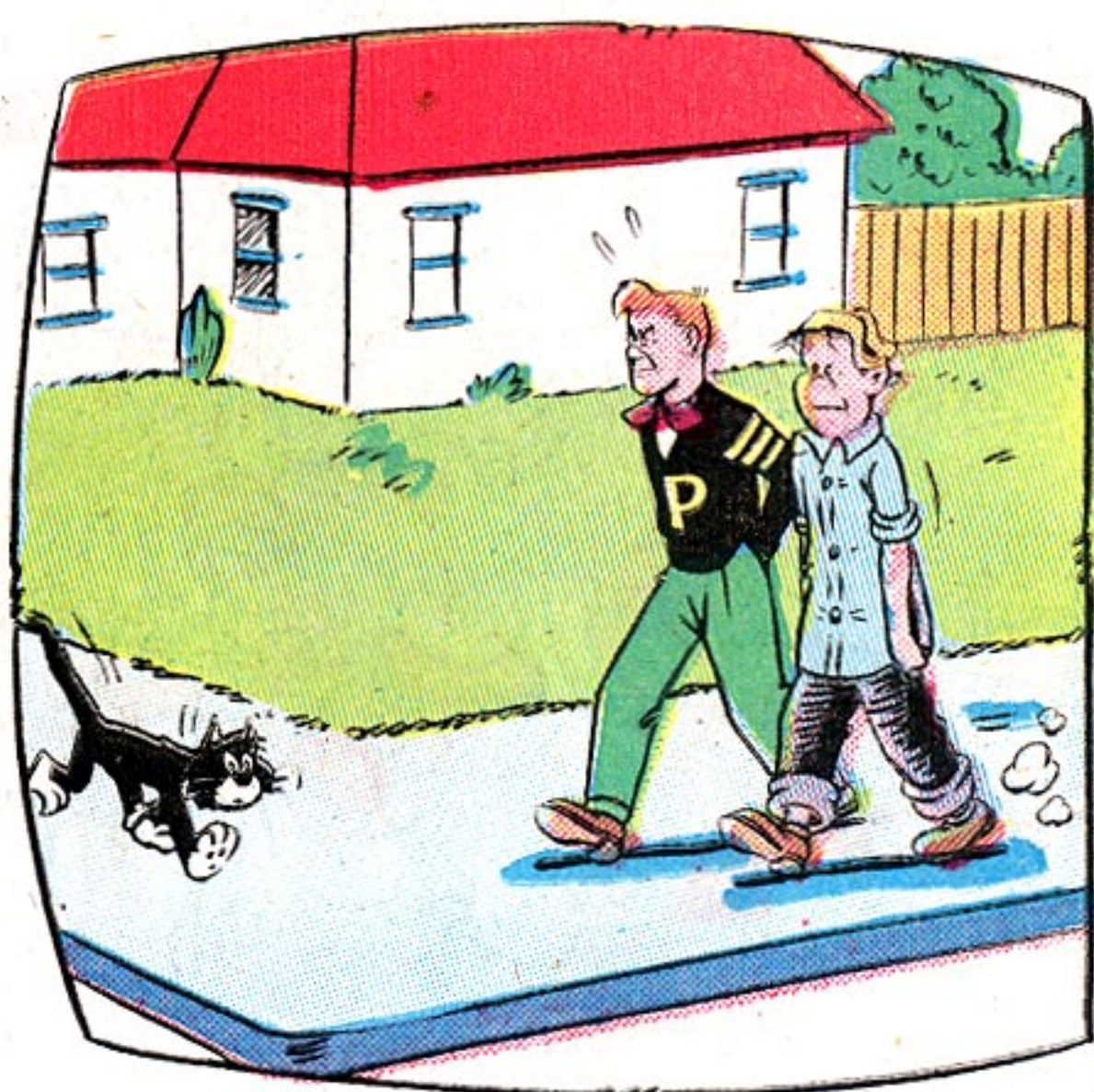
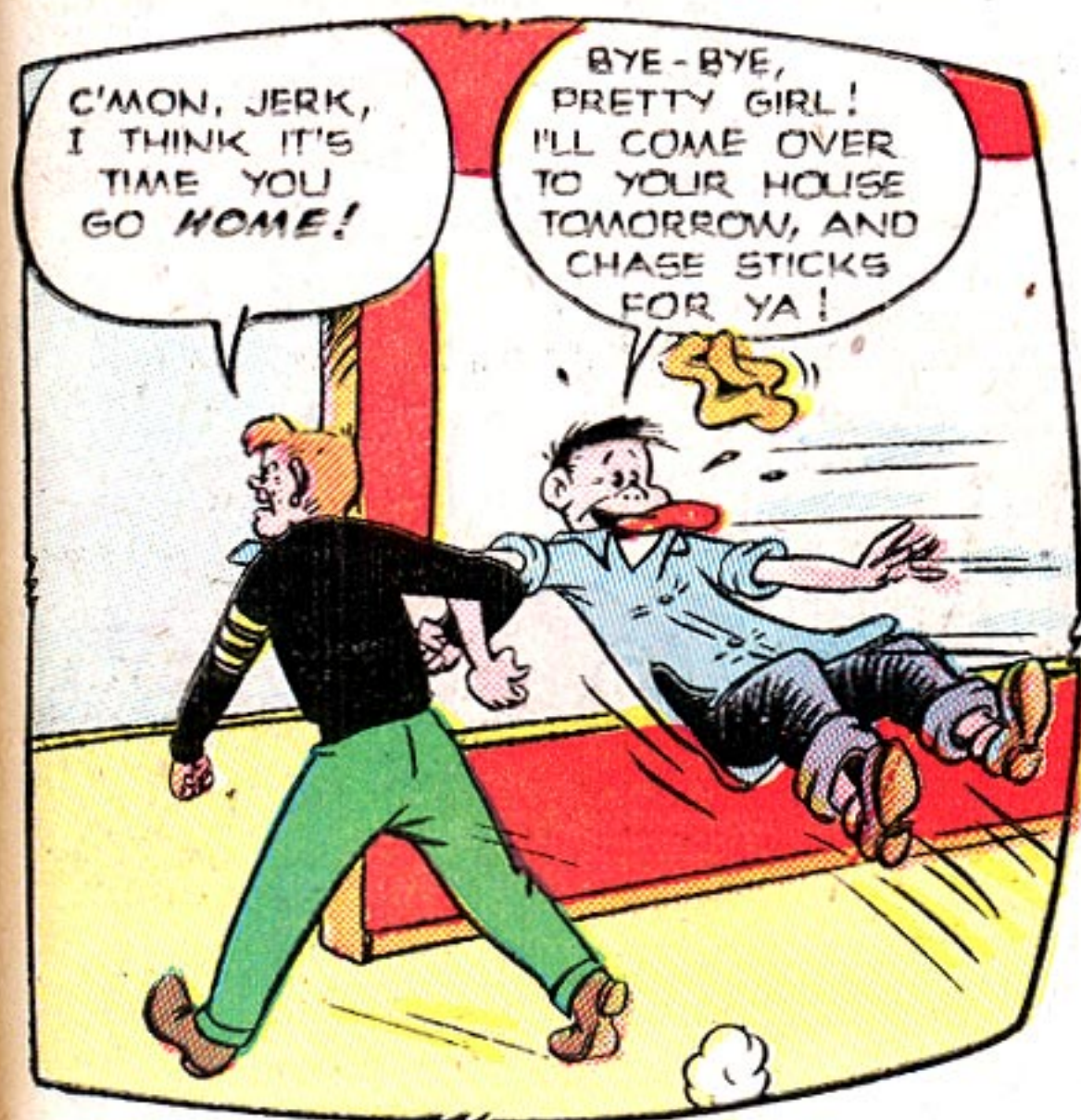
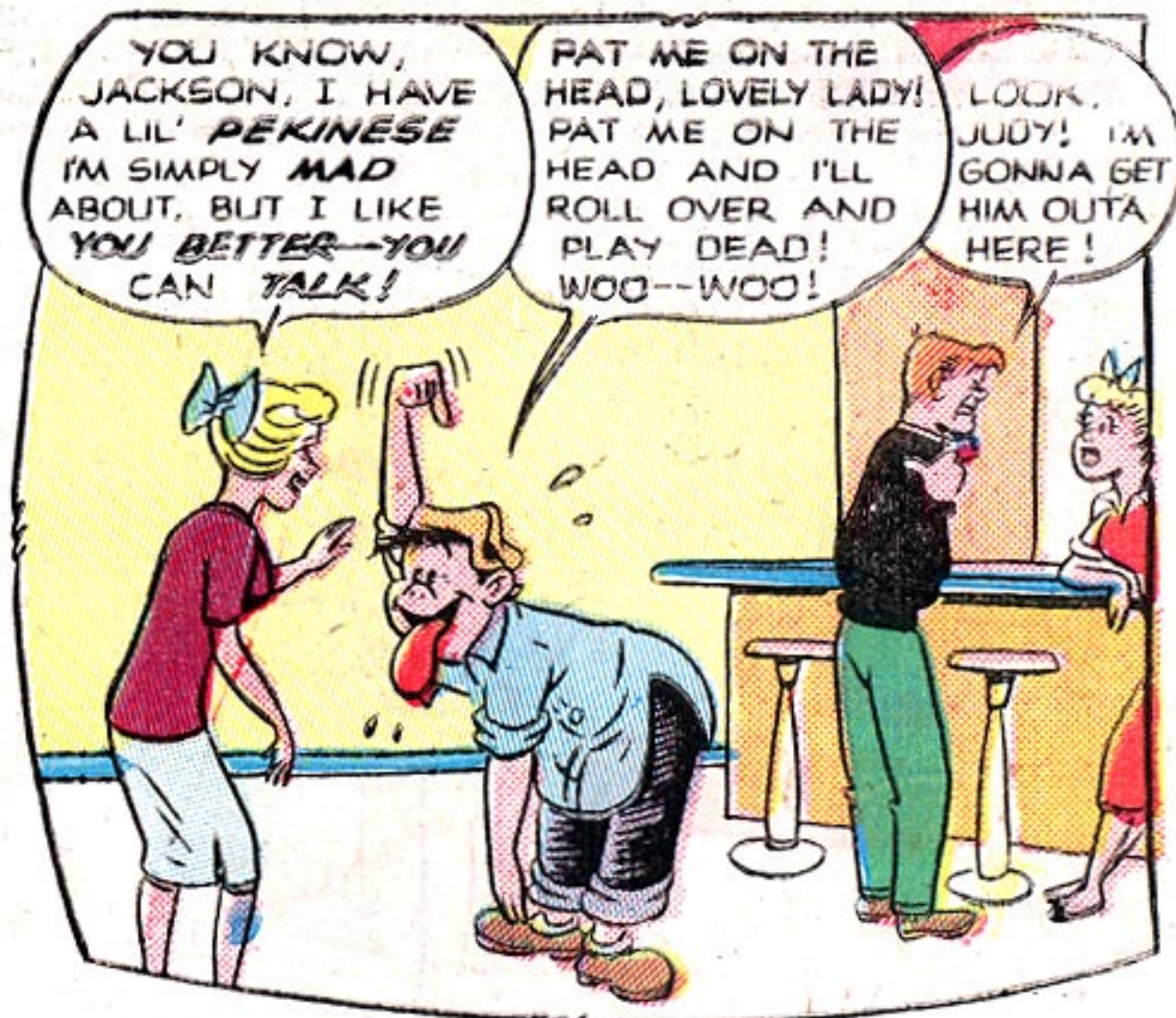


TEN MINUTES
LATER.....

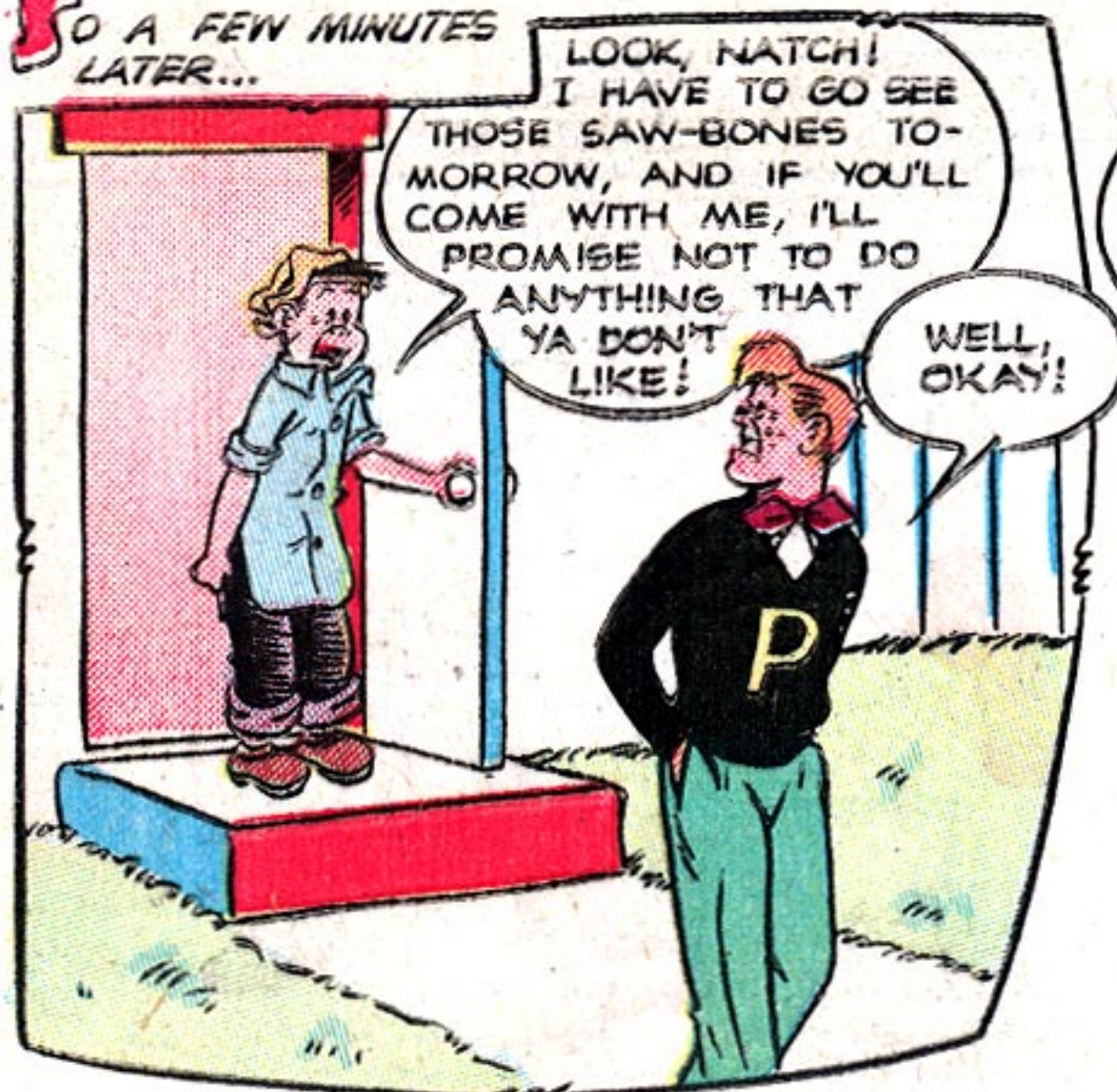




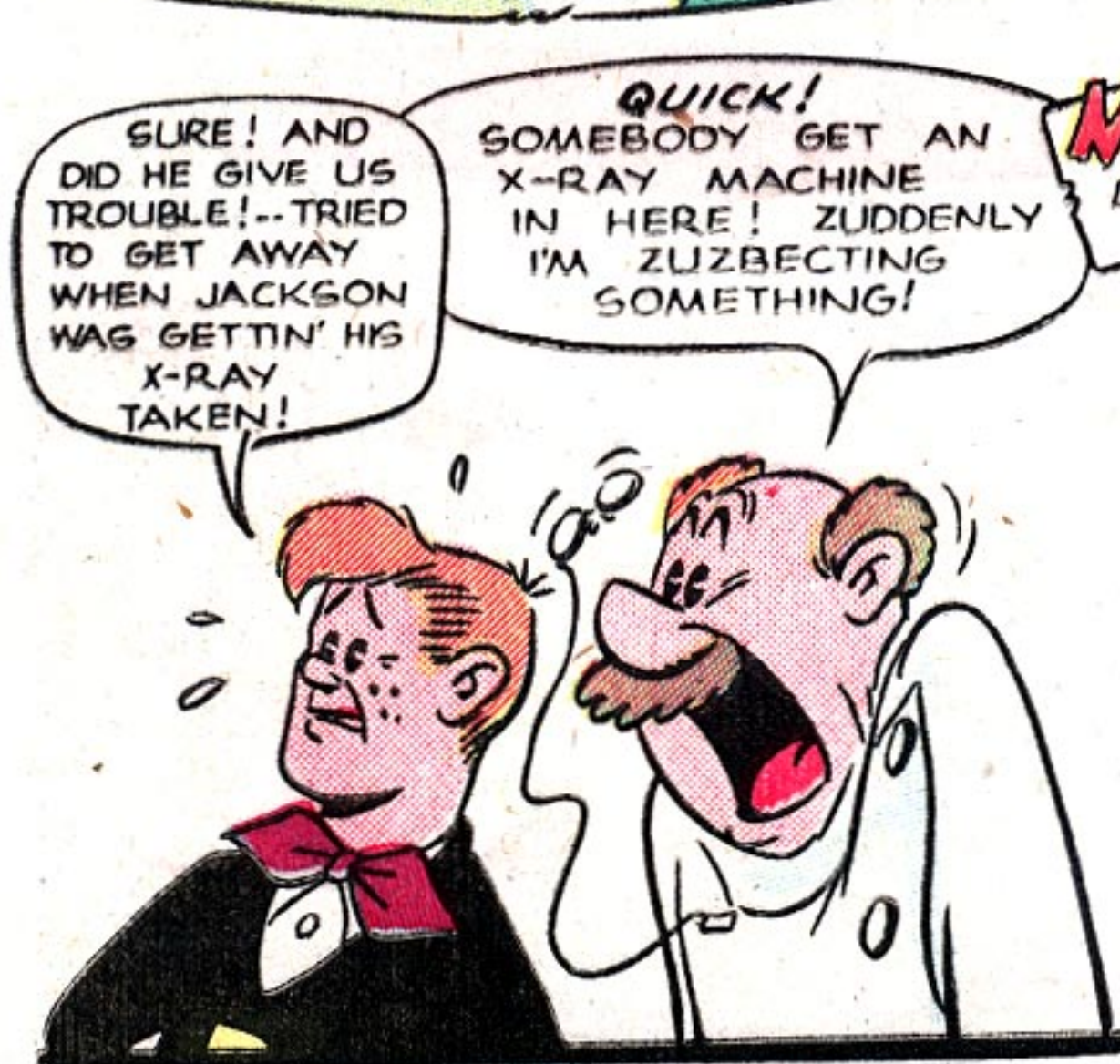
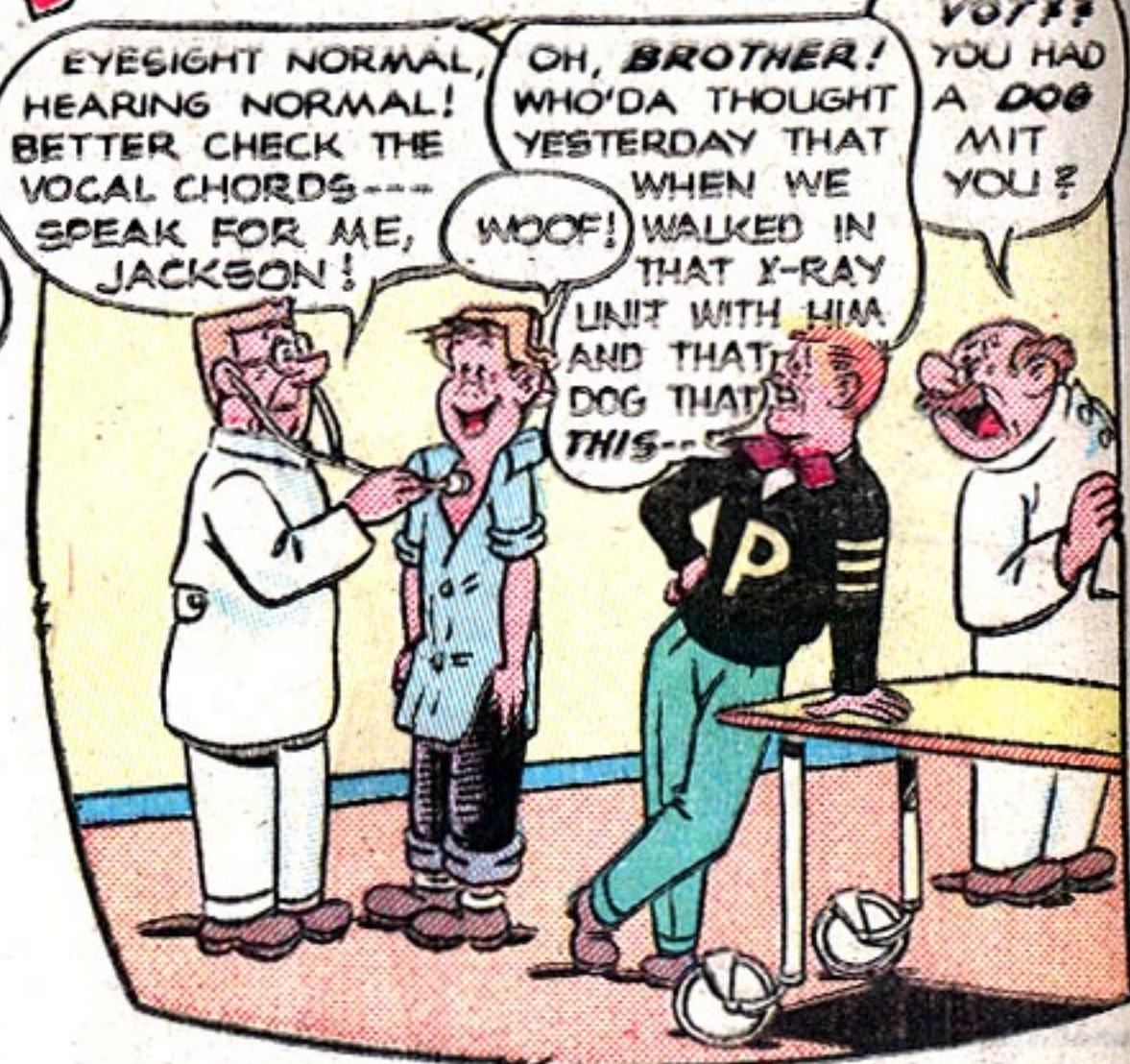




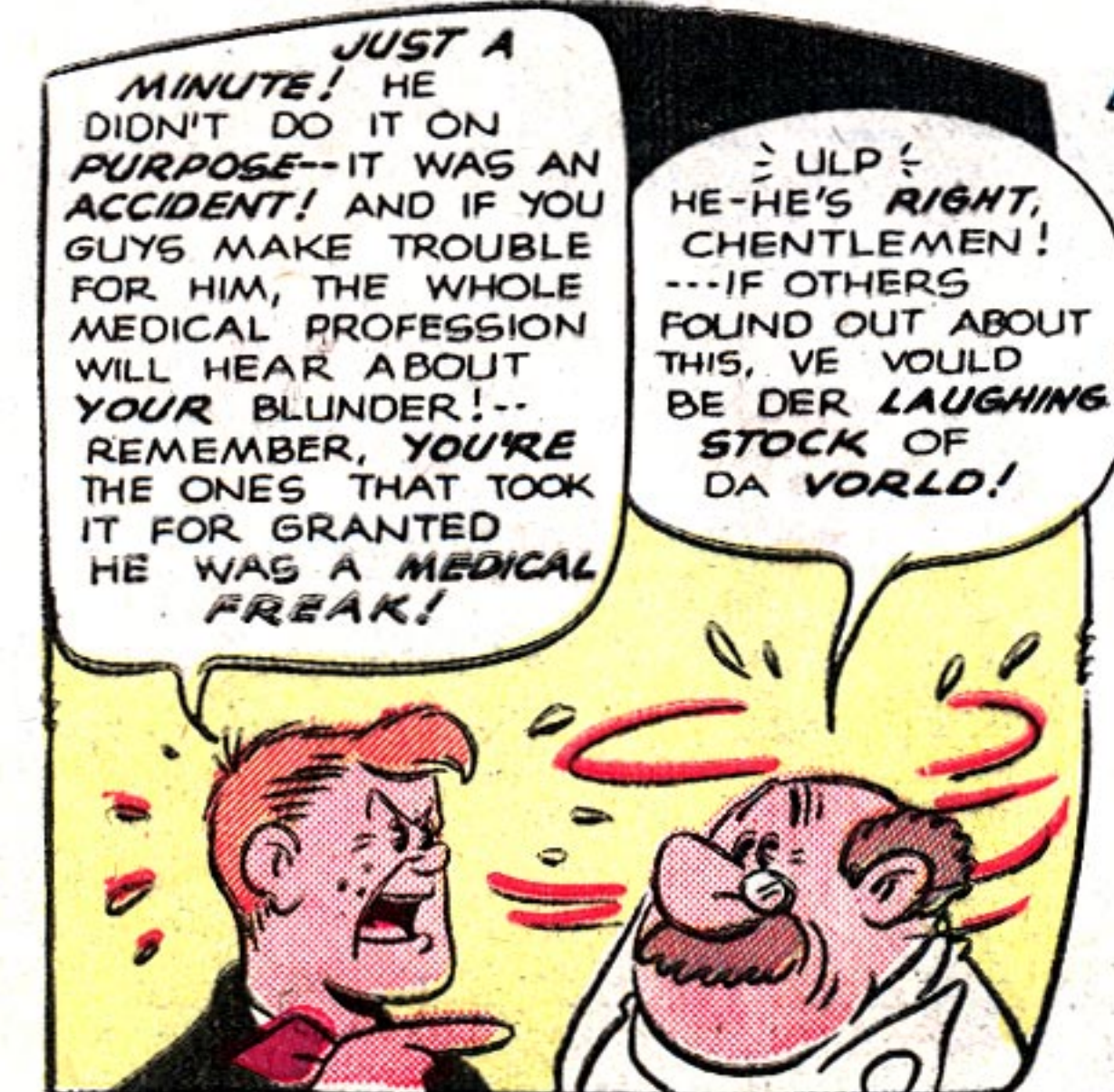
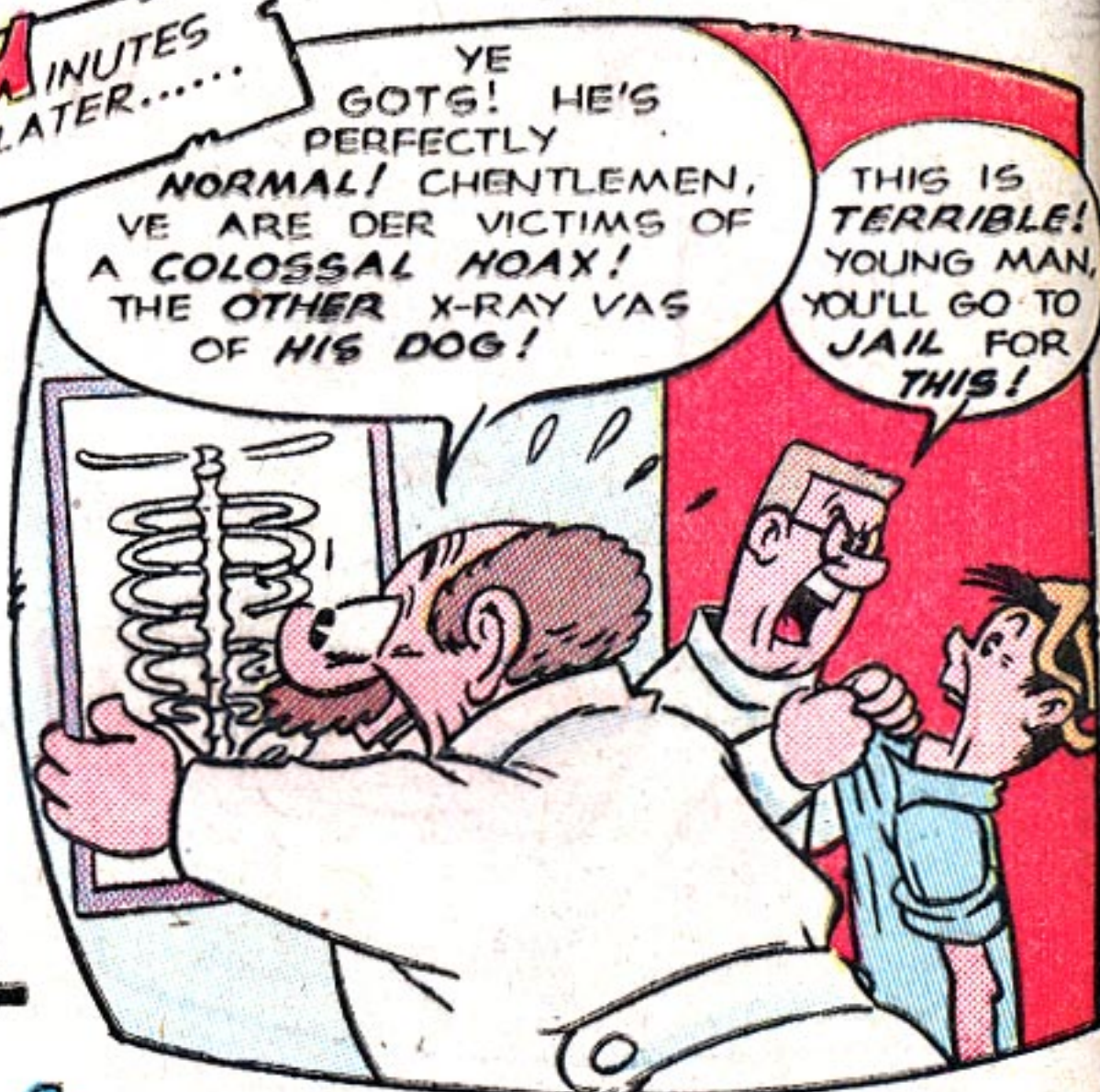
SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...



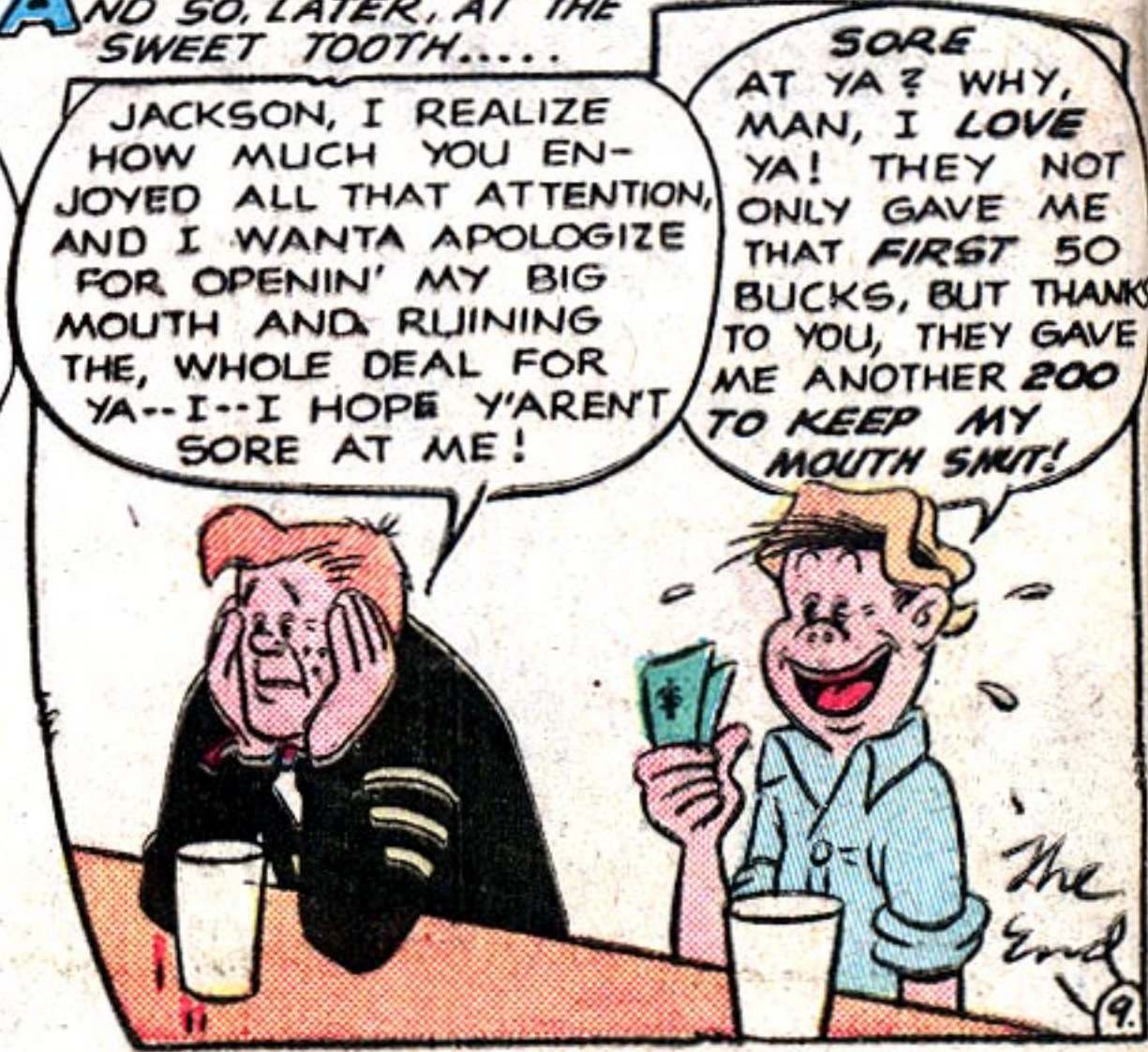
SO THE NEXT DAY AT THE HOSPITAL



MINUTES LATER.....



AND SO, LATER, AT THE SWEET TOOTH.....



The End



BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll
Give YOU A NEW BODY

WOULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?

Do you want to gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told on this page!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

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Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give

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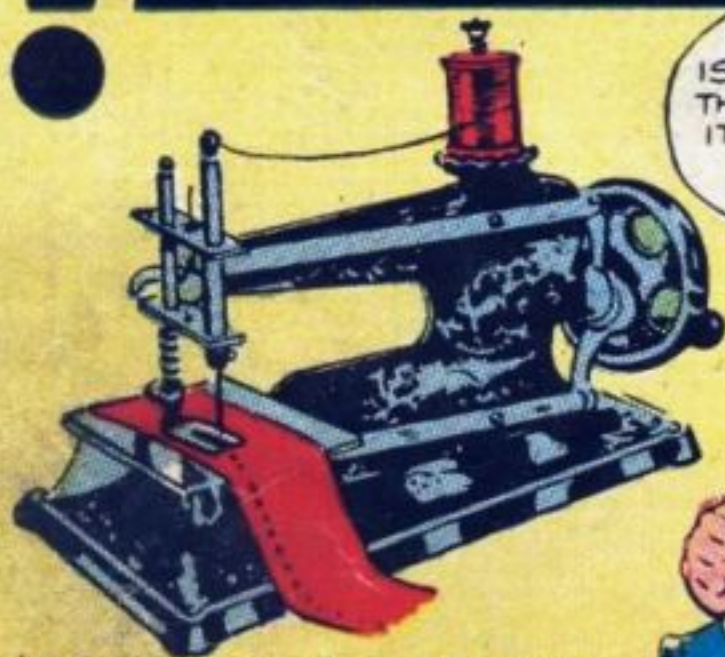
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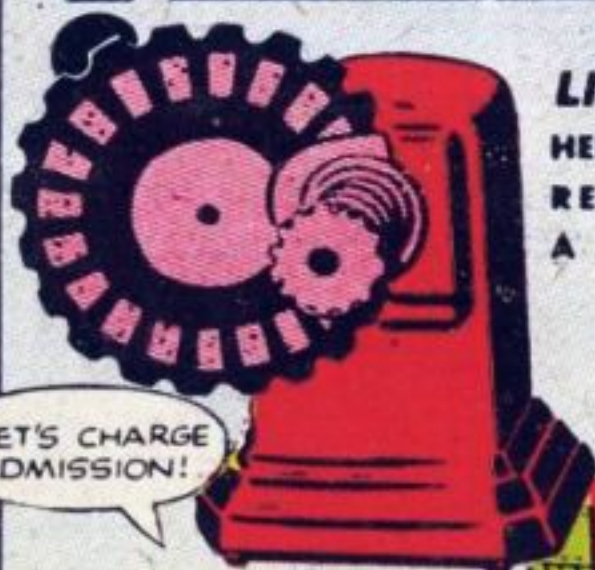
I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS

SHE HAS WONDER SKIN - JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

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